Saturday Review

September 30, 1967 35¢

RECORDINGS

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED:

ILYA EHRENBURG'S LAST MEMOIR

"Three Musicians," by Pablo Picasso (See Page 51).

ALFRED BARR: MODERN ART'S DU

By Katharine Kuh

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Shown above is the Fleetwood Eldorado, the world's finest personal car; below, the elegant Fleetwood Brougham. Cadillac Motor Car Division

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Beneath all the impressive beauty of Cadillac for 1968 is the most significant new engine in Cadillac's fifty-three years of V-8 leadership. With greater size, torque, smoothness and quiet than any of its contemporaries, Cadillac's new 472 V-8 supplies markedly improved passing and highway performance, while providing a huge reserve of power to service Cadillac's many power conveniences. And the 472 V-8 is only the beginning of Cadillac's 1968 newness. New front disc brakes are available on all models. You can also choose an improved air conditioning system that moves more air more quietly. A new padded instrument panel . . . concealed windshield wipers...and many other significant improvements make all of Cadillac's eleven greatest models the most elegant and exciting in the luxury car world. For the complete "inside story" of Cadillac for 1968, see your authorized dealer soon and arrange for a test drive. It will be an experience well worth your while.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Cadillac for 1968

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HOW TO SURVIVE IN CHICAGO
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HOW TO SURVIVE IN INDIANAPOLIS
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SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE AND TIMES

A Pictorial Record

Roland Mushat Frye

Princeton University Press

Saturday Review

September 30, 1967

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Just a Guess at Twilight

Once, in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When upon the earth a mist began to fall,
All you had to do to learn when it would come
Was stand at the door and raise a wet thumb.

Forecasting weather was simple and true.
Easy enough for anyone to do:
Step into the yard, gaze up at the sky,
Sniff at the breeze, hear the linden sigh.

"Red sun at evening,"
How the air is "feeling,"
"Mares' tails," "mackerel sky,"
Barn swallows wheeling,
Weathercock spinning,
Weather eye peeling.

Now, in the dear, dead days of live TV,
Hermetically sealed from breeze and linden tree,
Cool meteorologists chart and prophesy
Without even having gazed at the sky.

Forecasting weather is complex and stern,
Much too hard for just anyone to learn.
Sit right where you are, if weather you seek:
See the man point, listen to him speak.

"Fronto-genesis,"
Air masses "wedging,"
"Dew point," "THI,"
"Occluded front edging,"
Weather map misting,
Weatherman hedging.

—STEPHEN DEBAUN.

They Don't Make Undergrounds Like They Used To

TO CARP at an enterprise which has fought valiantly for years so that we may all read freely from the works of Henry Miller, the Marquis de Sade, and A Victorian Gentleman, and which now has nothing to show for the good fight—unless you count the total support of the intellectual community and 14,000 bags of gold—may strike some as ungracious. But though my gripes at Grove Press may seem petty to some, they are real to me.

For months now, maybe years, Grove has been asking in 96-point type, ARE YOU READY FOR THE UNDERGROUND? "We made it possible for you to read Henry Miller's classic *Tropic of Cancer*," the ad goes on, "without traveling to Paris."

Well, Grove, I wish you hadn't, and there must be hundreds of Americans who feel as I do, not to mention a goodly number of French businessmen.

The year that *Tropic of Cancer* was published here was a sad one for me and mine. I remember it well. Our passports were readied, we ached with shots, my pockets bulged with airline tickets and hotel reservations. Then the blow fell. My wife called me at the office one morning.

"It's all off," she said.

"What's all off?"

"The trip," she replied. "We're not going to Paris. We don't have to. Grove Press has just published *Tropic of Cancer* in the original. We can read Henry Miller in the comfort of our own home."

"Fine, honey," I said, "but I want to read Genet, too. . . ."

"Grove Press is bringing him out on

All Saints' Day," she squealed joyously.

"But the Marquis de Sade"—I was beginning to panic—"and there's a new one called *The Story of O*, acclaimed by many as the most extraordinary underground classic of. . . ."

"Grove has them all lined up. They will all be available to literate, adventurous adults before we could land in France."

We never got to Paris. That year or since. We never will now. Perhaps unjustly, I lay the responsibility for this at the door of Grove Press.

But to return to the question about the underground. It appeals to me. Any underground appeals to me. The idea of a clandestine group, outnumbered, conspiratorial, huddled together in subterranean rightness—I'd love to come in. I'd volunteer to chalk the message in the subway and on the walls of General Electric.

But an underground that takes full-page ads in *The New York Times*? An underground that may, any week, turn up on the back cover of *U.S. News &*

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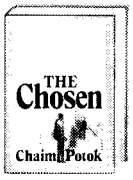

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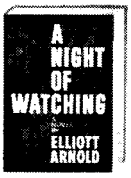

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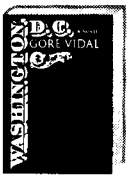

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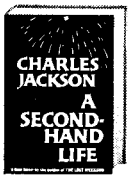

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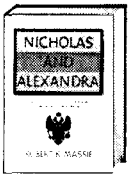

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World Report? In color? I'll have to stay out here with the mainstream even if I'm the only boy on the block outside the underground.

Well, there it is, Grove. Seven years ago you did me out of a trip to Paris and it still rankles. And I can't join your underground. When I go underground, damn it, I want to go *underground*!

In Paris, if possible.

—PATRICK BUTLER.

Silence Is Not Always Golden

CHARLES W. COULDOCK was rated in New York City as an especially fine actor. On tour he had the rank of a star. Within the acting profession he also had a high reputation for irascibility.

One season he was touring in a dramatization of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. It opened with a three-cornered scene between Couldock, a neighbor, and Couldock's father, who sat warming himself by the open fire. One night the actor who played his father arrived at the theater so drunk he couldn't possibly go on. The stage manager didn't dare break the news to Couldock. He took a supernumerary, got him into the father's costume, put a long white wig on him, and a beard, and seated him by the fireplace. His instructions were, "You just sit there. You don't have to say anything —I'll read your lines through the fireplace."

When they were ready to ring up the curtain and Couldock came on stage, the stage manager said to him hurriedly, "There will be a different man playing your father tonight. But don't worry—everything will be all right." As Couldock started to expostulate, the stage manager stepped offstage and rang up the curtain. The opening lines were between Couldock and his neighbor, and so the performance was started.

The fireplace was on the opposite side of the stage. The stage manager went upstage to cross over and found that the set was snug against the back wall. He turned to a stagehand and asked, "How do I get to the other side of the stage?"

"Down these stairs," said the stagehand, pointing, "cross over underneath, and up the stairs on the other side."

The stage manager flew down the stairs, and although it was very dark under the stage he did not slow down or pause until his head struck a beam. He lay there unconscious as the play innocently progressed to the point where the neighbor asked Couldock, "Is that your father sitting there by the fireplace?"

"Yes," answered Couldock.

"How old is your father?"

"I'm not sure," answered Couldock. "I'll ask him." He crossed over to his father and asked, "Father, how old are you?" There was no answer. Under his breath Couldock said, "That's your cue, for God's sake!" It got no response. Couldock studied his father briefly, then turned to his neighbor: "Father's very old." Turning back and growling under his breath, "Speak up, damn it." He repeated his question somewhat more loudly, "Father, how old are you?" There was still no answer. To his neighbor Couldock ad-libbed, "Father's very hard of hearing. Dear old father!"

He patted his father on the shoulder, shaking him vigorously in the process and ending with a grip calculated to

break his collarbone, while growling, "Say your line or I'll break every bone in your body." Then in a voice loud enough to wake the dead, he repeated, "*Father, how old are you?*" He didn't wake the dead, or his father, or even the stage manager.

The silence was eloquent with nervous tension. Finally, Couldock walked down to the footlights and addressed the audience. "Ladies and Gentlemen: My father"—he began calmly and quietly, and then, as we say today, he lost his cool—"my father is so goddamned old he can't even talk!"

—HOWARD LINDSAY.

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"Don't — — — — —," said the lady, "to the masses,
"Or — — — — — to their opinion's churlish choice."
She was shoved into a
— — — — — marked POISON GASES.
Strange! No — — — — — was found of her (or the invoice).

(*Answer on page* 78)

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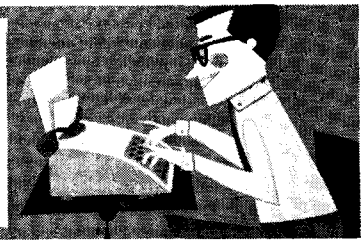
Top of My Head



Luck Be a Prayer Tonight

AS IT MUST to all men, I suppose, a chain letter came to me in the mail. The mistake I made was reading it:

THINK A PRAYER

"TRUST IN THE LORD WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT AND ALWAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM AND HE ALWAYS LIGHTS THE WAY."

This prayer has been sent to you for good luck. The original copy came from the Netherlands. It has been around the world nine times. The luck has been sent to you. You are to receive good luck within the next four days after receiving this copy. Please do not send money. Do not keep this copy; it must leave in ninety-six hours after receiving it. A U.S.A. officer received $7,000; a general received $60,000, but lost it because he broke the chain. While in the Philippines a general lost his life six days after receiving his copy. He failed to circulate the copy. However, before his death he received $75,000 he had won. Please send twenty copies and see what happens on the fourth day.

This rather obvious and tasteless admixture of Faith and Greed—faith in Him, and trust in Lady Luck (presumably in equal ratio)—is in direct contrast to the tenets I was always taught: The reward for faith is an eternal one—the Kingdom of Heaven. Now, according to this letter, I can preserve my soul and simultaneously build up my bank account.

But then I ask myself, "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the world, and lose his own soul?"

I threw the letter into the wastebasket. Then I picked it up and reread it. I said to myself, "And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity." But according to this prayerful letter it is now: "And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Luck. And the greatest of these is Luck."

I threw the letter away and went about my work. But only briefly. Again the letter came out and I decided to write the sender and ask if the $75,000 would be tax free. Also there was a question as to whether the $75,000 was *considered earned income, or could it be* entered as "manna from heaven," for which the tax would be only a tithe? But the letter was anonymous. I said to myself, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

And speaking of Satan, why in hell was I one of the chosen few to whom one of twenty copies was sent that I might receive all this good luck for a mere prayer? True, this very morning I pointed a little old lady toward the subway to Flushing. And once, I recall, I did cast some soggy crumbs of bread upon the waters of a rain-swept gutter to feed a starving pigeon, and now am I to find it returned 75,000-fold in only ninety-six hours if I make twenty copies of a letter to be sent to twenty friends?

Now as to the matter of twenty friends. How do I go about making seventeen more friends in ninety-six hours? Since it has taken me so many years to make the few I have, I wondered what the odds would be in Las Vegas to make the balance in that allotted time. The odds on throwing snake eyes or boxcars are about ten to one. Luck would really have to be a lady tonight.

Forget it. I crumpled the letter and threw it away again and decided to stick with our state lottery and hope—not pray—for the best. Rubbish! Forget it! One happy thing about me—I'm not superstitious. Knock wood. As I got ready to leave the office that evening, I noticed the letter had missed the wastebasket. I reread it.

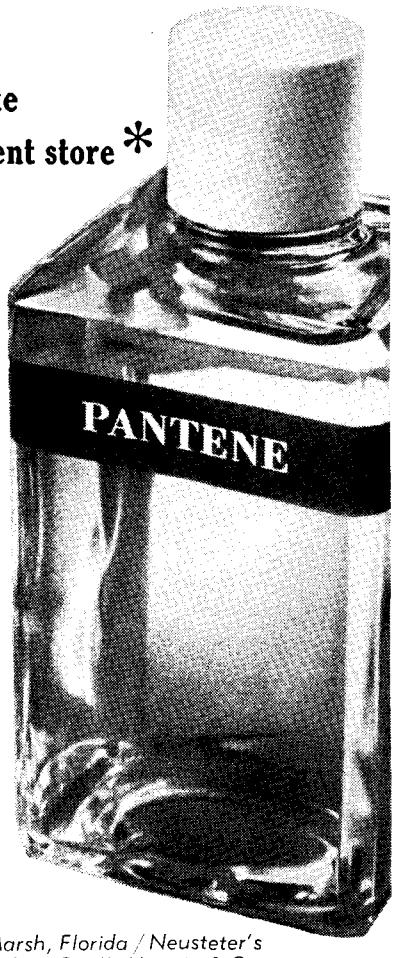
They put all that scary stuff in the letter to grab you. The general who died after receiving $75,000 just because he didn't send twenty copies. Nonsense! No intelligent human would be stampeded into such a stupid venture.

Twenty copies. Do you know how long it would take to make twenty copies? I can tell you. It takes forty-two minutes and thirty-eight seconds. And I'm a pretty fast typist. Especially when I'm nervous.

Now I have to rush around and find airmail and special-delivery stamps. You see, we are all brave knights in shining armor, spun of the finest invisible threads of Fear and Dread, which drape our shoulders like the old emperor's clothes.

But this is no time to philosophize. I have only a ninety-six-hour deadline to get in on this bonanza, for heaven's sake! —GOODMAN ACE.

You'll find this international favorite at some nice department store *



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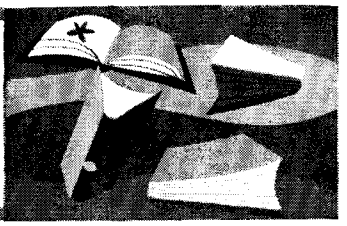
Trade Winds



A fellow in New York tells me he answered his telephone the other day and heard the following: "This is a recording. You have answered an incorrect phone call. Please hang up and make sure the next time to answer a correct call. Thank you."

Last month Joe and Janet Bell, who live near Los Angeles, heard a radio advertisement sponsored by American Airlines which announced a half-fare flight each midnight to Chicago. The general idea was: Nobody flies at midnight, and here's this half-empty plane going out, so if you're willing to come and stand by, you can make the flight for $50. As the Bells were on their way east, they decided to take advantage of the offer. They were cautious enough to phone the airport several times during the day, and were told that everything was favorable, but to get there a couple of hours before takeoff, just to be on the safe side.

They arrived about 9 o'clock and found the waiting room crowded. It's always crowded, they reminded themselves. But as time went on, and as planes left, the crowd seemed to grow. The truth dawned when, at fifteen minutes before midnight, the public address system called for "all adult standbys for the midnight Chicago flight—leave tickets at American Airlines counter." Suddenly the waiting room was empty, as the approximately 200 people in it converged on the counter, where confusion reigned as clerks attempted to sort out the tickets according to who arrived first.

Now the plane was loading, and the full-paying passengers went on, to be followed by the military standbys. Then a crowd of youth standbys boarded. At last came the turn of the adult standbys on half-fare. Four names were called. That was all the space left on the plane. The Bells didn't make it, nor did the other 190-odd customers.

Now, you might think such a situation would be only slightly inconvenient and that you would be able to handle it with your usual aplomb. Maybe. But there were no more planes till morning, and the airline had already sent everyone's baggage to Chicago!

The man who knows more than anyone else about the New York theater is someone you've never heard of. His name is Herman Pepper, and the reason he knows so much is that his job is to make sure that when you attend the theater you get a *Playbill.* The proud boast of Herman Pepper, circulation director of the magazine, is that "no one has ever walked into a show and not gotten a *Playbill.*"

Now the way he manages this is to visit every day every Broadway house where a stage show is playing—and that means that at the peak of the season, in October, for instance, he covers up to thirty-four houses, including the Palace. He does this by foot, starting his rounds early in the evening and finishing late. He checks attendance, and decides what the next morning's truck should deliver to each theater. Every month, 1,500,000 *Playbills* are published for most of the legitimate theaters in the country, from Los Angeles to Boston. Each issue contains articles, features, fashions, and, of course, the cast of characters and biographies for the show in question. *Playbill* is free to all (except to the advertisers).

Herman Pepper has been to the theater more than anyone else alive, but he has seen only three shows from beginning to end: *Pajama Game, My Fair Lady,* and *Fiddler on the Roof.* He doesn't smoke, he eats carefully, and he walks lightly, he believes, because his shoes last a long time. He has been riding herd on *Playbill* for twenty-one years. A few years ago he spent six weeks in a hospital in Philadelphia. Some friends came to pick him up and drive him to his Staten Island home. As they neared New York, Mr. Pepper got fidgety and finally said, "Let's stop and check the Winter Garden. I'm worried." Which he did.

Incidentally, some old *Playbills* are items for collectors. The publishers themselves wouldn't mind having copies of a few missing ones, such as that for *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* (1925). The price at a back-issue magazine store for *Whoopee* is $5, and for *Strange Interlude,* $4.

Sharps and Flats: You can find all sorts of interesting news in the *Time Capsules* that *Time* magazine is compiling from back issues of the magazine. *Time Capsule 1941* reports that King George VI has cut his cigarette smoking because of wartime rationing of tobacco. (*Time*

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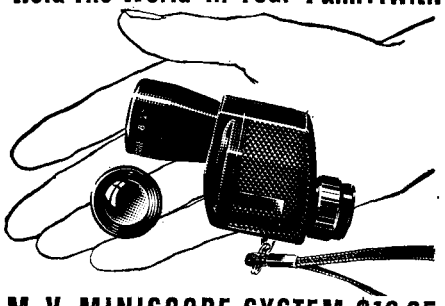

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Capsule 1952 will have to report his death from lung cancer.)

► An intriguing theory about the St. Valentine's Day Massacre is presented by historian Clarissa Flint Dillon in *Panorama*. The killers, you remember, were supposedly members of a rival gang disguised in police uniforms, and were never caught. Miss Dillon comes to the conclusion that the murderers really *were* Chicago policemen.

► The proprietor of a laundry in Japan, near an American base, sent his sliding doors away to have a sign painted in English to show what kind of establishment it was. When the doors came back he put them up, and from then on business boomed. Americans who traded there never had the heart to tell him that he had the doors wrong, and besides it was fun taking dirty clothes to the NDRYLAU.

► If you want to know the location of a street number on one of Manhattan's avenues, there is a formula that can be found in the *World Almanac*, the Yellow Pages of the phone book, and elsewhere. You cancel the last digit of the number, divide by two, and add or subtract the key number given in the formula, and you'll have the nearest cross street. To locate 380 Madison Avenue, the first operation gives you nineteen, and to that you add the Madison key, twenty-seven, and you had better get 46th Street because that's where we are.

► Lenore Kandel's *Love Book* was on its way to being a financial flop and the year's worst seller until San Francisco police last year arrested bookstore clerks for selling it. The book has now gone into several printings and more than 20,000 copies have been sold. The publisher, Jeff Berner, will donate 1 per cent royalties to the San Francisco Policemen's Benevolent Association in gratitude for helping the book's sales.

► Edsel Ford declares: Show me a blacksmith who is making hardware for a bathroom and I'll show you a man who is forging ahead.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1746) (PAUL) GOODMAN:

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To my conscience, this practice, of keeping basic new ideas in limbo until it is profitable to exploit them, is immoral and disruptive of the community of mankind far more than rigged quiz shows, but it comes from the same box, whose label is Intellect Bought.

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Russia on 5 words a day.

A skimpy guide for people whose Russian is limited to nyet, vodka, troika, tovarishch and borshch.

They say that in order to really know Russia, you first have to know Russian. Not entirely true.

Throughout the country there happen to be a couple of places where they actually do speak English.

So that you don't feel entirely left out and lost,we've listed them for you. Here, you're sure to meet some sympathetic Americans who will understand your problem only too well.

Red Square

There are daily excursion tours through Red Square. Each one with an English speaking guide who will tell you just what the guide books tell you. He'll point out the Kremlin (pointed towers with red stars), the Supreme Soviet building (green dome with red flag), the Lenin Mausoleum (center of square), and the Spasskaya Tower (with the clock). The Kremlin walls have withstood the Tartar hordes, the Polish invaders and Napoleon. They will withstand the American tourist.

Intourist and tourists

On the 50th anniversary of the Soviet State, the U.S.S.R. is offering a variety of attractions for the American tourist. Each activity carefully planned by Intourist, the official (i.e., only) Government travel agency. But take a tour of your own. Hire a car and drive through age-old Russian villages and towns. Stop and talk to the people of the people's state. Ask them what they like, how they live, what they do. Exchange ideas. Only then will you have a real understanding of Russia. Oh that's right, you don't speak Russian.

A word to the wise.

"I didn't know" is no excuse in Russia. For instance, it is not permitted to take still or motion pictures or to make sketches of any kind of military installations, seaports, hydro-projects, railroad junctions, tunnels, bridges, industrial plants, research institutes, power, radio, telephone and telegraph stations or border zones. That innocent looking sign on the side of the road could say "no photographs", or it could say "no camping." Could you tell the difference?

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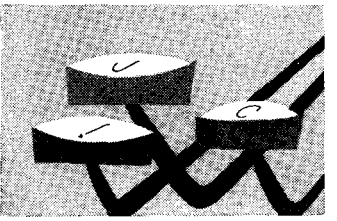
Manner of Speaking



From the Faithful to the Unwashed: The calendar insists that it is weeks since I returned from Bread Loaf and an end of summer, and my psyche insists that it was only seconds ago. Whether on the calendar or the psychic clock, I brought back with me an article by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., that came into my hands just as I was leaving for Bread Loaf, and about which I found myself thinking from time to time as the conference moved on. Mr. Vonnegut offers himself as an expert on the writers' conference in America, and though I should have to quote his entire article in order to demonstrate the true range of his ignorance, his opening paragraph will do well enough, I believe, to establish both the essence of his position and the aroma of his style:

> You can't teach people to write well. Writing well is something God lets you do or declines to let you do. Most bright people know that, but writers' conferences continue to multiply in the good old American summertime. Sixty-eight of them are listed in last April's issue of *The Writer*. Next year there will be more. They are harmless. They are shmoos.

This bit of literary piety appeared on the front page of that weekly demise of critical intellect most bright people know (and love) as *The New York Times Book Review*. God's permission to write well was obviously not given to Mr. Vonnegut in this essay. Such are His mysterious ways with hack writing. And in the further mystery of editorial choice, that denial was dismissed at the *Times* as a literary irrelevance. Clearly it did not occur to anyone there that the dreariness of Mr. Vonnegut's prose might reasonably have disqualified him as an expert witness to God's will in literature.

Mr. Vonnegut is looking down a long esthetic nose into a vacuum. His pose is that of an exquisite; his prose, that of a typist. The true exquisite, let me suggest, is known by his accent—as Oscar Wilde and Walter Pater were known without self-assertion, their styles being their self-evident credentials. But with the general debasement of language in our mass media any man is free to assert himself as an exquisite without regard to the language of his assertion, and more or less without fear that the editor will reject his pose as the high esthetic snob on the simple and ample grounds that he writes like a slob and thinks like a blob.

There is, to be sure, a trace of truth in Mr. Vonnegut's assertion that writing cannot be taught. Yet let me doubt that even he would dare assert that playing the piano is something God lets you do or declines to let you do and that no lessons are relevant to God's decision. Had Mr. Vonnegut had the foresight to submit his manuscript to Bread Loaf criticism he might have learned that God's permission is not defeated by competent assistance.

Such a criticism would probably have gone into reasoned detail on the nature of dullness, on the confusion of the ideas "to teach" and "to learn," on the nature of such question-begging evasions as "most bright people," and on his grammatical confusion of the conference as an institution with the "shmoos" who go to it.

There is more that Bread Loaf could have put to him in the way of learning, though I incline to agree with him that

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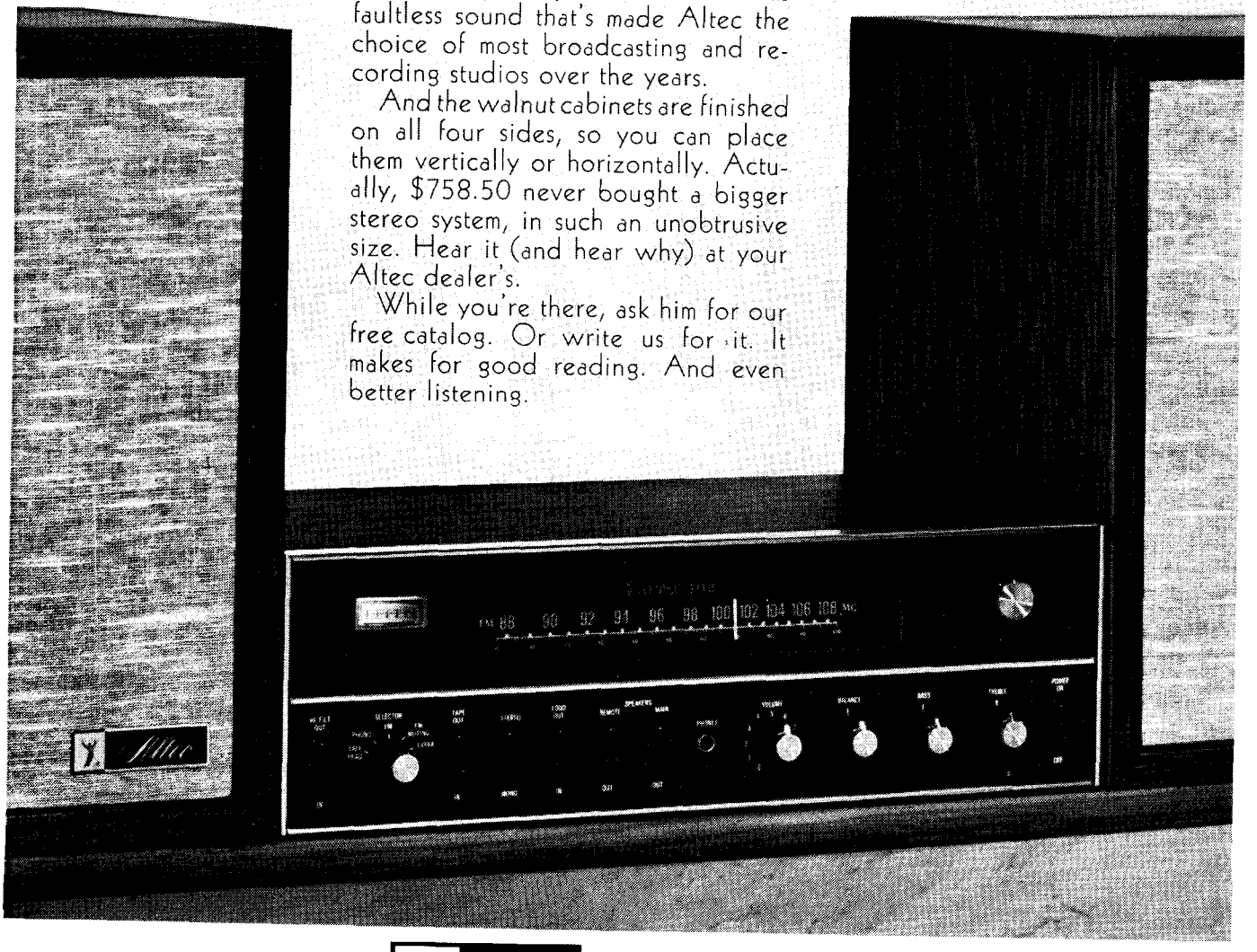

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it could not teach him to write well. No one, for that matter, neither at Bread Loaf nor anywhere else, "teaches" writing. It is yet possible for a learner to be coached wisely, in much the way that a talented actor can be steered to his own talent by a knowledgeable master.

I have attended the Bread Loaf sessions for twenty-two years, for twelve of them as director, and I have known a high company of knowledgeable masters in my time. Approximately fourteen such men and women assemble at Bread Loaf annually to lead a two-week discussion of the writer's craft and commitment, and to offer to the willing learner an individual critique of his manuscripts. And though such a critique might not have led to the improvement of Mr. Vonnegut's manuscript, it could certainly have shown him (and the editors of the *Times Book Review*) why his piece should have been rejected as ill-informed and badly written.

Most bright people, if they are seriously interested in God's permission, might find themselves clarified by such a critique. It might even occur to some of those bright people to ask where else they might go in this world to have their work criticized frankly and in detail by an established writer or editor.

And even a shmoo might recognize that writers, whatever their divine condition, learn from one another. In all of literature there is no writer—or none whose life is reasonably well known—who was not at some time a member of a group. That group might have met in a Greek agora, in a Roman bath, in a Parisian café, or at an English university, but it met, argued, agreed, conspired, hated, and loved. Its members banged heads and rubbed ideas off on one another. Later, his divine permission received, the writer might leave all groups

and live out his life as a hermit. But solitary or gregarious as he might become, he had first to be part of the fermenting possibilities of his group.

Bread Loaf is, simply enough, one such possible group. The ferment of its discussions is given direction by the staff in six daily forums, no two of which are scheduled at the same time. The discussions so started then bubble on through the rest of the day and far into the night as 185 writers, would-be writers, and never-quite-will-be writers attack or defend what has been said by the staff. Most bright people, as it has turned out for more than forty years, are capable of learning something (i.e., of teaching themselves) from the intensity of such discussion.

With heaven itself staked out as his hoped-for portion, Mr. Vonnegut may have risen above such mortal exchange of views. Let me leave him to heaven. But let me, as a contribution to improved editorial standards, invite any senior editor of the *Times Book Review* to attend the 1968 Bread Loaf session as a guest of the conference.

Such an editorial exposure to Bread Loaf standards might reasonably be expected to close the pages of the *Times Book Review* to Mr. Vonnegut's brand of prose, but—and a clear profit—the space so saved could then be made available to those whom God has permitted to profit by good coaching.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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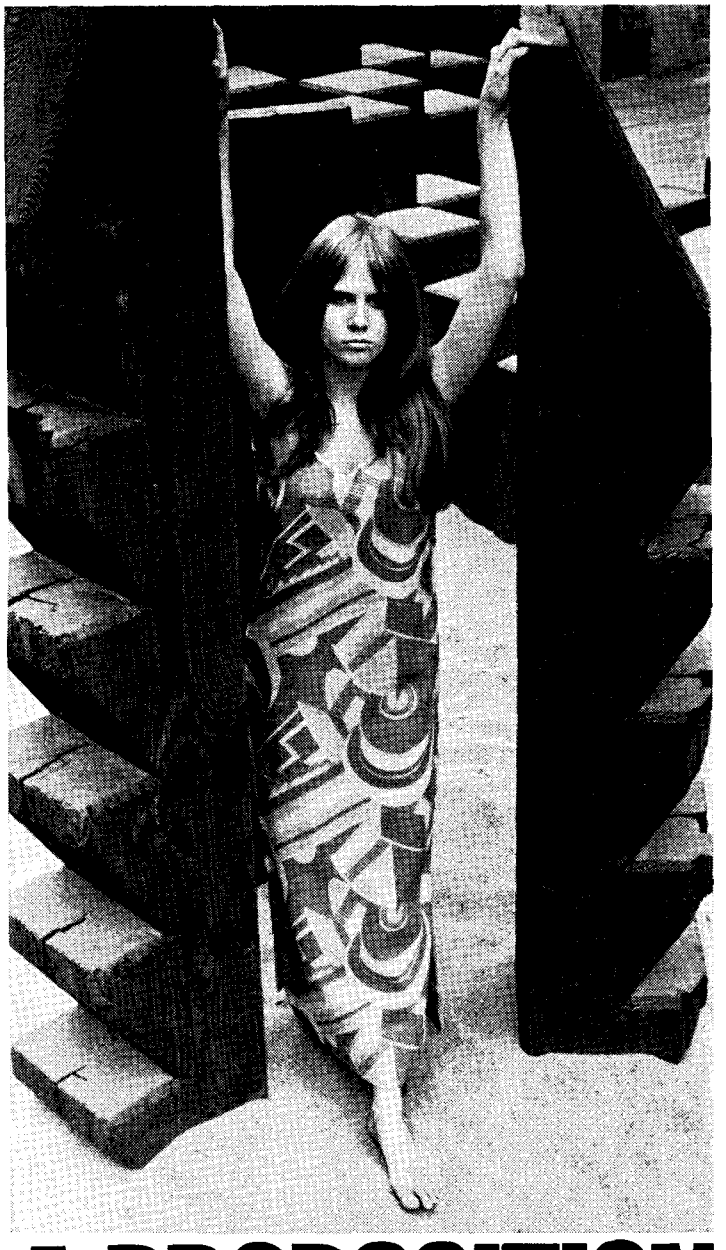

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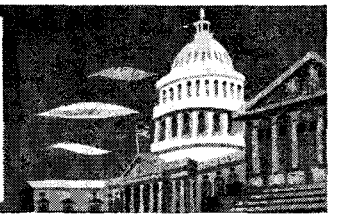
State of Affairs



Israeli Notebook

TEL AVIV.

I WOULD not have been surprised to meet her at the Arthur discotèque in New York. She was pretty (not the Miss America kind), she had character in her face (and in her figure), and her bangs almost covered her eyes without causing loss of that vital asset of her beauty. Her hands were delicate, more likely used to holding a highball glass than picking fruit. But that's what she had been doing ever since the Israeli-Arab war had fired her to volunteer for work on a *kibbutz*. She was not Jewish, but she obviously was adventuresome, if not idealistic.

Life on a *kibbutz*, though, did not turn out quite as she had expected. Work, which has involved picking pears, then apples, and now grapes, means getting up at 4 a.m., beginning at 4:30 a.m., and ending at 11 a.m., when the heat of the day becomes intolerable. There is no hot water, and the bathroom is a five-minute walk away. There are a library and films and boys, but she wonders how those who live all their lives on the *kibbutz* can survive the boredom. She is dating a boy, in a way, she says, but what a difference from home in Maryland! There she didn't think it was quite enough when the boy spent $20 on an evening date. Here, it means going by bus to a movie, and the cost has to be less than 50 cents.

Her mother violently opposed her going; her father was for it. She does not regret it, though if she had realized how tough it was going to be. . . . And yet she has made up her mind to stay another six months. "It will," she says, "make me better appreciate what I have at home in the United States."

* * *

ANOTHER AMERICAN girl I met was still a high school student. She had arrived ten days ago, after her mother had called her in Syracuse and asked whether she would like to spend the next school year in Israel. Her father had been there on business with her mother and both—the mother more so—were long-time Zionists. The girl did not hesitate long, and so her mother flew back to Syracuse, helped her to pack, and now she is enrolled in a boarding school in Tel Aviv. She does not speak Hebrew, but she will take one of those high-pressure courses in the language and hopes to be fluent in six weeks.

Her first impressions of Israel—she has never been here before, but always wanted to come—are mixed. She felt immediately at home, she said, but the people are not the big family she had expected. And then there is this strong nationalism, which she isn't used to, and a certain rigidity of mind. "In the States I was part of the Freedom Movement," she said, "and I miss it a little." Still she is looking forward to this experience—or experiment—in living. "I am a sort of guinea pig for the family," she said. "If I decide to stay here they will follow me. I know it's my country—but I wonder whether it is my way of life."

* * *

THE ANNEXATION of Jerusalem has caused much international controversy, including a United Nations resolution disapproving of it. But, if the Jordanians had not kept Jerusalem as divided as Berlin—where the East Germans at least offer an occasional pass for visits past Checkpoint Charlie into East Berlin—the mood would have been altogether different. The other day I drove past the notorious Mandelbaum Gate—or where it used to be. The last remains are now being pulled out of the asphalt and, as one can imagine, not without profound satisfaction among the Israelis that this hateful barrier is gone. Tourists used to be able to enter from Jordan, but they could not return through it. Its removal does not endear the Israelis to the Arabs, but those in Bethlehem and Jerusalem, at least, seem swayed by their deep-seated business sense which finds unexpected satisfaction from a constant stream of tourists.

* * *

THE WIFE OF an Israeli Cabinet minister told me that when she explained to her youngest son that Jerusalem, including the Arab portion, is now part of Israel, the boy, almost horror-stricken, asked: "You mean those Arabs are now on our side?" The hatreds, of course, are not one-sided, and it will take a long time, if ever, before they will give way to good-neighborliness. On the other hand, an Israeli intelligence officer told me that Egyptian officers in Israeli prisoner-of-war camps remain unrepentant in their hatred of their conquerors. One Egyptian general put it this way: "You first defeated us, now you want to grind our nose in the dust by seeking an agreement with us!"

* * *

NOBODY HERE is particularly hopeful of early peace negotiations, and there is some division among Israeli experts as to whether the Arabs think that time is on their side. There is little doubt, though, that the longer a settlement is delayed the more difficult it will become to reverse various measures the Israeli Government is introducing in the occupied territories. The hope still is that King Hussein will have the political strength and the courage to begin negotiations. The Israeli Government's plan is to give Jordan political sovereignty over the West Bank, but to maintain the Jordan river as military frontier between the two countries. Otherwise, the West Bank is to remain demilitarized. To soften the loss of Jerusalem, Israel will suggest that the Jordanian flag may be flown over Moslem churches, which are all to have extraterritoriality, as proposed by the Pope.

The military believe that they can keep Arab irredentists on the West Bank in check, but they are not underrating the troubles this annexation could cause. On the other hand, traveling down the Latrun road to Jerusalem, one realizes how unrealistic and impractical the old frontiers were. It will be a long and difficult process, if and when peace negotiations take place. Israel can live with the situation as it now exists, but it would much prefer a permanent peace settlement. Maybe time is on neither side.

—HENRY BRANDON.

Inscrutable

By William Sloane

I CAUGHT a mermaid in a net:
Her scales were slippery, she was wet,
Her hair was redolent of kelp,
She could not stand without my help.

I bore her home by neck and tail
And cut my hands on fin and scale,
Then launched her in the downstairs tub
And hied me to the nearest pub.

When I came home quite late that night,
The mermaid was nowhere in sight,
But water on the bedroom stair
Suggested she might be up there.

A moment's thought, or thereabout,
Concerned with William Yeats, his trout,
And I took off and left my myth
Among the things not reckoned with.

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MALRAUX
an essay in political criticism
DAVID WILKINSON

Malraux, Mr. Wilkinson tells us, has never written a *Politics*. His politics, contained as they are in his esthetics, must therefore be extracted from his novels, his philosophy of artistic creation, and his rhetoric. And that is what this study attempts to do – to define and assess the political concepts of André Malraux, who is presently Minister of Cultural Affairs in France and one of this century's major novelists and art critics. In a chronological dissection of the political themes implicit in Malraux's work (including one of his best-known novels, *Man's Fate*), Mr. Wilkinson delineates Malraux's conviction that the deepest human needs are those which are cultural, and that therefore one of the state's central responsibilities is to foster artistic creation by massive dissemination of the objects of culture. The book reveals a man who is complex but thoroughly comprehensible. $5.95

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CLASSICS REVISITED—LIII

The "Mahabharata"

By KENNETH REXROTH

FOR THOSE who read only English, the *Mahabharata* is one of the last great classics that must be taken on faith, at least as poetry. The translations are all unsatisfactory and most of them are appalling. Yet few works of the imagination have ever had a more profound and lasting effect on their own culture.

Embedded in the *Mahabharata* is the *Bhagavad-Gita*, not only one of the world's major religious documents, but, like the Bible and the *Koran*, an epitome of the virtues and vices of the civilization which produced it and even more of the one which followed it. If the world's classics are in any way keys to the understanding of man in history, the *Mahabharata* is an essential key to an entire subcontinent which now contains more than 500 million people.

So we must perforce struggle and suffer through the inept translation and try to imagine the original. Few, indeed, will be able to endure the entire book, but most translations are drastic abridgments, anyway. The faults are not all in the English. Hindu literature by our standards is decadent from its prime foundations. Like Hindu sculpture, Indian poetry and prose have a jungle profusion that more spare cultures can never assimilate. Indian art and literature must be pared and boiled down before they can be transmitted—even to the Far East. So Buddhist art came to China simplified and ordered by transmission through the Bactrian Greeks and the peoples of the desert oases.

But the *Mahabharata* cannot be pared down to a simple substructure. Profusion is inherent in every sentence. Read as a whole, in the unidiomatic English of the translators—a job that will take even the most rapid reader a very long time—the impression is one of disorder in the overall organization, in the main line of the narrative, and in detail—in the rhetorical proliferation of each sentence. In addition, the psychological and symbolic monotony of the hundreds of episodes (a characteristic the *Mahabharata* shares with the *Ramayana*) has the cumulative effect of a narrow but unending dream, a kind of relentless impoverishment of the unconscious, that finally produces a comatose and uncritical acceptance. Partly these effects are inherent in Indian culture, in the esthetics implicitly accepted by the society. Partly they are due to the evolution of the epic itself.

The critics of the last century might be right—Homer might be the product of "the folk" rather than of a single poet—but it is easy to demonstrate that the *Iliad* is as tightly organized as a play of Sophocles. The Cnidian *Aphrodite*, one of the most erotic of all works of art, is a statue of a single nude girl in a comparatively modest pose. The great Sun Temple at Konarka is a large building completely covered with small statues of men and women in every erotic posture. The Western mind boggles, attention fails, and monotony destroys stimulus and response. Perhaps, following Coleridge, we have misjudged the mental structure of the creative act. Perhaps the unconscious is fundamentally unimaginative and unoriginating.

The legendary author of the *Mahabharata* is called Vyasa—"the arranger"—simply the personification of an obvious fact. About one-eighth of the more than 100,000 couplets (in other words, about as many lines as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*

together) are devoted to the core narrative—a superficially complicated but fundamentally simple story of a feud between two barbaric families, the Kauravas and the Pandavas, supposedly cousin-families descended from the king of a town between the rivers Ganges and Jumna in the vicinity of modern Delhi. The original epic may well have begun to take shape about 500 B.C.—the time of Buddha—when this entire region, from the plateau that divides the Indus and the Ganges basins on around the Himalayan foothills, was in a state of intense political and intellectual ferment.

(*Continued on page* 61)

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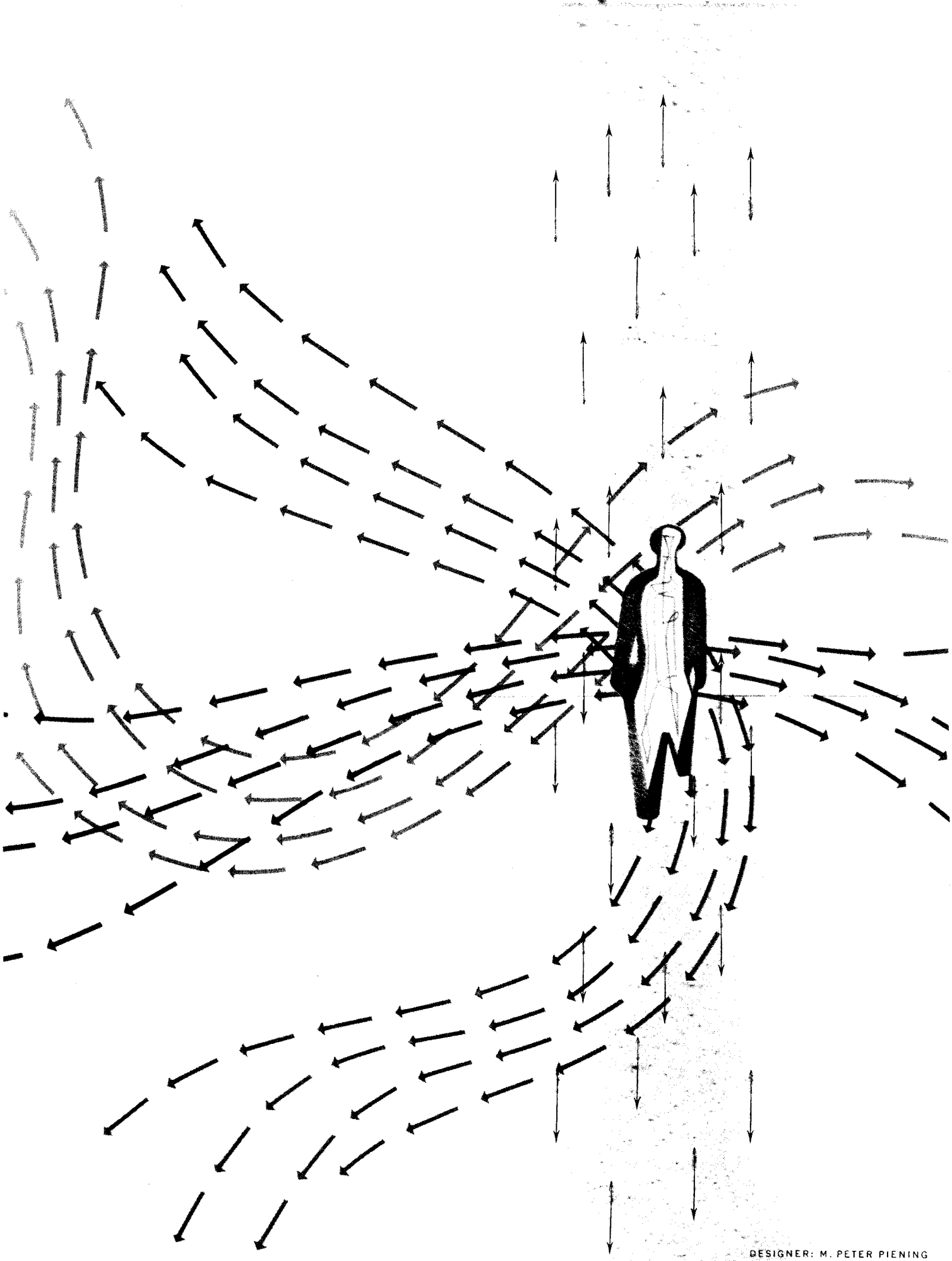

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How Should We Think About Transportation Progress?

by ALAN S. BOYD
Secretary of Transportation

Transportation exists in the United States in a special environment unlike any other in our society. We have evolved a special technique, combining public and private transport investment. One not only complements the other; in some cases, one makes the other possible.

This blending of private and public money has helped the United States produce a national transportation system superior to that of any other country. But a minor drawback of this uniquely American approach is that it tends to obscure the real costs of movement.

Perhaps no freight rate or passenger fare today reflects the actual costs of transportation. Local, state and federal governments—that is, the taxpayer—always bear some part of the burden:

. . Almost all of the cars and trucks are privately owned, but the highways and streets are publicly maintained.

. . All barges and towboats are private property, but the canals and rivers are kept navigable by the Corps of Engineers.

. . All U.S. airlines are competing private enterprises, but major airports are publicly maintained, and the air routes are assigned by a federal agency.

. . America's ocean-going vessels are privately owned, except for some military supply ships, but the great harbors and port facilities are a public investment; and the United States Coast Guard maintains maritime law and safety.

. Most railroad rights-of-way originated with federal land grants or other forms of public support at state or local levels.

The dominant pattern is clear. Our nation has agreed, on public policy grounds, to provide the basic route support for each of the emerging transportation technologies. The lump-sum investments required for highways and harbors and canals and jet airports are not only beyond the usual means of private companies; considering other expenditure priorities, they are also at times beyond the means of the U.S. Government.

The total transportation investment in America—by private firms and individuals and by all government jurisdictions combined—is some $425 billion. If passenger fares and freight rates and car ownership had to reflect this full cost, there would be significantly less personal travel and freight movement.

Three major elements shape the American transportation environment:

1) *The importance we attach to freedom of movement—personal mobility.* This is a political right as well as a social value, and it supports the reality of a mass market over a vast territory, free of the Old World barriers to travel and commerce.

2) *Our system of private ownership and competitive free enterprise.* This very profound and pervasive approach in our society reinforces our dominant moral and ethical concepts. Though somewhat blurred in the operations of the carriers themselves, it is powerfully displayed by the great users, the shippers, as well as transport equipment manufacturers.

3) *The intervening authority of government—any level of government.* The classic partnership that exists between public and private investment may be viewed as a form of subsidy. But the power to give or withhold a franchise or license, and the power to set operating rules and standards, is a far more fundamental role. Here government is an instrument for the protection of the community's total interests.

The interaction of these forces, in the dimension of time, has produced a complex landscape of transportation institutions. The recent establishment of the Department of Transportation represents a decision to give greater unity and coherence to the Government's role.

We need to give more serious thought to the meaning of transportation in our society. It has become increasingly apparent that in a society such as ours transportation is one of the great choice mechanisms. Like the ballot box and the marketplace, it expresses popular desires. It helps shape our communities and institutions.

No family, for instance, moves to a suburban home as a destructive act. Yet the effect of a million such decisions may be the relative decline of downtown business districts, congestion on urban highways, relocation of firms, disintegration of central city school systems, air pollution and innumerable other side effects.

Our nation knows a lot about the engineering and economic and efficiency aspects of transportation. Such knowledge has produced the greatest system of airlines, rail lines, pipelines, highways and waterways in the world.

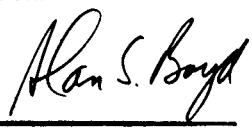
But we do not have a very good understanding of the social effects of transportation. Most refinements in transport technology have long-lasting consequences which, for our future happiness and perhaps even survival, we had best learn to anticipate. We have hardly begun to sound the depths of the human implications of our transport decisions.

As usual, the hardest part of the problem is how to think about the problem. Popular expectations may be unreasonable, but expert knowledge has its limitations as well. We will have to be cautious in our acceptance of definitive solutions, confidently presented.

What kind of a community do we want, and what kind are we willing to settle for? We must set our own standards in this matter, dealing with transportation as a servant rather than a master.

If we are not able to anticipate all of the ultimate results of our transport investment decisions, that should not be used as an excuse for not making any decisions at all. Important incremental investments are being made daily—even hourly—in private and public sectors. Our mutual responsibility is to insure that in both sectors the social consequences are given adequate consideration.

If we can do this—if we can use the public interest as our consistent measure, though navigating in uncharted waters—our nation may be assured of true progress in transportation.



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Saturday Review
September 30, 1967

A LAST MEMOIR

Ilya Ehrenburg: What I Have Learned

The personal testament of one of the most extraordinary literary figures in Soviet life—a fiery, acerbic novelist and critic whose career spanned two eras.

By ILYA EHRENBURG

I HAVE been asked what life has taught me. Everything; I was born uneducated, like all babies. Everything and nothing, for I see every day how much there is that I do not know. For the past fifteen years or so, I have been learning how to be an old man. This is not nearly as easy as I thought when I was young. I used to think that desires die down along with the possibilities of satisfying them; but then I began to understand that the body ages before the spirit, and that one has to learn to live like an old man. One learns even in dying; to die in such a way that death is a fitting end to one's life is not an easy art.

A man who, like myself, has lingered on in this world must learn that experience, concepts, emotions are all relative. I do not approve of old people who grumble about the younger generation; instead of helping it to live in accordance with the requirements of the present era, they do nothing but carp on the era's mistakes. They are like old kerosene lamps that smoke instead of giving light—not a pastime to be recommended.

What I am about to say is not intended as a lesson for the young. Rather, it is the confession of a man who was born in the past century and whose mind was formed by many of its ideas. Such a confession may, perhaps, be of some use to the young. Of course, I realize that people seldom learn from the mistakes of others—not because they deny the value of the past, but because they are faced with new problems. The tale of how their fathers and grandfathers got hurt cannot protect them from getting hurt in their turn, for they are beset by different dangers. At the same time, some of an old man's misadventures may give useful pointers to the young, and that is why for the past seven years I have been working on a book of reminiscences, *People, Years, Life*.

It is a familiar fact that objects seen in childhood are remembered as being very large. I used to think, for instance, that I lived in a great big house, and I was taken aback when I revisited the "big" house of my childhood—it turned out to be very small. When I was young, I thought history proceeded at a dizzying pace, although in those days there were no airplanes, and trains moved with slow dignity, like asthmatic old men. I did not know then that everything takes much longer than one would wish and that mankind is not speeding down a freeway in a racing car but painfully groping along winding paths which sometimes turn right around, so that pessimists take them for circles, although in fact they are spirals. When I was fifteen, I became obsessed with politics, joined an underground Bolshevik organization, and even spent six months in a Czarist jail. At the age of eighteen, I had to flee to Paris to escape prosecution. There I began to write poetry, fell in love with art, and forgot politics—but politics soon caught up with me, as it did with everyone else in Europe: The First World War broke out, and hard on its heels came the Russian Revolution.

WHAT did I learn in the decades that followed? First of all, that it is far more difficult to change the mentality of the people than it is to change a country's political order or even its economy. The second of these changes may be effected in a few hours, the third in several decades, but the first can take centuries. Let me take nationalism and racism as examples. When I was a child I knew that if I wanted to be admitted to school I had to do better than everyone else in the entrance examinations—at that time there was a 3 per cent quota for Jews in Moscow. When I went to visit my grandfather in Kiev I heard that there had been a pogrom and that there would surely be another. My father read the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the liberal Russian newspaper *Russkie vedomosti*. He used to say that anti-Semitism was unthinkable in such a culturally advanced country as Germany. Thirty-five years later the Nazis had their *Kristallnacht* in Berlin—that is what they called their pogrom.

When traveling in America, I toured the southern states—Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana. This was in the spring of 1946, one year after the collapse of German racism. I saw racism in another form. The whites have for too long insulted national and human dignity in America, in Africa, and in Asia; there has been an accumulation of hatred, and accounts are often being settled in the same currency. I understand now that one must see the world as it really is and not mistake one's wishes for reality. Naturally, I continue to think that solidarity among men will overcome intolerance, racial and national arrogance, and brutality, but now I know that the road is long and that strenuous efforts and great sacrifices will be required.

I have lived through two world wars (I am not counting the Russian and Spanish civil wars). I have come to hate war not only because it kills off the flower of every nation, but because it destroys spiritual as well as material values, and sets people and nations far back in their development. I see no other way out for mankind than complete

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disarmament, especially now that the greatest discoveries of physics are being used to manufacture weapons capable of wiping out all life on our planet. And yet this urgent need to save mankind from a final disaster has been turned into a subject for endless bickering, which may go on until there is no one left to study the records of ten-year-long conferences. Yet, despite all this, I remain an optimist. I believe that the will to live of people who are not interested in the growth of the munitions industry, who are not obsessed with the desire to prove that the order they are used to is morally right, and who are neither hair-splitters, politicians, nor diplomats, will end by forcing everyone to agree to general disarmament.

WHY do I cling to my optimism? Certainly not because of any fidelity to Cartesianism. True, I am too accustomed to logic to renounce it lightly. Once, when I was talking to Einstein, he asked me, smiling, how much is two times two. Startled, I said that I had been taught that the answer was four. "But what do you think yourself?" he asked. "Four," I replied timidly. He smiled again: "As for me. I don't know. It might be five. . . ." Nevertheless, when he protested against nuclear weapons, Einstein based his arguments on logic.

I refuse to relinquish my hopes. In the early days of the Revolution, the young poet Nikolai Tikhonov wrote a poem ending with the words:

> Nails should be forged out of people like these—
> They'd be the strongest nails in the world.

Many of my contemporaries have been done away with, many others have succumbed to their trials, but the survivors have been forged by their experience—we have truly become nails. And we have also become incorrigible optimists. Where Pascal called man a

—Photo, Irene Sinclair

The author: On September 1, Ilya Ehrenburg died in Moscow at the age of seventy-six. Shortly before that, the famous novelist, critic, and journalist sent the accompanying article to *SR* as the seventeenth in its "What I Have Learned" series.

"All my life," Ilya Grigorievich Ehrenburg wrote in his memoirs, "I have tried . . . to link justice with beauty and the new social order with art." In this pursuit throughout the turbulent half-century of his literary career, Mr. Ehrenburg often flew in the face of official dogmatism, never shying—despite oppression and censorship—from using his dynamic, outspoken style to reveal uncomfortable truths or to express opinions, popular and unpopular.

Born in Kiev in 1891, he showed his independence of mind early and often. In 1907 he was expelled from school for leading a student strike, and was later jailed. In 1908 he went to Paris, where he lived until 1917, when he returned to Russia. After World War I, having become disenchanted with the Bolsheviks, he resettled in Paris. There he wrote satiric accounts of conditions in his homeland and became acquainted with prominent artists and writers, including Malraux, Eluard, Picasso, and Chagall.

Prior to World War II he returned to Russia and took up the cause against fascism. During the fighting Mr. Ehrenburg served as a war correspondent, and his biting dispatches depicting Nazi atrocities did much to stiffen the resolve of the Soviet military and citizenry. After the war he became a leader of the Communist peace movement. In later years he advocated the liberalization of governmental controls and championed free expression for young writers and artists, many times to the distress of the Soviet leadership.

Mr. Ehrenburg served as Deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. and as a member of the World Council of Peace. He was the recipient of many awards and honors. His more than eighty novels, plays, stories, and essays have been translated into thirty languages. Among the most notable titles are: *The Self-Seekers, A Street in Moscow, Out of Chaos, Fall of Paris, The Storm, The Ninth Wave, The Thaw,* and *Memoirs.*

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"thinking reed," we have earned the right to call ourselves thinking nails. We have developed the characteristic which literary historians call "romantic irony"; the nails have learned to make fun both of one another and of the various hammers and mallets with which they come in contact. They are a very special breed.

Why did I believe that Nazism would be crushed when, on a cold day in January 1939, I crossed the Franco-Spanish border? Why, when the Nazis had occupied Kiev and were approaching Leningrad and Moscow, did I continue to hold that man would overcome Nazism? Why do I believe today that general disarmament is going to take place? Is this mere obduracy? Is there something in human nature that preserves man from despair? I do not know; I am simply recording, in all sincerity, what I think and feel.

Dual lighting—as when electric lamps are turned on in daytime—is very hard on the eyes. I have lived my entire life in the dual light of two different and unlike centuries. It seems to me that while there is much that divides them, we must do something to unify them.

EVEN as an adolescent, I loved justice. A man—unless he is rich or drunk with power—tends to relate his personal happiness to that of his neighbors, his people, the whole of humanity. This is not rhetoric; those are the natural feelings of any man who has not grown spiritually fat and is not blinded by megalomania.

As for spiritual beauty, I think it fills as vital a need as does the green of the grass or the smile of a child. I would not for the life of me renounce any of the ideals that captured my imagination when I was fifteen years old. I am as convinced as I ever was that interest on capital must not be equated with personal welfare and happiness, and that the socialist system of economy is not only more rational but more ethical than the capitalist system. But we must add beauty to justice, breathe human warmth into the commandments of the new society.

When I was young, the moon's main function was to shed its light on lovers. Now it is being photographed and studied and will soon become the first stage in man's conquest of the universe. Will that make young love any less romantic? I hardly think so.

I said earlier that in 1933 Germany was a "culturally advanced" country. That is what I thought at the time, when "culture" was associated in people's minds with certain external indicators. Germany had long since wiped out illiteracy, it had good roads, many cars for those days, many specialized institutes, excellent hospitals, a highly developed printing industry. But all this was only one component of culture, and in the mentality of a young Nazi the learning he had acquired readily coexisted with complete savagery. In telling me about German soldiers who threw a baby into the well because it had been crying and disturbing their sleep, a Russian peasant woman said: "They have no conscience. . . ." I have long ago revised my idea of culture; it is a complex concept, requiring a high degree of development of critical thinking, emotional sensitivity, and moral controls.

Our mentality has greatly changed in the past half-century. The natural sciences have made enormous progress. We are beginning our conquest of the universe, and the concept of infinity, which in the early years of the century was abstract if not metaphysical, is becoming a reality. The thinking of the astrophysicist reaches far out, while the thought of the contemporary philosopher stays on the ground.

When I was young, I believed that progress was possible in all spheres of human activity. I have now come to think that there is undeniable progress in the exact sciences, social structures, and living conditions, but that in the sphere with which, because of my work, I am particularly concerned—the arts—there is never any progress, but only changes in form which give expression to what men are like in any particular epoch.

THERE is no comparing the sum total of knowledge of modern man with the knowledge of the Cretans who lived 3,000 years before our era. The Cretans knew very little, and we know even less about them. Undoubtedly there was slavery in Chios, and men peopled the heavens with benign and malevolent gods. But their art was decorative and rather festive. Their frescoes show us men and women who remind us of nothing so much as Toulouse-Lautrec.

The frescoes in Ajanta, India, are painted with great skill and are close to the canvases of Botticelli.

There is no progress in art, and it would be madness to assert that modern sculpture is better than the sculpture of Ellora or Mycenae. Man is apt to be more moved by the art of his own period, not because it is more perfect, but because it is organically related to him. At the same time, I must confess that in my youth literature and art occupied a far more important place in people's lives than they do today. Art now reaches a greater number of people than it used to, in the capitalist as well as in the socialist countries, owing in part to cheap editions of modern writers and poets, the new reproduction techniques, radio, and sometimes even television; but in the daily life of the individual, art has become cake where it used to be bread.

Some say that this is the result of the

"We got a letter from Johnny saying he's not going back for his senior year."

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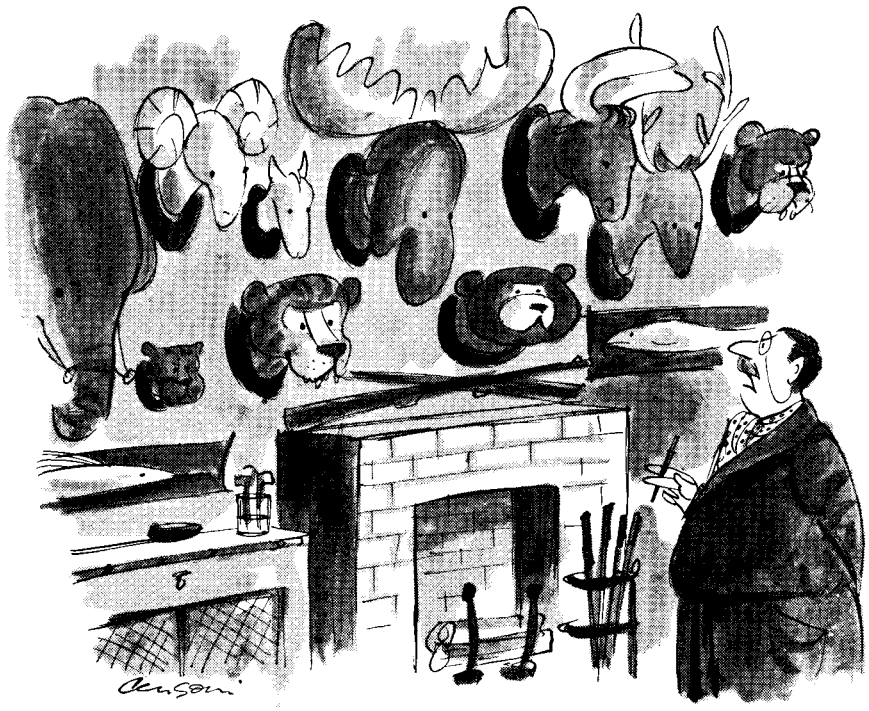
extraordinary leap forward of the natural sciences. This is partly true. Half a century ago, the movement for peace was headed by Romain Rolland, and then by Barbusse, but during the last war it was headed by Joliot Curie. The Pugwash Conferences deal with matters of far greater concern to the average man than do the meetings of PEN Clubs. But that is hardly an adequate explanation. Chekhov wrote seventy years ago: "The natural sciences are doing wonders now and they can march like Mamai on the general public and conquer it by sheer mass enormousness. . . ." But in another letter he rightly argued with those who held that the progress of science must mean the decline of art:

> I would like people not to see a conflict where there is none. There has always been knowledge in the world. Anatomy and belles-lettres are of equally noble descent; they both have the same purposes and the same enemy —the devil—and there is absolutely no reason for them to fight each other. There is no struggle for survival here. If a man understands the system of blood circulation, he is rich; if in addition he studies the history of religion and learns by heart the poem, "I recall the miraculous moment," he will be richer and not poorer; consequently, we are dealing only with positives. That is why geniuses have never fought, and in Goethe the scientist got along beautifully with the poet.

When educated people engage in fisticuffs, we can take it that their deepest emotions have been aroused. Before the First World War, I saw fistfights twice at performances of Diaghilev's Russian Ballet—once at *The Rite of Spring*, over Stravinsky's music, and the other time at *Parade*, over Picasso's costumes. Nowadays such fights occur only at football matches. Shostakovich is an ardent football fan, but I doubt if many football players are devotees of music.

The popularity of sports has nothing to do with the point I am making. The real causes are more deep-rooted and serious: knowledge has outstripped character development, and the young today are given an education rather than an upbringing. People develop lopsidedly, and on every hand one sees a surprising accumulation of knowledge coupled with an utter lack of emotional refinement. The Russian writers of the last century were remarkable for one attribute which I believe has not lost its validity: a conscience. Mankind will not survive without it.

THE automation of production and the emergence of some new branch of physics or chemistry narrow our horizons; they can turn man into a piece of electronic machinery. Moreover, leisure now serves a different purpose. When I was a boy, people worked fourteen hours a day, came home exhausted, ate, and went to bed. Now people work six or seven hours a day. They come home without being physically tired, but in a sort of stupor, induced by repeating the same movements or dealing with similar problems over and over again. No potter or carpenter today can put a little bit of himself into the pot or table he produces. There cannot be a Goethe today—the sum total of knowledge has increased too much. What is to be done to cultivate the mind and refine the emotions?



"You're probably wondering why I gathered you here. . . ."

IN art, I am primarily a consumer. Not only when I look at the canvases of Picasso or Matisse, but also when reading books I like, I do not stop to consider how they were fashioned. Like any art lover or reader, I give myself to the work and let my imagination build upon it. To my way of thinking, responding to art is a creative process, which can broaden and enrich a person's inner life. What is your idea of Don Quixote? What was Hamlet like? Each individual will give his own answer to these questions: He will add something of himself, of his character, of his experience, to the texts of Cervantes and Shakespeare. That is why in the past ten years there has grown up a mass art appreciation movement among the young in the Soviet Union. Its initiators, in nearly all cases, were college girls and young women workers. Their instinct of self-preservation prompted them to introduce young men to poetry, music, and painting: they did not want to spend the rest of their lives with pieces of electronic machinery.

But I am disgressing. True, I have been talking all along of what I have learned in my lifetime, but I may have sounded didactic. When I was sixteen, I used to go around repeating the words of one of Ibsen's heroes: "All or nothing!" But I soon realized that the world does not offer a choice between everything and nothing, that life is complex, and that neither white nor black may be used in a painting. I began to learn to read the hearts of other people, and I am still learning.

Men of many professions should teach the young. An instructor does more than teach: He learns at the same time. I am thinking not only of the development of science, I am thinking also of enrichment of the spiritual life of the young people to whom the instructor is to impart knowledge. Every master knows that the material teaches the artist; and Picasso once said to me that he learned a great deal at the age of eighty—for instance, when he began to work in tole and to make linoleum cuts in color. But human material is far more demanding.

My trade requires a knowledge of human beings, and whereas I have some insight into the mental and emotional reactions of my contemporaries, I have to keep on studying every day in order to decipher the feelings of the young.

I am old in years, but now I know with certainty that I know little. One must go on learning as long as there is breath in one's body, and a student's bench becomes even an old man far better than the preacher's pulpit or the academician's chair. That is my conviction.

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REMEMBERING "UPPIE"

By ED AINSWORTH

AROUND the post office in Monrovia, California, there is a loneliness these days. The little man with the big, gentle smile who came every morning to P.O. Box 136 has departed. At the Monrovia Public Library in the town's tiny park "The Library Lady" misses being called out to the front desk by the eager reader with the shaggy white hair and the shining, expectant eyes, waiting for the books with their forever-beckoning secrets. Up on its small hill, at the end of Myrtle Avenue, the house with its spacious gardens and Eugenia hedge and twenty-one varieties of fruit trees, and the sweet alyssum and oleanders and camellias and poppies, broods upon an emptiness. "Uppie" is gone.

Upton Sinclair has indeed gone from our town, and few have been aware of his going. Only at the post office and at the library has notice been taken of his leaving. He was intentionally unobtrusive. Most people did not recognize him on the street.

Few, looking at him, could have conceived that he was the author of at least seventy-nine books and hundreds of pamphlets, the fiery prophet of social reform, the oldest living Pulitzer Prize-winner (for the "Lanny Budd" series), and, abroad, the most-translated of any American writer. Recently, when he moved away, Monrovia and California were as seemingly unaware of his departure as they had been of his arrival in 1915, when he quietly came to La Jolla. Hardly anybody seemed to take time to remember that this unimpressive-looking little figure was Uppie the Ogre, who had scared the hell out of 6,000,000 Californians when he almost got elected Governor in 1934 on an EPIC—"End Poverty in California"—platform in the most flamboyant campaign in the state's history.

Now that Uppie, at eighty-eight, has, for health reasons, changed his residence to the Baltimore area of his birth, it suddenly has become clear to me why I am impelled to write about "Remembering 'Uppie.'" We shared a notable common sentiment: We hated each other's guts.

In that Depression-era monstrosity of reviling and fear, of bitterness and recrimination known in California political circles as the campaign of 1934, it happened that I was city editor of the Los Angeles *Times*. Both personally, as a Franklin D. Roosevelt Democrat, and professionally, as an editor of the arch-Republican *Times*, I went all out to help defeat Upton Sinclair, who, by changing his registration from Socialist to Democrat, had captured the Democratic nomination at the primary and become the candidate of that astonished party for governor of California. In my role, I became, in the terse lexicon of Sinclairese, one of the "hired liars" trying to defeat him. In our lexicon, Sinclair became a hodgepodge of menace.

IN this treasured antipathy on both sides it was only natural that when, by chance, Uppie and I later became residents of the same community, Monrovia, we were not spontaneously drawn to each other by natural affection. He spent much time, though, at the Monrovia Public Library, where my wife, Katherine Ainsworth, is chief librarian; and, ironically, they became good friends. Mrs. Ainsworth insisted that her staff respect his cherished anonymity, and he was allowed to roam the library without anyone's calling attention to his presence. He began, appreciatively and affectionately, to call Mrs. Ainsworth "The Library Lady." On occasion, he would ask particularly for "The Library Lady" and she would arrange some special matter for him.

Finally, my wife said to me: "Why can't you quit harboring grudges and go meet him and learn to like him? I've gotten to know him and he's a sweet, kind, courtly old gentleman. After all, it's been thirty years—"

Thirty years, yes. But I still couldn't make my thoughts transform into a nice, kindly, gentle friend the hell-raising muckraker-author of *The Jungle*, exposing the evils of labor conditions in the Chicago stockyards; the Socialist thunderer; and the apostle of EPIC's "production for use" theories. "It isn't that easy," I replied, remembering 1934.

That campaign had been a nightmare from the start. California, like the rest of the United States, was combatting Depression-bred mass starvation. Upton Sinclair, born in Baltimore on September 20, 1878, was fifty-five at the time. He often had run for office before—for Congress in New Jersey in 1906, for Congress in California in 1920, for the U.S. Senate in 1922, and for governor of California in 1926 and 1930—always on the Socialist ticket; consequently, his vote totals were negligible. But in the 1934 campaign the changing of his registration from Socialist to Democrat catapulted him into a new arena under strange new circumstances. The unrest in California at that moment needed only an inflammatory match to cause it to burst into senseless flame. We genuinely feared that Upton Sinclair was applying the match. His program, at least, spread like wildfire. It was called EPIC, but its essence was "production for use," embodying the taking-over of idle factories by workers and the barter of the ensuing products in a kind of cooperative system.

Upton Sinclair—"We hated each others guts."

THE Los Angeles *Times*, and many other newspapers immediately labeled it an effort to "Sovietize California." Frank Merriam, the incumbent Republican governor, who once had been an effective rough-and-tumble political gladiator when Speaker of the Assembly, appeared numbed by the fray. "Regular" Democrats were, if possible, in a deeper state of shock than was the agonized Governor Merriam. This was justified. When the primary votes were counted, EPIC's Sinclair had garnered 436,000 of them—more than all the other Democratic candidates combined.

Then Upton Sinclair and Frank Merriam faced each other in the November general election. By early fall, it was obvious to all of us that Sinclair was going to win unless something transcendent happened immediately.

One day a small, inconspicuous-looking man carrying a tiny card file came to the editorial department of the *Times* and asked "Aunt Het," the receptionist

Ed Ainsworth is a columnist for the Los Angeles *Times* and the author of eleven books. His most recent book, *Maverick Mayor—A Biography of Sam Yorty, Mayor of Los Angeles*, was published by Doubleday.

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guarding the portals, if he might see the editor. (I have subsequently wondered, in view of Upton Sinclair's oft-repeated statement in later years that he was frightened to death that he might really be elected governor and not know what to do, whether this was Uppie himself in disguise.) The small man showed L. D. Hotchkiss, the editor, and Ralph W. Trueblood, the editor-in-chief, the stack of 3 x 5 cards in the file. On each was a direct quotation carefully culled with exhaustive research from Upton Sinclair's books.

Each, for the time and the circumstance, was damning in its impact upon the sensibilities of conventional people, which most of the voters of California were, with their Midwestern, Southern, and Eastern "Bible Belt" antecedents. Every one dealt with some phase of free love, Marxism, thumbings-of-nose at the clergy, doctors, lawyers, and continent housewives; anti-Catholicism, nationalizing of children from the moment of umbilical severing, atheism, and aspersions on the intelligence of the voters.

The next morning we editors of the *Times* began running, in a two-column, page 1 box, one of the quotations each day, without comment. The box simply contained the quotation, the book, the page from which it came, and the name of Upton Sinclair as its author. At the same time, the caricatures "Uppie and Downey" were created by cartoonist Bruce Russell, the late Pulitzer Prize-winning artist for the *Times*, who had just taken over the editorial cartoon job. "Downey" was Sheridan Downey, Sinclair's running mate for lieutenant governor, who later became a U.S. Senator.

THE combination of the quotations, which continued day after day with devastating effect, and the "Uppie and Downey" series, turned the tide. By mid-October we knew we had won. When the votes were counted, Sinclair had 879,000; Raymond Haight, a Progressive, 302,000; and Merriam, 1,138,000. EPIC was dead, slain with the aid of the *Times*.

Fate, however, ordained for me a Pyrrhic victory. A few years ago, in the early 1960s, I went to a Hollywood TV studio to appear on a show on behalf of my book, *Beckoning Desert*. There, in the studio, was Upton Sinclair, to discuss on the same program his second autobiography. My wife introduced us. We shook hands. He was, I am sure, unaware of me as an individual; only that I was the husband of "The Library Lady" and worked for the *Times*. He, in turn, introduced his new wife—ebullient, seventy-nine-year-old, South Carolina-born May Hard, sister of Dr. Frederick Hard, president of Scripps College in Claremont, California, who delighted in saying that she had at last put the "Social" in "Socialist."

Afterward, the Sinclairs were without transportation to Monrovia. My wife offered and they accepted a ride in our car, which was one of a fleet belonging to the *Times*, and to observe the amenities I had to concur. In the car, my wife said banteringly: "Mr. Sinclair, did you ever think you would ride in an automobile owned by the *Times*?"

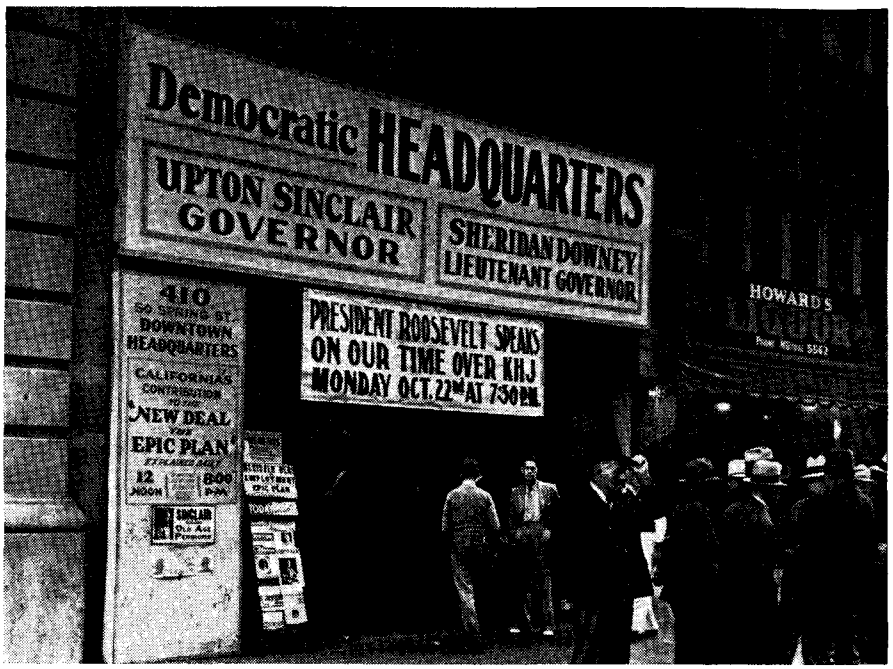
"Oh, it's all right," he answered quickly. "It reminds me of Harry Chandler (the longtime publisher of the *Times* who died in 1944). At the last rally of my EPIC followers at the Los Angeles opera house the day before election, I was telling them that Harry Chandler and his friends were trying to keep poor people in the midst of the Depression from coming into California. They nearly tore off the roof when I cried: 'Harry Chandler came out here as a bum riding a freight. Harry, let the other bums come in!' "

SOON afterward, we heard Uppie introduce Richard Armour, the witty poet, at a meeting in a school auditorium. After the introduction, Uppie disdained the stairs and—at eighty-five—vaulted from the stage to sit beside his bride. My interest unwillingly was stirred in this youthful octogenarian, who persisted in a diet of rice and fruit, and spoke of whisky as the devil. Before long, we were invited to the home of Ranney Draper, Uppie's lawyer and president of the Monrovia Library Board, where the Sinclairs were honored guests. Next we visited the Sinclairs in their home, which May had brightened with new curtains and many bouquets.

As we prepared to go, Uppie gave me a Latin-type *embrazo* and said I was a lovely fellow. Quite often after that we saw Uppie, who always gave me the *embrazo*. Once, at a dinner party in the home of Lawrence R. McNamee, former mayor of Monrovia, Uppie found himself surrounded by men and women of the social class he had so long denounced and whose detestation he had so unvaryingly won. Seemingly undaunted, he launched into a series of anecdotes about personal friends ranging from Jack London to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Rex Beach to Albert Einstein, and Lincoln Steffens to George Bernard Shaw. He totally captivated his audience. As he reminisced, I had to admit grudgingly to myself that almost every facet of life in America had been influenced during the last sixty years by this small, kindly person. He himself quipped that he didn't need to be a Socialist anymore, that the Democrats had done all he ever advocated. As we said our goodbys, Uppie gave me the Spanish bear hug and told my wife I was a lovely fellow.

Soon afterward, Uppie flew to New York for new literary honors. When he returned we saw little of him because his health began to fail. May underwent an operation. Reluctantly, they decided it was necessary to move to the Baltimore region to be near relatives. The shutters were drawn at the home on the hill, and Uppie passed for the last time through the Eugenia hedge. He got his last letters at the post office and took his last books back to "The Library Lady."

Around P.O. Box 136 and at the library charging desk these days there is more than loneliness; there is a sadness. As for me, 1934 has become quite dim in my mind. I am a lovely fellow. And I can't help remembering Uppie.



Los Angeles, 1934—"Sinclair was going to win unless something transcendent happened."

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Black Racism

RECENTLY, a cross section of citizens came together under the auspices of educational television to consider the problem of race relations. What was mainly significant about the meeting was the rapidity with which the moderates were forced into virtual paralysis by black racists. The argument of the racists ran along these general lines:

"White people understand only one language—the language of violence. They are not going to let go of anything unless they are hit over the head and it is taken away from them. For more than 400 years the white man has raped our women, flogged us, forced us into slavery. We will be slaves no longer. We want what is ours in the world and we know there is only one way to get it—by force, the way the white man got it from us. We don't want the white man's help, we don't need his help. We know what we can expect from him. If we're going to make it, we've got to make it on our own. We will run the world. So, white man, get out of the way. We're on the move and we won't be stopped."

It was heady stuff and it fixed the mood of the meeting. Most of the young people cheered; they had heard a call to arms and they were manning the battle stations. But what was most significant and disquieting was the effect on the moderates, black and white. It was almost as though they feared they would be regarded as spineless backsliders if they were to challenge the racists. The few blacks who tried to raise questions were hooted down as pathetic Uncle Toms. The whites, mostly women, all seemed to feel the need to precede anything they said by declarations of commitment to the cause of civil rights; they clearly reflected an inability to be relevant to what was happening.

This recent experience is not unique. More and more, leadership in the struggle for civil rights is gravitating to the racist, violence-prone extremists. The effect on some moderates is to cause them to abandon their own position, lest they be cast aside altogether or made to seem supine. Responsible Negro leaders like Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young, and Edward Brooke are being denounced as temporizers. Men of this character and stature are not going to abandon their convictions, but they are being thrown increasingly on the defensive. Young white activists who have gone into the Negro ghettos to tutor or teach or attempt to upgrade living conditions are being reviled.

Civil rights supporters in general are reluctant to stand up to the black racists because they do not wish to be aligned, however vaguely or unfairly, with the opponents of full economic and political rights for the Negro. But it is important nonetheless to recognize today that black racists are among the main enemies of basic progress in the field of civil rights. When Negroes act like Ku Klux Klanners, they must be treated like Ku Klux Klanners.

There is no contradiction between militant support of civil rights and saying no to the black racists. Indeed, reluctance to confront the black racists serves to retard, not advance, progress in the field of civil rights. It is absurd for whites to withdraw or retire from the field out of confusion or intimidation. For the moderates have not run out of options, at least not yet. There is much that can be done. The men mentioned earlier—Martin Luther King, Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young, and Edward Brooke—need far more support from the white community than they are now receiving. Men on the firing line, like President Frank Rose of the University of Alabama, who are accepting the challenge of integration, should be encouraged.

It is a mistake to take the view that the positions and policies of black racists must be condoned because of the long history of abuse of the American Negro. Sustained, massive social injustice produces revolutionists. This is a truism made luminous by men like Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine. But just proclaiming himself a revolutionary doesn't win a man immunity from the consequences of violent nonsense.

Much has to be done. A vast upgrading is needed and needed soon in housing, education, health care, and job opportunities. The American business community has yet to put as much of its resources and facilities as are available into the strengthening of American society. Too many labor unions are feudal and bigoted in their attitudes about universal membership. In the community at large, there is still inadequate comprehension of the basic requirements of respect and dignity that are natural to human life.

One thing is certain, however: dangerous fools are not competent to lead the fight for civil rights in the United States. That fight will be won—not because of the racists, but despite them.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Paton's Challenge

ALAN PATON'S "The Challenge of Fear" [*SR*, Sept. 9] is simply profound, and profoundly simple—a truly prophetic voice. He lays bare the tragedy of war and one of man's deepest misconceptions when he states that, in the dynamic sense, *love* is the opposite of fear.

Putting love into action always has taken more courage than has the resort to force and fear. Thanks for one of the greatest "What I Have Learned" articles.

JAMES E. MAGAW.

Galion, O.

I WISH EVERYONE in this befuddled America could have the opportunity to read "The Challenge of Fear." The present-day testament of faith, its insights into the nature of man at his worst and in terms of his innate potential divinity, provide a corrective for the defeatist philosophy that seems to be so dominant in much that is written today.

Such insights have added significance because they are not drawn from the cloistered mustiness of a monastic retreat, but are the daily experiences of a layman who is fully aware of the sordid hypocrisy of life, men, and nations, and one nation in particular.

GERALD B. HARVEY,
Secretary for Christian Education
Field Service, Interboard
Committee on Christian Education of the Methodist Church.

Monrovia, Calif.

Morale and the Bombing

THANKS TO N.C.'s editorial, "Is the National Honor Being Bombed?" [*SR*, Sept. 9], the principal motive for the return-to-stone-age bombing of North Vietnam has been at last publicized adequately. I don't believe that the American people fully realized or understood that this mega-destruction to life and property is being done for "psychological reasons"— to increase or bolster the morale of the South Vietnamese!

Perhaps a report on morale in the South is a reasonable demand from those of us who are paying the shot in money, lives, and moral shredding. Are the South Vietnamese now fighting with more enthusiasm and conviction, or has the American bombing strengthened their desire to let the Americans do everything?

ROBERT SEIDENBERG, M.D.

Syracuse, N.Y.

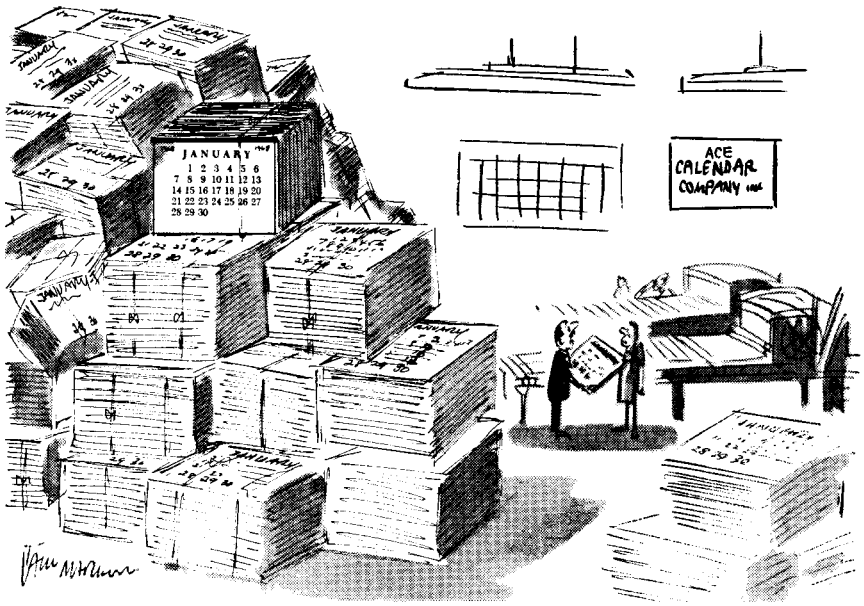
Population Peril

WHEN ONE COMPARES Stewart L. Udall's statements in "Our Perilous Population Implosion" [*SR*, Sept. 2] about some of our acute social problems with earlier writers' statements, it is not easy to retain an optimistic belief in the powers of human reason. After all, Henry David Thoreau in 1854 suggested that the worth of a civilization's ideas and objects should be measured by how they meet the inner needs of man.

In time, evolutionary forces, with or without man's help, will apply Thoreau's yardstick for measuring what is of worth in a society. Just as I hope that many of our Western ideals will survive this test of evolution, I also expect the test to reject many artifacts which to us represent "progress."

WALTER L. STROUD, JR.

Greenville, N.C.



"Hawkins, can't you ever remember that 'thirty days hath September, April, June, and November'?"

I WISH I COULD fund distribution of Secretary Udall's article to all conservationists and beleaguered groups fighting to retain both natural beauty and the architectural and historical heritage of their cities.

We are doing this in beleaguered Marblehead, where we are suffering acutely from excessive recreational and commercial use, worsened by an overdensity of population brought about by the conversion of fine old homes into apartment houses.

EARL F. COOK.

Marblehead, Mass.

It's Pretty, But . . .

THANK YOU for the article "It's Pretty, But Is It Art?" by Sylvia Angus [*SR*, Sept. 2].

We need more support for the disciplines of art, for the structuring and ordering that is really the province of art. We've let "the kids" talk us out of respect for the mature vision of the artist, the true nature of art.

MRS. MICHAEL T. BARRETT.

Boulder, Colo.

SYLVIA ANGUS'S excellent article might have added one simple dimension without which art cannot develop: skill. In our preoccupation with "creativity"—a word which today means the last refuge of the incompetent—we seem to have accepted whim as a substitute for skill. Whim is utterly personal and ephemeral. Today's whim is tomorrow's bore.

WALTER DUCLOUX.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EMOTIONALLY I SHARE Sylvia Angus's bewilderment and annoyance with what is often random, experimental, or downright pretentious about the various forms of art today. What is happening, however, is of such magnitude that we of the Old Guard are going to have to stop stamping our feet, saying no, and ignoring a movement that is as real and relentless as a glacier.

In thinking of "art" as a collective and proper noun with describable ingredients that can be squeezed into an old, square mold, we are bound to be confused. Old definitions, just as old molds, no longer serve. We musicians are having our own troubles trying to make friends with Choice, Chance, and Noise, which can no longer be denied as valid musical terms.

CAROL LEMS DWORKIN,
Director of Music,
Kendall College.

Evanston, Ill.

From Thomas Middleton

I WISH TO THANK Double-Crostic solvers for all the mail, pro and con. I'm pleased it is mostly pro.

There is general agreement that my puzzles are considerably tougher than Mrs. Wortman's. My aim is to make them challenging, but not discouragingly difficult, and, above all, to make them fun. I'm easing up a bit, trying to strike a balance.

The response to the use of tied-in words (i.e., see Word X; followed by Word G, etc.) seems to be about evenly divided between the strongly pros and the strongly cons. My own feeling is that they add spice to the puzzle, especially if the whole turns out to be an amusing phrase in its own right. I'll use them less often from now on. I've learned to make them easier to discover by working back from the quotation. That may help. Keep the criticisms coming.

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Fun and Games

THE CINEMATIC movie—that which takes advantage of a mobile camera, unusual lighting, unorthodox editing, and special effects in general—appears to be getting its best opportunity to advance with the thriller. And, with it, new directors are being allowed to demonstrate their virtuosity. *Point Blank,* which might otherwise have been a candidate for the drive-in trade and, eventually, late-night television, becomes instead a quite fascinating visual experience in the hands of John Boorman, a young British director who gained his experience doing documentaries for the BBC and one previous film, *Having a Wild Weekend.* In Boorman, MGM obviously has a find to be nurtured carefully.

The story itself isn't very original. An independent fringe member of the underworld (played by Lee Marvin) is persuaded to participate in a "job" that will bring him a lot of cash; but his associates then turn on him and he is left for dead. Recovering, he seeks out a traitorous wife and the money he regards as his rightful due. But now he has to contend with a svelte, business-like crime syndicate called "the organization." Frustrated, he heads upward in the hierarchy, meeting one dead end after another, while his hold on life grows increasingly precarious. All this reminds of other movies, but the way Boorman handles it doesn't, for this clever, imaginative director has conceived of it in terms of nightmare, and he doesn't hesitate to leave the audience in the dark as to what is real and what is imagined.

Using a deserted Alcatraz and several areas of Los Angeles for his settings, Boorman somehow makes it look as though it hasn't been seen before. Somehow it is more surrealistic than real, whether shown in bright sunlight or atmospheric shadow. Each scene is played as though such scenes have never been played before, and over it all is a hovering sense of menace. The conceptions are always fresh, if the basic material is not, and it is only toward the end that we realize we've been over the same route again. Helpful in keeping this noteworthy exercise in suspense stimulating are Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Keenan Wynn, Carroll O'Connor, and Lloyd Bochner. They're all competent, and contribute to sustaining the mood. As for Boorman, he has distinctly proved himself, and we'll have to watch for what he comes up with next.

Like Boorman, Curtis Harrington, who has directed *Games* for Universal, finds the use of color a challenge. His method, however, is quite different, in that he is less inclined to seek unusual camera setups. What he does is to load his sets with an opulent conglomeration of objects which, through contrast, color, and selection, make a heady visual feast while contributing to the atmospheric tension. The screenplay seems based on a careful study of the elements that contributed to the success of Clouzot's *Diabolique,* one of them being the terrorization of a pretty young wife through an elaborate and frightening charade. No more than that should be told of the plot, for otherwise the ghoulish fun would be spoiled. What can be told is that Katharine Ross, a pretty and capable new actress, plays the bedeviled wife; James Caan plays her easygoing husband who collects art objects with his wife's money; and Simone Signoret is a mysterious stranger ostensibly selling cosmetics to a selected list of clients. Almost everything occurs within the confines of a richly decorated New York brownstone.

Harrington's tastes in *objets d'art* are wide-ranging. They include Mod, Op, and Pop painting and sculpture, pre-Columbian statuary, Elizabethan bric-a-brac, fantastic wallpaper, doctored pinball machines, and one of his vignettes makes use of Benda masks. In fact, there is hardly an object or element of the décor that does not contribute in one way or another to the series of startling tricks Harrington subjects us to during his Grand Guignol of horrors. The young couple inhabiting the brownstone like to play curious games and practical jokes on themselves and friends, but, scene by scene, the games become less and less funny until the skin begins to crawl. All mysteries are resolved in the end, but not before Harrington has raised a considerable amount of gooseflesh. He, with producer George Edwards, concocted the weird story, and they should have no trouble obtaining Universal's backing for their next venture.

"Relax, I'm just passing through for a summit conference."

THE results are less gratifying in Murray Schisgal's adaptation of his short play, *The Tiger,* filmed as *The Tiger Makes Out.* The director, Arthur Hiller, is undeniably inventive; and the cast, which includes Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Bob Dishy, plays the zany comedy with spirit. But I'm afraid Mr. Schisgal's sense of fun doesn't take hold very well in film; it comes out strained and arch, and lacks cohesive tension. There are comic moments—totally outrageous situations—but it is hard to know just what Schisgal is exposing or attacking, other than conventional morality in general, which appears to win out in the end. It all has to do with a frustrated mailman who decides to kidnap a strange girl on the street and prove his manhood by raping her; instead, he is seduced by his chosen victim. The irony, however, does not sustain a film strung together from discordant episodes. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Sainthood on Sunset Strip

A LINE of Herman Melville's is often quoted: "To produce a mighty book you must choose a mighty theme." Much of the time, however, we don't know that a theme is mighty until some gifted writer demonstrates the fact. Moreover, the mighty theme does not guarantee a mighty book; countless stories about whales have been deservedly forgotten.

In our time the obviously mighty themes—the great wars, the fierce struggles for political power, the revolutionary discoveries in science and technology—are commonly left to journalists such as Leon Uris, James Michener, and Allen Drury. If Saul Bellow wants to write about the intellectual and spiritual crisis of our day, he does so in terms of an eccentric and half-demented professor. If Bernard Malamud is moved to describe and deplore prejudice in the modern world, he chooses to portray the sufferings of a humble odd-job man in tsarist Russia. Wright Morris illustrates contemporary bewilderment, restlessness, and frustration by writing a semi-farcical story about a boy on a motorcycle. They and most of the other memorable novelists of this age approach the mighty themes indirectly and cautiously, starting with what they know and know well, with what their imaginations can lay firm hold on.

In *Shadow of God* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95) Frank Rooney has chosen a mighty theme—the making of a saint in the modern world. He has elected, moreover, to develop this theme in terms of events that have a large public importance: warfare in Southeast Asia, deliberations in the highest councils of the Roman Catholic Church, intrigues in Hollywood. His saint, quite against her own will, becomes a challenge to many kinds of power.

The action opens in a country that is never named but could be Vietnam. A small force of American soldiers, capturing a monastery recently held by the enemy, discover five nuns who have been used as whores by the hostile soldiers. Seven other nuns chose death rather than be subjected to this degradation. After much violent action, which Rooney describes with some power, the few surviving soldiers, including the commanding officer, Captain Sterling, and the five nuns are rescued by helicopter.

The fate of the nuns having become a matter of concern to the Church, the scene is shifted to Rome, with the Pope and two cardinals in the cast of characters. The central ecclesiastic, however, is Monsignor Thomas Kramer, an American priest chosen by Cardinal Bellini to investigate the case of "these five poor sisters." As presented by Rooney, Kramer is a truly formidable person by reason of the training given him, and I'm not sure I believe in him. In fact, in contrast to the military scenes at the beginning of the book, the ecclesiastical passages have, for me, a considerable degree of unreality. (Of course I'm not a Catholic, but neither am I a soldier.) The discussions go on and on, with Kramer talking almost as much as Cauchon in Shaw's *Saint Joan* but nowhere near so well. In general, however, the issues become fairly clear, though they are complicated again when Sister Esther, the most imposing of the erring nuns, leaves her order.

The remainder of the novel is devoted to working out the destiny of Sister Esther, now living in poverty in Los Angeles under her original name, Margaret Westlake. Captain Sterling reappears as public relations man for a TV producer named Letty Peebles, a greedy and unscrupulous woman who contributes part of her ill-gotten gains to Catholic charities. Hollywood is portrayed much as usual—lots of sex, lots of drinking, some violence. Meanwhile Margaret Westlake is working in a cheap restaurant and learning about the lower depths.

Near the end of this episode Margaret asks Monsignor Kramer whether she will be allowed to serve, and he replies: "Such permissions are never granted, Miss Westlake; they are seized, taken by force, torn from the reluctant, the arrogant, the favored. Even as God damns the bold He must take a certain pride in them. If sin is not an ultimate exercise of godhead there is no God. What I'm trying to say, Miss Westlake, is that the Church will be very happy to oversee your damnation. If you will make it worth the Church's while." Monsignor Kramer is a lover of paradox, and so, I'm afraid, is Mr. Rooney.

In the final scene Cardinal Bellini consistently addresses Monsignor Kramer by his first name, reminding him and us that he has been playing the role of Doubting Thomas. Now, however, his doubts have been overcome, and, as paradox piles upon parodox, it seems likely enough that Sister Esther will someday be canonized.

Rooney treats his theme with the seriousness it deserves; there is no journalistic cheapness, even in the Hollywood episode, which rather invited it. If the novel is not quite successful, that may be because the theme was too mighty for the author's literary powers. As I have said, he chose to develop it in the largest possible terms, and this forced

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him onto ecclesiastical heights where his footing was not secure.

But there is another and perhaps more important fault—his failure to give Sister Esther the kind of substance her role in the novel demands. It is hard to portray a saint, especially, as Shaw found, one whose saintliness takes unconventional forms. Rooney might have invented a kind of American Chaplain de Stogumber, a narrow-minded, nationalistic churchman who would be as critical of Esther's actions and ideas as Shaw's character was of Joan's. Kramer is not Stogumber; he is closer to the brilliant Cauchon; but he scarcely comes to terms with Esther as a person.

Not many characters in the book do—Sergeant Goldman, perhaps, and Father Serrano. Since Rooney has chosen, probably wisely, to present Sister Esther largely through the eyes of others, it is a pity that the others are not more perceptive. And when he takes us into Sister Esther's mind, as he occasionally does, it is to tell us what she is thinking rather than to let us share her feelings. I do not know—though I can make a guess of sorts—why she, of all persons, chose prostitution rather than death, nor how she felt about it later, aside from admitting her sin. I am not sure why she left the order to which she had belonged, although Rooney tries to tell us how she felt later. For me she comes alive only in rare moments.

One can read the story simply as a story and find it fascinating, but Rooney deserves more serious consideration than that. He had a brave try at a mighty theme, a theme significantly related to the current discussions of the ecumenical tendencies of the Roman Church. If he failed, as I think he did, to do all that he wanted to do, his failure was honorable.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1260

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1260 will be found in the next issue.

Y BDFW KR OWVYTB MRO ABW

SRPKAOJ; YA YT D GYKH RM

BWDVABJ XODFW.

—TJHKWJ TEYAB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1259

What makes us so bitter against people who outwit us is that they think themselves cleverer than we are.

—La Rochefoucauld.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Defense Fund

You have no doubt read of the arrest and harassment of Leslie Fiedler and his family by a variety of forces in Buffalo. The case has put the Fiedlers under severe financial stresses, involving their insurance and home mortgage. In particular, the case has already cost them $7,000 in legal fees and will cost more as it proceeds. To help the Fiedlers in this crisis and to enable them to fight for the due process and freedoms involved, we will be most grateful to anyone who sends in a contribution to the Fiedler Defense Fund, Norman N. Holland, Secretary, 131 High Park Blvd., Amherst, N.Y. 14226.

A. Alvarez.
Noam Chomsky.
Marcus Cunliffe.
Sidney Hook.
Frank Kermode.
James Laughlin.
R. W. B. Lewis.
Bernard Malamud.
James A. Michener.
Norman Podhoretz.
Richard Poirier.
Karl Shapiro.

Buffalo, N.Y.

Get Lost, Found Poem

Haskel Frankel's discussion of *Pop Poems* [*SR*, Sept. 2] was written almost entirely by Ronald Gross—and understandably so. What sound critic could take seriously the premise of a "found poem"? A found verse, perhaps. But isn't Mr. Gross naïve to think that rhythmic prose is a new and personal discovery?

That good prose and everyday speech contain rhythms should be common knowledge. Mr. Gross should know that much of our best prose is rhythmic. Many people can't write against radio music because of rhythmic conflict. It needs no trained musician or poet to hear the melodies of great orators: Churchill in his speeches to the Commons in 1940, Kennedy at his inauguration, Lincoln. Nor is intentional poetry always distinguishable from ordinary speech.

Our age cries out for poetic ennoblement. This is no time for degrading the muse with ash-heap findings. "Unless it enraptures," said Joseph Joubert in his *Pensées*, "it is not poetry." Cigarette warnings do not enrapture.

James A. Fechheimer.

Glen Head, N.Y.

Odd Logic?

Granville Hicks uses some rather odd logic in his review of *The W.A.S.P.* [*SR*, Sept. 2] when he quotes from a letter by William Faulkner, in which Mr. Faulkner said that since the Negroes were a minority, they must behave better than white people, and must be more respectable, more industrious and educated. This, says Mr. Hicks, is like asking a man with a broken leg to run, and to run faster than anybody else. Certainly, we should be willing to lend a helping hand to those who need it, but who is putting the Negro down—the one who urges him to do better, or the one who tells him he has a "broken leg" and can't make it?

William Kirk.

Oakland, Calif.

In my opinion, Faulkner's advice makes sense and is psychologically correct. Earlier, Mr. Hicks quotes a Negro character in *The W.A.S.P.* who had written in a letter, "If only the windows were washed. If only the sidewalks were swept. If only the brass were polished. If only flowers were planted in windowboxes as they are on East 75th Street. Is that so difficult? Of course it is. Can you tell a man with a broken leg to run?"

These seven sentences epitomize the Negro problem. Let us take them one by one. "If windows were only washed." To wash windows requires a rag, soap, and *effort*. "If only the sidewalks were swept." To do this requires a broom and *effort*. "If only the brass were polished." A bit of scouring powder, a rag, and *effort*. "If only flowers were planted in windowboxes." Seeds may be had free, and dirt can be had for the digging. To plant flowers requires *physical and mental effort*.

The paragraph Mr. Hicks has selected, instead of exciting pity for these poor unfortunates, does precisely the opposite.

N. J. Smith.

Newark, N.J.

Perspective

I can't agree more heartily with J. H. Plumb in his article "Yesterday—Interpreter of Human Experience" [*SR*, Aug. 26]. Professional historians dedicate their lives to studying human experience and are therefore experts in this field. Statesmen rely on experts in science, economics, military strategy, etc. Why won't they listen to the experts in history?

Patricia J. Bunker.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

It is amazing to me that Mr. Plumb is not more interested in understanding why so few human beings have that "clear vision of the past" which he laments as exceedingly rare. Surely as an historian he is a rather pathetic example of the late nineteenth-century dream of "telling it like it was" and has not yet come to a radical awareness of the historically conditioned perspective of *every* man, including J. H. Plumb. Mr. Plumb, what are the truths upon which *you* tell the "true" story of Vietnam, for example? Are they really without moral assumptions?

Larry A. McGhee.

Boston, Mass.

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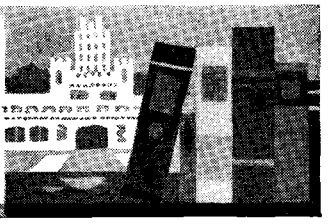
Perspective



Cupidity, First-Cousin to Beauty

THE TRATTORIA was little more than a wooden shelf overhanging the canal. It shook and creaked every time the vast, smiling *padrona* brought the dishes to the table—olives, anchovies, and crude ham, followed by the deep-fried octopus and scampi, with a fierce salad of onion, lettuce, and tomato. When washed down with liters of cold *vino rosso* a sense of benevolence spread from the table across the lagoon to embrace the swarming hordes of trippers who pullulated in the Piazza San Marco like flies on sun-drenched carrion. Well fed, at peace, the wide vista across the waters of the Giudecca canal obliterated for one all sense of history, rounded the sharp edges of reality. It was enough to bathe in the glory achieved by man. This loveliness of stone, this perfection of shape, this beauty confined by sky and water were all of man's devising. For this one could forgive the desolation of Mestre, the gray hot tenements, the oil tanks that spread like lepers' sores across the edge of the lagoon. And yet even this view, the most flawless in Europe, is diminished in significance upon entering the Church of San Giorgio, where purity, stillness, proportion that are eternal in their harmony sweep into a majestic affirmation of man's capacity, leaving one dazed and humbled, the mind washed clear of strain, the needs of life reduced to contemplation. Here memory dies.

And yet, can one—and certainly one should not—forget the horrors of the Venetian past: its gross commercialism, its aggressive greed that led it to rape the Eastern Empire, to plunder the Crusaders, and finally to waste its own opulence in endless colonial wars? Ruled by a suspicious oligarchy, its social life was harsh, narrow, and confined: tolerant only for the sake of profit, in its decay it preyed on men's self-indulgent lusts with the same vulture-like rapacity it had shown towards the riches of Byzantium. And for the masses of Venetians, what had they known but grinding poverty, sickness, disease, plague, early death? True, the Venetian Republic acted early to relieve the indigent and to stop plague, but never in its long history was there any strong radical movement to change the nature of its society—to create equality, to abolish want, to eradicate the vast injustice of circumstance in which the majority of Venetians lived and died.

Venice was, therefore, a splendidly ironic background in which to read both Alex Comfort's *The Nature of Human Nature* (Harper & Row, $5) and Allan Ashbolt's *An American Experience* (Eriksson, $5.95), for the contrasts and conflicts of Venice are those of America, those of mankind. And it was even more instructive to move into Yugoslavia and to finish that reading in a society designed to be so different, so much more just than our own; yet the contrast between the illusion and the reality was no less great than that in Venice.

Dr. Comfort's book is profoundly important. Provocative, learned, wise, it tears away pretense. He forces us to see ourselves for what we are—mammals, the result of complex evolutionary forces whose work is far from ended. We are animals of quite staggering capacity, but still animals, riven by primeval instincts that have often been twisted by tradition, by belief, and by social institutions. In order to gratify some of our needs we have had to distort and cripple much of our instinctive life, drive it underground, where it boils and bubbles, erupts and sometimes destroys like a volcano. Dr. Comfort acknowledges that earlier societies than ours, particularly the Greek, enjoyed a richer expression of man's innate needs, but he is equally aware that there can be no return. No roads back exist in evolution, whether it be natural or social. We are now what we are, not only the possessors of instincts as old as man, but also the creatures of social evolution, which dominates our potentialities as absolutely as our genes.

Intellect, expressed in science and machines, will control more not less of human existence. This should be welcomed, rather than feared. Indeed, Dr. Comfort sees nothing ludicrous or terrifying in the possibility of computer-based government. Yet he is too wise not to acknowledge the passionate side of human nature. To succeed in coping with the life ahead we need, he asserts, to acknowledge what is programmed into us as animals—particularly our sexuality, which makes us social, and our aggression, which constantly threatens it. Dr. Comfort realizes our dangers, the chance of total destruction, but basically he is optimistic that man's intelligence combined with his inherent sociability will prevail. He knows that the past for most men was less good than the present; on that he bases his hopes. And yet his book, which makes one look hard and deep into the nature of man, was not encouraging—at least not for me.

Dr. Comfort's wisdom, his rationality, his remedies are wholly admirable, but against them set the face of Venice—its leechlike greed, the ferocity of its aggression, its indifference to the destruction and impoverishment of other cities and of other peoples, its wanton relish of luxury. Although the Venetians spun incomparable beauty, not only out of their plundered riches, but out of their dark fears and their guilt, what trivial success in the light of men's need. Against the sordid and macabre panorama of the history of human society how slender become Dr. Comfort's hopes, how tenuous the thread of rationality and intellect. At least, gossamer as it is, it remains unbroken. But for how much longer?

EQUALLY appropriate for Venice was Allan Ashbolt's slashing indictment of America, for what is New York but the Venice of the Atlantic? Manhattan rides in her lagoon as strange, as wonderfully beautiful and man-made as Venice in hers and, like Venice, is the greedy heart of an aggressive, dominant consumer society. Indeed, New York is the international merchant city *par excellence*, as Venice was for many centuries, buying and selling everything from aspirations to aspirins. Beyond New York lies a raped continent: in order to buy and sell, America has been willing to tear up her vast natural resources, create dust bowls, pollute rivers, destroy forests, exterminate people—yes, exterminate people. For a hundred years now America has been embarked, as Venice was in the twelfth century, on a commercial imperialism, grabbing territory from weaker neighbors, or lassoing them with a noose of dollars. Pungently, in telling phrases, Mr. Ashbolt drives this home, and he rams with equal effect many cherished American self-deceptions—"the land of opportunity," where millions are destitute and denied human rights, where even more millions are just on the verge of subsistence, scratching a bare living in a society rioting in abundance. He is also aware of the dangers of the American political structure, which possesses no mass-based radical party. Ignored by Mr. Ashbolt are most of America's achievements in the arts and sciences. He is there to blame not to praise. The many Americans who have a strong masochistic streak, who adore self-castigation, will enjoy this book hugely. And some of it is admirable. It is good to contemplate ourselves naked.

But Mr. Ashbolt is often unfair, for most of his attack on the U.S. would be true of Britain, of France, of West Germany; indeed his criticisms would often be more appropriate in these contexts.

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All advanced societies, including Mr. Ashbolt's native Australia, would stand in the dock with America. Actually, his most fundamental criticisms are of human nature itself, not of America. Few societies have done better for its people than America, and this Mr. Ashbolt never admits. There are societies organized more justly in economic terms—Russia, China, perhaps, and maybe the countries of Eastern Europe. But the price they pay in terms of human liberty and opportunity is extraordinarily high, and from the signs one saw in Yugoslavia they are moving towards that mass-consumer society that Mr. Ashbolt deplores. Even their teen-agers are adopting the dress and habits that Mr. Ashbolt so loathes. He will not recognize that not only America but humanity in general wants to consume.

We should not lament man's appetite for goods. What must be despised is the denial of others, and greed in ourselves. At least in mitigation America could plead that she was well aware of the beggar at the gate, and gave away some of what she could not sell.

Like Venice, New York is the symbol of an aggressive society, greedy, dominated by the attitudes of the market place—and yet, again like Venice, it is rich in aspiration, adorned with achievement, alive with beauty, iridescent with all that is finest in human nature. In both great cities we see man and his accomplishments at their most complex; both make one alternate with hope and despair. And both delight and beguile the eye as no other cities can. The moral which this seems to imply is terrifying: that cupidity and visual beauty are first cousins. —J. H. PLUMB.

The Go-Go on Wall Street

Happiness Is a Stock That Doubles in a Year, *by Ira U. Cobleigh (Bernard Geis. 246 pp. $5.95), speaks to the speculator who seeks a quick profit. Sterling W. Clements has spent thirty-five years in investment research and is vice president and investment officer for one of the Midwest's largest trust companies.*

By STERLING W. CLEMENTS

ONE COMMODITY of which there is no scarcity today is investment advice. In fact, there is such an abundance of it, both gratis and at modest cost, that time does not allow for the reading of more than a small proportion of the books, pamphlets, reviews, market letters, and analyses that come across the serious investor's desk during any one week. It is, therefore, important for him or her to know which information is most reliable and timely.

Recently, in the context of the growing demand for glamour stocks, go-go performance funds, and outright speculations, the posture of the investor who seeks companies with long-term steady earnings improvement, regular dividend increases, and a strong financial position appears outmoded and even ridiculous to the young speculative-minded managers of investment funds, most of whom were born after the Depression years. While many will remember the new-issue euphoria of 1961 and the resulting price decline in the '62-'63 period, this year has brought a speculative flavor to the market that has rarely been experienced. The major scene of this activity has been the American Stock Exchange and the over-the-counter market.

Happiness Is a Stock That Doubles in a Year was, states Ira U. Cobleigh, "not written for investors but for *speculators.*" He defines the person who will benefit from reading it as one who will buy today and sell at a profit tomorrow. The speculator seeks animation and early profits.

Well known in financial circles for his books on investing rather than speculating, Mr. Cobleigh is an economist and editor of *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle.* His *Life Insurance for Financial Gains,* written in 1963, is an excellent study of a little understood field for investing but one that in the past has generally been exceedingly rewarding.

Because the stock market trader's desire is to make money fast—to double his cost in a year or so—Mr. Cobleigh looked into the nature of stocks which have performed spectacularly in recent years. His findings indicated that more than 10 per cent of the issues on the American Stock Exchange doubled in 1965. To determine, if possible, what was responsible for the rapid rise of these shares, he analyzed and distilled the chart records and backgrounds of many over-the-counter and American Stock Exchange action stocks. This book offers some of the answers.

The first eleven chapters provide in an easy-to-read style general information about the stock market, charts and chart reading, and they outline in detail the requirements for successful speculation. Succeeding chapters tabulate the stocks—both on the New York Stock Exchange and American Stock Exchange—that doubled in any of the years from 1961-66, and briefly examine why. Mr. Cobleigh, who stresses that timing is vital, finds among stocks that double in a year many characteristics in common.

The last six chapters of his book will perhaps most appeal to readers, for here the author puts his theories to the test and lists his candidates for doubling this year. He suggests the following industrial groups as likeliest for gains in 1967: savings and loans, life insurance, truck-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

LADIES IN RETIREMENT

Name the lady, is the challenge of Peggy M. Kelbley of Zanesville, Ohio, who also suggests that you identify the author. For those who can't extricate all of them from their alphabetical chains, there is a rescue party on page 50.

The Portrait of a Lady ( )	1. Elaine	a) J. M. Barrie
The Lady from the Sea ( )	2. Ellen Douglas	b) Willa Cather
The President's Lady ( )	3. Ellida Wangel	c) Christopher Fry
The Old Lady Shows Her Medals ( )	4. Isabel Archer	d) David Garnett
A Lost Lady ( )	5. Jennet Jourdemayne	e) W. D. Howells
Lady Into Fox ( )	6. Lydia Blood	f) Henrik Ibsen
The Lady of the Aroostook ( )	7. Marian Forrester	g) Henry James
The Lady's Not for Burning ( )	8. Mrs. Dowey	h) Sir Walter Scott
The Lady of Shalott ( )	9. Rachel Jackson	i) Irving Stone
The Lady of the Lake ( )	10. Silvia Tebrick	j) Alfred Tennyson

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ing companies, off-shore drilling, computer manufacturers, publishers, ocean research, instrumentation, and medical or hospital suppliers. Special attention is given to specific speculative stocks in the life insurance, savings and loan, and oil production industries.

In the intense competition today among portfolio managers for market performance (or, as some term it, speculation) technical analysts have, to a great extent, substituted computer or electronic research for individual analysis or the fundamentalist approach to stock selection. A recent two-part article in *Barron's* points up the increased volatility and risk in the stock market engendered by this use of computer analysis. Large institutional accounts or investment funds, *Barron's* observes, hold one-third of the total value of all stocks on the New York Stock Exchange, and they account for 40 per cent of the trading. It is apparent that if, as a result of computer analysis, the money managers should concentrate a large part of their available funds in a small number of favorite stocks, the effect on the market price for these shares would be tremendous.

There are times like the present when the most astute professional investor may be confused by the market performance of many stocks: some move counter to their earnings records; others are pushed up solely by rumors based on little, if any, factual data. For this reason a number of the largest and most reputable brokerage houses are advising caution through their advertisements and customer letters. David L. Babson, writing in the September-October issue of the *Financial Analysts Journal*, presents five side effects or implications of this speculative race. One is that it may be quite pleasing to be in company with the performance or speculator funds when they are buying your favorite selection but quite an unnerving experience when these same managers sell out or dump their shares simultaneously, thereby depressing the price. This individual investor needs to be extremely cautious not to overstay the market, and to help him Mr. Cobleigh suggests when to sell stocks as well as when to buy them.

In his discussion of special situations and cyclical stocks the author gives examples of rewarding purchases of merger candidates, spin-offs, companies with patent potentials, and reorganization opportunities. "Special situations," he says, capsulizing the term, "are the 'biological sports' of speculation."

Mr. Cobleigh provides a great deal of useful background information for the amateur as well as considerable research material for the professional. His tongue-in-cheek humor makes the book enjoyable, and his forty years' experience as a participant in the investment business is apparent throughout.

"Bear in mind," he nevertheless concludes, "that in the stock market there are no real experts, just a few gifted artists, because investment is still far more an art than a science. Anybody who guarantees a profit in the stock market is a fool or a charlatan. This book makes no guarantee." However, though it is an unconventional tome, *Happiness Is a Stock That Doubles in a Year* is an interesting and valuable guide for those who may be tempted to test their skill or luck, as the case may be, in stock market speculation.

Conflict or Compromise

Rebellion in Newark: Official Violence and Ghetto Response, *by Tom Hayden (Random House-Vintage. 102 pp. Paperback, $1.65), implies that the riots in New Jersey were initiated and fanned for five days by the Newark police. Scott Tepper, a former reporter for the Palisadian-Post, studied with national Black Power theoreticians in Los Angeles last summer.*

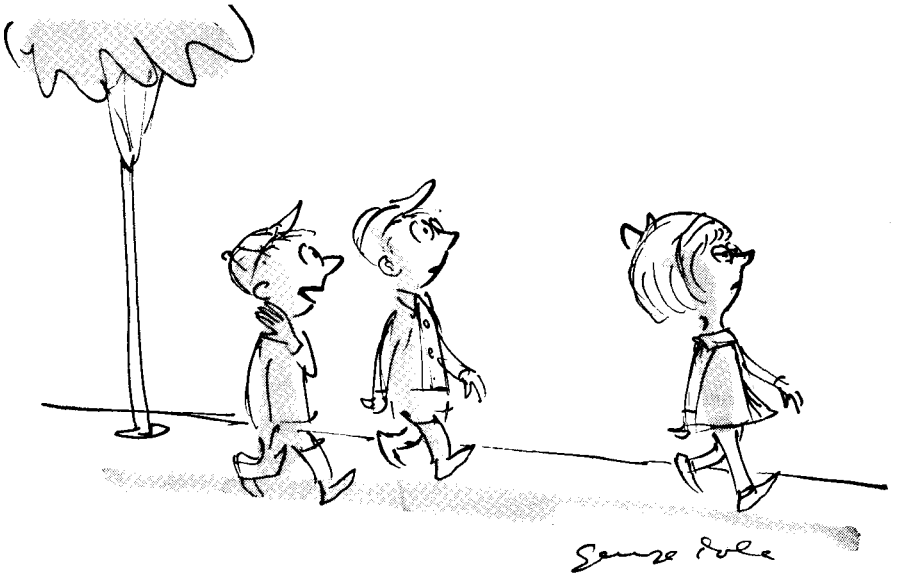
By SCOTT TEPPER

TOM HAYDEN's small book chronicling the Newark riots sets out "to clarify why America is the only affluent Western society where insurrection is a regular happening in its major cities." Unfortunately, it fails because it refuses to explain the importance of the Black Power movement, which has given rioting and violence their rationale and direction. Instead, Hayden, a white man who helped found the radical Students for a Democratic Society and has worked for four years in Newark as a "community organizer," has written a polemic against the political power structure of Newark and its police department.

If his assertions are to be credited, the Newark police initiated the rioting on July 12, and with the aid of various New Jersey military units kept it going for five days. To substantiate his allegations, the author interrogated some of the Negroes involved and selected a few pertinent newspaper and magazine articles. Incredibly, he never queried the "other side," and when official statements conflicted with those of the people he interviewed, Hayden accepted without question the latter.

Serious charges have been made against the police and National Guard who occupied the ghetto section during a weekend of violence. "Soul brother" stores that the rioters had spared were damaged by the National Guard; there were many substantiated reports of police and civilian brutality against the ghetto community; and it is probably true that the clumsiness and inefficiency of the troops contributed to the duration of the violence. But these important accusations lose some of their credibility when presented with the analysis and conclusions that the author advances.

Police were not given permission to use weapons until late evening on July 14 after the riot had been in progress



"I'll never understand women if I live to be twelve."

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for two days. In Hayden's view this meant that "murdering looters was now possible." In fact, the author seems shocked that the white community should try to put down the disorders in the first place. He condemns the police for endeavoring to stop the riot, and paints the looters and rioters as innocent victims of a frightened, malevolent, and racist police force out to "teach the Negroes a lesson."

Despite its bias, the book might have served a useful purpose had Mr. Hayden analyzed the negotiating that went on between Mayor Addonizio and the black militants following the first night of unrest. But again he falls short.

Black Power spokesmen find themselves in a difficult position when they attempt to make deals within the political system, for they usually hold little or no political power. Thus, they cannot threaten the customary sanctions (*e.g.*, opposing Addonizio for re-election) and must resort to promises of violence if certain of their needs are denied. Often, too, they will make demands which are impossible for the system to meet because they realize that compromise is a customary procedure. These extreme demands frighten the political power structure, which agrees to more rational goals covertly indicated by the militants. Unfortunately, the people whom the leaders have animated to demonstrate do not understand this bargaining process; they want unattainable demands fulfilled and will not settle for less. This is the powder keg that Black Power has primed in many Negro communities today, and this is what happened in Newark.

> Concessions were made. Addonizio decided to ask for City Council funds to allow additional police captaincies so that a qualified Negro officer, Eddie Williams, could become the first Negro captain. He requested that Human Rights Director James Threatt and Police Director Dominick Spina separately investigate Wednesday's conflict. . . . The mayor was doing what militant politicians were demanding.

But what the militants had demanded the mayor do was evidently not what they had told the Negro community to demonstrate for.

> . . . Threatt arrived with a message to the crowd from the mayor. Threatt said Addonizio promised a Negro police captain by July 17 if the demonstration would stop. People told Threatt to get off the precinct steps where he was standing. . . . Rocks and bottles started flying. . . . David Crooms, a black free-lance photographer, was on the scene. "The rioting would have started anyway," he believes, but it began at the precinct when the demonstration was disrupted by Threatt's appearance with the empty offer.

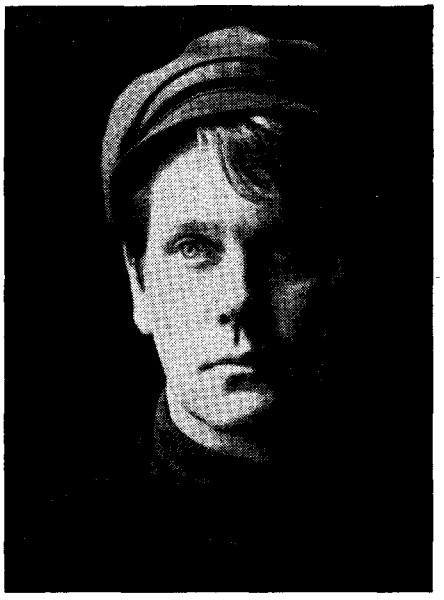
Was the offer "empty," as Hayden now charges, or was it one of the conditions "militant politicians were demanding"? Probably it was both, but Hayden is unable to explain this apparent contradiction and claims only that the crowd by this time was not expecting results. In fact, the author seems unable to explain anything that occurred unless it was first clarified in the newspaper from which he drew for his account.

Before the American reading public will be able to understand the riots throughout the country last summer an exhaustive study similar to Robert Conot's prodigious investigation of the Watts riot will have to be made. Quickly-produced books that exploit the reader's curiosity will not help us solve, but worsen the problems which confront us.

Dingy Lives in Brighton

The Anarchy of Love, *by Colin Spencer (Weybright & Talley. 320 pp. $5.75), the first novel in a projected tetralogy, portrays the suffering and sexual confusion of a young people in revolt against their sordid families and the banalities of the English middle class. Edward M. Potoker is professor of English and comparative literature at CCNY.*

By EDWARD M. POTOKER



Colin Spencer—"more than phallic frolics."

"PERHAPS it wasn't so bad just to get married without much thought, just to have a family, just to listen to the Light Programme and ITV; to go to Newquay for honeymoons and to eat fish suppers when you go out. . . . To read a cheap newspaper in the morning with three large cups of tea. . . . To accept without question the standards of the society you live in. . . . Was this the life?" Reginald Pearson and Sundy Simpson, hero and heroine of this sometimes serious, sometimes droll, always well-paced novel, decide, provisionally, that it isn't. The dead, slow mediocrity of the middle classes, which fills them with loathing, propels them into art, anarchy, and quaggy eroticism. A few of their misadventures instruct the reader painfully; their high jinks entertain him mightily.

Sundy, who lives and paints in a Brighton apartment left to her by a weird grandmother, meets and falls passionately in love with Reg, who when not otherwise employed is, naturally, writing a novel. But handsome, sensitive Reg is a queer fellow, an energetic invert kept by London-based Bengy Balchin, a fat, fatuous, and utterly swishy retired army major. When Reg isn't being pursued by Bengy ("Oh dear boy, at least give me your company for a few hours. Let me just look at you, that's all I ask, just to look at you, just to feast my eyes on you."), he roguishly stirs up the emotions of the Brighton locals, Stevie, Babylou, and Banana Lil.

Now, Sundy can't tolerate Reg's eccentric infidelities. Why, after the amply exhausting comforts she provides in her own bed, must he indulge in such nasty, squalid lechery? Rightly or wrongly, she feels crassly deceived, negated as a woman. Reg's explanations about "a little pure hedonism" and his preliminary amusement at being called a "gorgeous beastie" only make her furious. And he chafes at being labeled a common "tart." It is these seminal tensions that give rise to the central actions of *The Anarchy of Love*.

HOWEVER, Colin Spencer, a writer of considerable talent, provides more than phallic frolics to divert teeny boppers of differing ages. His book, the first of a projected tetralogy, explores perceptively and sometimes brilliantly contemporary British high, middle and low life. It is a realistic novel of social awareness and, as such, echoes the work of Arnold Bennett, D. H. Lawrence, and Ivy Compton-Burnett, among others. Sundy and Reg believe they live in a nihilist age, but know that their suffering and sexual confusion are rooted in the squa-

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lor and sordid entanglements of their family lives.

Reg, for example, hates his father, who was a Fascist and a fanatic follower of Sir Oswald Mosley. In and out of jail for political excesses, the father is finally incarcerated for killing a Negro in a racial outburst. Reg, assuming that his father must resort to homosexual affairs in prison, tortures himself with fantasies of homoerotic incest. He accepts, rather guiltily, the favors, money, and culture bestowed upon him by Major Bengy and Sir Percy Dickins, an ancient London dandy, because he feels such things are owed to him by his father. From this psychic wound, which he desperately tries to heal, he expects the flow of creative energy that will ultimately prepare him to accept the complexity of life and maybe the inevitability of heterosexual love.

Sundy's home life, a stupid, senseless muddle, has nauseated her. Her father, Eddy, is a belching, crepitant boor who incarnates vulgarity. Drunkard and braggart, he steadfastly ignores his wife, Hester, while yielding considerable vitality to his mistress, Mabel, who giggles hysterically when he pours Drambuie into her mesial groove. Typically, he exercised his paternal sense of humor on Sundy when she was young by putting a music box on the toilet roll so that it played as one pulled the paper. "She'd sat there for ages, pulling and pulling until the lavatory was piled high with paper, and the silly little German marching song had tinkled on and on." Later on, at a party, he jumps into a fish pond and emerges nude while Mabel giggles. When Sundy coolly announces her marriage to Reg, Eddy's chuckling response is, "I shall be afraid to bend down when he's around." A real blighter, that Eddy; but made of the stuff, one is reminded, from which Empire once grew. Wife Hester seeks refuge in Christ, Who gives her what He can.

THE principal fault of this novel is the puzzling, often tedious mélange of wild humor and sentimental banalities. When Mr. Spencer preaches about the search for love and self-expression between lovers, about human values in a gross environment, he sounds like a latter-day D. H. Lawrence. Perhaps knowing this, he inserts very funny jokes into his text which occasionally underscore rather than allay the clichés and platitudes that attend his preaching. There is also some blurring of the point of view, for the author does not hesitate to step in and tell us when to laugh or cry or what to think about an event or character. Finally, it is tiresome—not to say a bit coarse—to have many of the crucial recognition scenes occur in or near toilets.

Notwithstanding these strictures, *The Anarchy of Love* is a solid performance with much to recommend it. Explicit are a powerful narrative gift, a wealth of characters and invention, an unflagging vigor that recalls Balzac and Stendhal. There are also impressive lyrical passages and artful patches of descriptive prose. Whether it is Brighton, Croydon, the ecstasy of passion, or the horror of abortion, Mr. Spencer can render the scene with a painter's precision. This prolific young Englishman has more to learn about the craft of fiction, but the forthcoming novels of his quartet can be watched for eagerly.

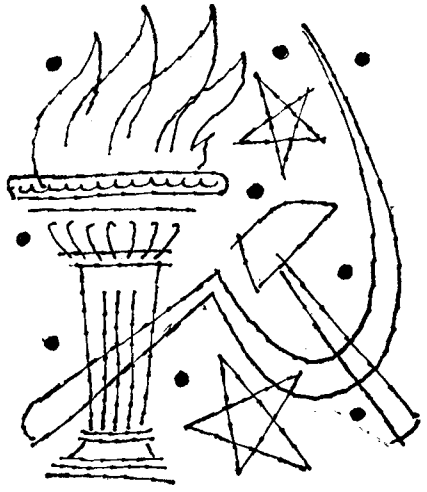
Defeat on the Volga

The Battle, *by Alexander Kluge, translated from the German by Leila Vennewitz (McGraw-Hill. 255 pp. $5.95), mingles fiction with statistics and documents to depict the German defeat at Stalingrad. J. P. Bauke is chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures at Columbia University.*

By J. P. BAUKE

NO BATTLE in modern times has agitated the Germans more than the one they lost at Stalingrad in 1943. The annihilation of the Sixth Army jolted the German masses into the realization that the tables were about to be turned, and for the first time during the war even fanatic Nazis had their optimism put to the test. Goebbels's ministry of propaganda, while carefully doctoring the factual information on the disaster, engaged in a rhetoric of superlatives when the news had to be broken to a stunned country.

The defeat was officially proclaimed as "the supreme epic in German history," an event "that outshines the greatest heroic feats in the history of the world." The entire press was under orders to present to the Germans "as a sacred beacon this noble example of supreme heroism and ultimate self-sacrifice." During the three days of national mourning public demonstrations of grief were forbidden, so that Stalingrad could be turned into a myth that would "impart a sense of obligation to all future generations of Germans."



In the Nazi mind there had been no defeat. Yet the thousands of Germans who lost relatives in the fighting kept the memory alive. To this day, Stalingrad marks a neuralgic spot in the consciousness of Germany. In the intervening years, novelists and historians have variously analyzed the presumptions and the blunders that led to the defeat on the Volga. Most of the accounts, of the my-country-right-or-wrong persuasion, are marred by the self-pity that suffuses so much of German writing on the war. The hero-worshippers, on the other hand, admire the fighters of Stalingrad for their courage in the face of certain catastrophe and quite ignore the uses to which Hitler put that courage.

Up to now the exception was Theodor Plivier's *Stalingrad,* the best German novel to come out of the war, a realistic masterpiece and an eloquent plea for peace. Plivier, on location as an observer on the Russian side, wrote from experiences of which the young generation of Germans has only secondhand knowledge. If Alexander Kluge, a distinct voice among the new writers, approaches Plivier's success—and there can be no doubt that he does—he goes about it in an altogether different way.

As in his previous book, *Attendance List for a Funeral,* Kluge breaks with traditional fiction and presents prose that is closer to X-rays of broken bones than to color photos of livid flesh. He prefers counting the dead to soliciting the reader's pity for the wounded. In place of gory set-pieces and battlefield close-ups, with enemies that can see the whites of each other's eyes, Kluge's book has statistics and, above all, documents of the period. In fact, *The Battle* is daringly close to the point where documentation leaves no room for "fiction."

In Kluge's ingenious novel the verifiable, recorded facts crowd out the fleeting impressions and shifting emotions of the individual soldier. His heroes are not red-blooded patriots fighting for

(*Continued on page* 57)

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The Emperor and the Inevitable

The Fall of Japan, *by William Craig (Dial. 368 pp. $6.50), relates the events of the summer of 1945 that culminated with Hirohito's realization that his country must "bear the unbearable." As a junior officer in the U.S. Foreign Service John M. Allison lived in Japan for many years before representing America there as ambassador from 1953-57. After being interned for six months at the beginning of the war he returned to the States on the first diplomatic exchange.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

THE POPULARIZERS have at last discovered the Pacific War and, having been told by Walter Lord in *Incredible Victory* about Midway, which was the beginning of the end, we now have William Craig giving us a complete round-up of the agonizing moments which preceded it both in Tokyo and Washington as well as in the Japanese and American field headquarters. The book's jacket claims that it "tells for the first time the exciting and often incredible story of the final weeks of World War II in the Pacific." This is something of an exaggeration since much of what Mr. Craig narrates has been reported before in bits and pieces by persons on both sides who were directly or indirectly involved in the momentous events of the summer of 1945. However, here is perhaps the first attempt to bring together in one book the story of those days. Mr. Craig has a gift for suspense and although we know the final outcome there are times when you just can't put the book down until you reach the end of a chapter and learn the outcome of that particular incident.

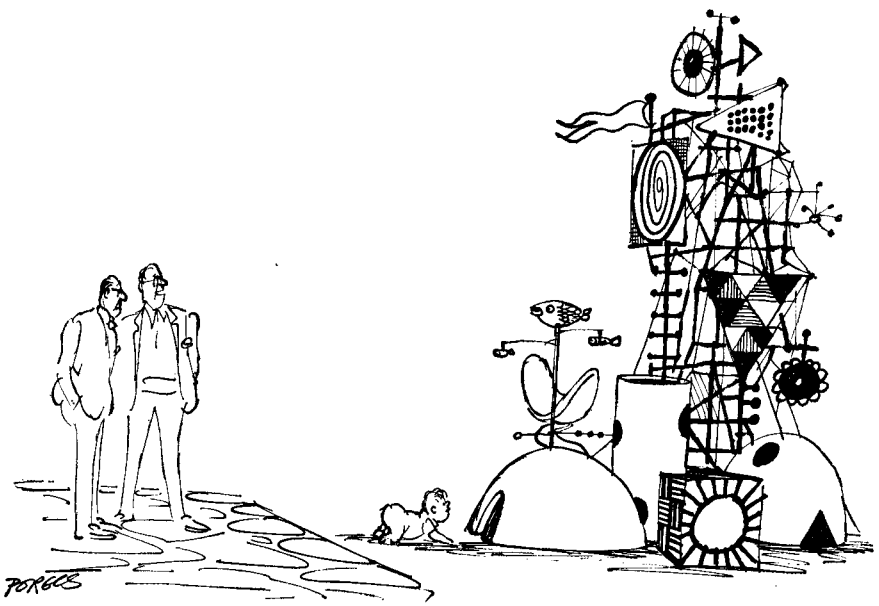
The author has interviewed survivors of not only the atomic raids on Hiroshima and Nagasaki but of the almost equally destructive fire raids on Tokyo and other Japanese cities; he has talked to American participants in those raids and to Allied survivors of the calculated cruelty and criminal neglect in Japanese prisoner-of-war camps. It is difficult to say who should cast the first stone. Compared to what happened during these final days in the Pacific, the present war in Vietnam, terrible as it is, is small beer.

As one reads of the arguments among the leaders of Japan for and against accepting the terms of the Potsdam Proclamation and the equally intense debate in Washington over whether any — and, if so, how great — concessions should be made to the Japanese regarding the future status of the emperor, two lessons seem almost self-evident. One is the absurdity of the inflexible demand for "unconditional surrender"; the other is the vital importance, in the midst of however violent a war, of keeping open some sure line of communication with the enemy. Had Washington established earlier its willingness to let the Japanese keep the emperor, even in a less exalted and more constitutional stance, and had the Japanese been able to express directly or through an unimpeachable channel their desire to stop the war if only they could be reassured about the emperor's position, the atomic bombs might never have been dropped and the whole history of the Pacific changed. Unfortunately, what efforts Japan exerted to communicate with the Allies to negotiate a peace were made through Moscow, and Stalin, for his own purposes, chose to depreciate and pass them on in garbled form.

Probably this book's most fascinating section is that which tells of the bitter and heated disputes in Tokyo between the peace factions in the government, led by the foreign office and navy minister, and the die-hards, led by the army minister and the naval chief-of-staff, with rebellious officers in both army and navy trying by violence to prevent the surrender. Premier Suzuki, with whom Tojo was replaced in the hope that he could bring about peace, wavered between the two groups, and it was finally only the emperor himself who had the courage to make the decision that Japan must "bear the unbearable." Without the personal intervention of the emperor it is clear the war would have lasted much longer; one reads this account filled with admiration for that simple, reserved man who was willing to sacrifice his life to help restore peace.

The Fall of Japan suffers from the author's attempt to include too much in too little space and from his apparently having had insufficient time to check all his sources. Perhaps this is inherent in all popularizations. Notes for each chapter are given at the end of the book but they are generalized and not specific. Too, the Selected Bibliography has some strange omissions. For example, although Craig describes the unfortunate use by Premier Suzuki of the term "mokusatsu" in referring to the Potsdam Proclamation and how this was interpreted to mean a rejection, when in fact Suzuki meant only to say he was "keeping silent," the author makes no reference to the article several years ago in *Harper's* magazine that first narrated this incident. Craig also claims that the Japanese soldier who cut down with his sword the aide to General Mori is still known only as Mr. X because of a pact made among the young army rebels. Yet in Leonard Mosley's *Hirohito,* which Craig lists in his bibliography, the man is said to be Captain Uehara of the air force. Finally, old residents of Japan will find it hard to forgive Frank Lloyd Wright's famous Imperial Hotel being called the "Imperial Palace Hotel."

However, in spite of the minor lapses, *The Fall of Japan* is well worth reading. If one comes away from the book agreeing with General Sherman that "war is hell," perhaps that is because it is.



"I want him to have everything I didn't have as a child."

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A War Nobody Wants

China: The People's Middle Kingdom and the U.S.A., *by John King Fairbank (Harvard University Press. 145 pp. $3.95), deals with the Communist revolution in terms of China's past and sets forth some suggestions for improved Sino-American relations. C. T. Hu is co-author of "China: Its People, Its Society, Its Culture."*

By C. T. HU

TO PEOPLE with any degree of familiarity with the field of Sinology, John King Fairbank has been a household name for a good number of years. He represents that generation of specialists who have brought about the change from a tradition-bound, humanistic study of China to the broad-based, multidisciplinary approach that is characteristic of contemporary Sinology. In his capacity as the leading China scholar at Harvard, Fairbank deserves much credit for the field's remarkable growth during the past three decades or so, not only because of his personal contributions to modern Chinese historical scholarship but, perhaps more significantly, because of the role he has played in bringing the new generation of Sinologists to maturity. Therefore, when a book on China is published under his name one can be sure that it is going to command serious attention.

China: The People's Middle Kingdom and the U.S.A. will unquestionably also attract a large reading public, for it is addressed not so much to the scholars as to all who want to know what a leading specialist has to say about China and the United States at a time when two of the most powerful and most populous of nations appear to be on a collision course.

The book is a collection of eleven essays, nine of which appeared in American journals and magazines, and two of which were speeches the author delivered in Tokyo and Connecticut. The essays are arranged in three topical parts, dealing respectively with China's revolution in the light of her past, the Taiwan problem, and Communist China and American policy. For a preface, Fairbank has chosen to write on the uses of the China specialists; here he discusses the inadequacy of studying China as a cultural entity and expresses a pious hope for popular punditry.

Although the pieces were written for different audiences at different times, editing and some revision have eliminated repetition and have rendered the book uniformly readable. Even if one fails to grasp some of the points of a substantive nature, one cannot help appreciating the persuasive power that derives from the author's mastery of English prose.

It is a relatively new development for established Sinologists to concern themselves with current Sino-American relations. Clearly, the gravity of present-day tension between China and the United States, so fraught with danger of a war that neither side really wants, has forced the scholars to venture out of their ivy-covered walls and to add another dimension to the public dialogue on the China problem. By writing for the popular media, without the stiffness of academism, Fairbank sets an example for like-minded scholars to take an active part in raising the level of public understanding of an apparently threatening China, and, hopefully, in enabling the United States to pursue a policy conducive to a gradual normalization of relations with China. But, given the complexity of the problem and the intense emotionalism on both sides, perhaps not even the most learned of China specialists can be expected to come up with a formula carrying a "money back" guarantee. And if some find it hard to accept Fairbank's broad proposals concerning the formulation of a new China policy by the U.S., few could disagree with his interpretation of China's history in modern times, a history so soul-scarring that it has, as Fairbank puts it, imprisoned the Chinese nation. His way of looking at China's past is founded on many years of intensive historical research, while his presentation fits the Chinese expression "going in deep and coming out simple."

What Fairbank has to say about Taiwan is bound to antagonize the Communists and apt to displease the Nationalists, for he counsels against granting either side the satisfaction of making the two Chinas into one, a goal which, whether in the name of national unification or recovery, is considered a sacred mission by both. The astuteness he attributes to the Taiwan government in its conduct of foreign affairs, especially its manipulation of the United States, is perhaps something the Nationalists themselves will find it difficult to claim; but his call for a more political and cultural approach to Taiwan, with the ultimate goal of emancipating China from her imperial tradition, will meet with few dissenters. Although he admits his historian's bias, Fairbank is perfectly aware of the forces that are now at work on both sides of the Pacific, and precisely because of their intricate interactions he discusses American policy only in broad terms, leaving the tactical aspects of its formulation and implementation to others.

In Fairbank's book we find some of the most insightful observations on the impact of China's modern history (especially since her confrontation with the West) and on her present mode of thinking and international posture. The chief bone of contention between the United States and China remains the Taiwan issue, which in the long run can be resolved only by the Chinese themselves. But a more imaginative China policy on the part of the U. S., backed by adroit application of military power, will go a long way toward stabilizing what must be regarded as the most explosive situation in the world today. Fairbank advocates neither military adventure nor diplomatic appeasement; he favors the gradual creation of a climate in which Communist China might be drawn into the mainstream of international intercourse, leading eventually to her becoming sufficiently mellow to learn to live with the rest of the world.

When two powerful nations, one the prisoner of her own past and the other showing signs of being the captive of her own power, face one another in an atmosphere of fear and hate, there can be no panacea. But Fairbank has given America some highly nutritious food for thought, with her enlightened national interest in mind. One can only hope that there is yet time for his words to be read and acted upon.

Blood Bath in Indonesia: The fall of a great national politician, once the idol of millions, is sure-fire drama. There can hardly be a better example than the case of Bung Karno, the father of his country, the rebel who defied the imperialists, built an inde-

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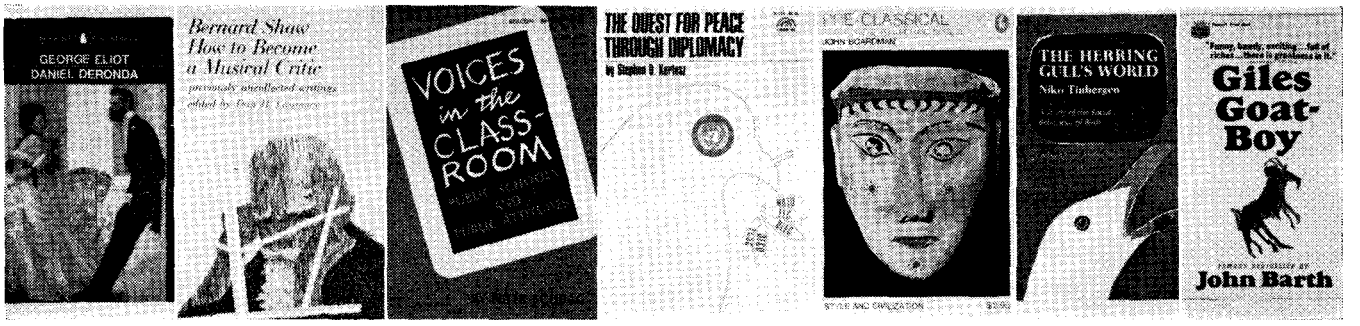

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Diplomatic Monday-morning quarterbacks might take a lesson from former Hungarian diplomat Stephen D. Kertesz, now professor of international politics and diplomacy at Notre Dame and author of *The Quest for Peace Through Diplomacy* (Spectrum, $2.45). "It's easy to criticize President Johnson and Dean Rusk for what might have been," he recently observed in New York. "But they are not philosophers, and world situations are created step by step." Kertesz, who came to the United States in 1948 to teach at Yale, left behind him an illustrious European career. He spent the war years in a Nazi concentration camp, from which he was liberated just before he was to be executed for "treason," then went on to head the Hungarian Peace Delegation to the 1946 Conference of Paris, one of the colloquies that concluded the Second World War. "I was a rare bird," he said, "who negotiated for both Americans and Russians when they divided Europe." Later, in 1947, he became Hungarian minister to Italy.

"People often hark back to the good old days of nineteenth-century diplomacy," he said. "It was easy then: the small group of diplomats knew each other; they came from the same social and educational backgrounds. Now I believe our diplomats are better educated, better equipped to deal with far more complex problems. Ideologies are more complicated, dozens of new states want to be heard, the weapons we wield are infinitely more deadly. 'The good old days,' they are dead and gone."

What's New: In "Youngers and Olders," one of the stimulating pieces in the brand new *New American Review* (New American Library, 95¢), novelist Keith Botsford reflects on the unique difficulties adults today have in communicating with the hip generation. Lawrence Ferlinghetti seems to be an exception. The middle-aged poet and highly successful proprietor of San Francisco's City Lights Bookstore has bridged the age gap. His poetry collection, *A Coney Island of the Mind* (New Directions, $1), first published in 1958 and now in its seventeenth printing, continues to trot along at a comfortable 5,000 copies a month. Ferlinghetti is the darling of the college bookshop. His philosophy, broadly stated, says "Down with the Establishment, Up with Love." Ferlinghetti himself shrugs off his success. "I pick up phrases which are floating around in people's minds—from advertising slogans, say—and give them a little twist. There is this public surface which anyone can get, as well as another more literary level for the instructed.". . . A house is more than a home, it's a work of art and history as recorded in two splendidly illustrated Dover paperbacks: Fiske Kimball's *Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies and of the Early Republic* and Russell Hawes Kettell's *Early American Rooms 1650-1858* ($3.50 each). . . . Even Edmund Wilson must be weary of being dubbed "Dean of American Literary Criticism." Still, it's pretty much what he is, and Noonday has presented a classy collection of three major works—*The Shores of Light* ($2.95), *Classics and Commercials* ($2.65), and *The Bit Between My Teeth* ($2.85)—which among them retell with wit and percipience the whole literary tale from the 1920s through the mid-Sixties. . . . For those sixty million Americans who reportedly spend their autumnal Sundays vicariously carrying the ball to greater glory, here's Jack Zanger's *Pro Football 1967* (Pocket Books, 95¢), complete with biographies, line-ups, team analyses and a fistful of official schedules. Oh you poor wives. Everybody plays everybody else right through to next summer. . . . My husband insists that I mention J. R. Capablanca's *Chess Fundamentals* (David McKay/Tartan Books, $2.65)—not only because *SR*'s readers may prefer a more sedentary sport but also because back in the 1930s, when the grand master visited Miami, my husband—then a boy—was one of forty who opposed him in a simultaneous match. Capablanca won. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

School Ways

With the nation's attention focused in recent weeks on the needs of schoolteachers, Harmon Zeigler's provocative *Political Life of American Teachers* (Spectrum, $1.95) takes on added significance. Zeigler, a political scientist, asserts that most high school teachers, ensnared in a "conservative educational establishment," impart to their students information that is utterly safe and uncritical. "Many students whose political education ends with high school," he writes, "understand politics as little more than as the reinforcement of the status quo."

The newest in McGraw-Hill's World University Library, an international venture published simultaneously in half a dozen countries, is John Vaizey's *Education in the Modern World* ($2.45). Vaizey, a British economist who taught at the University of California, relates today's mass education to world-wide social and cultural changes, and contrasts systems like those of the U.S. and the USSR, both of which, he claims, use teaching methods for a "nation-building role."

"There is no American school system, only a multitude of different systems, each with its own concerns, its own problems, its own needs and its own internal kind of perfection," writes *SR*'s Associate Education Editor Peter Schrag in *Voices in the Classroom* (Beacon, $2.25). An assessment of U.S. education, it is based upon a survey of ten representative schools from the one-room school house of Appalachian Kentucky to the sleek ranks in Newton, Massachusetts.

"While *Up the Down Staircase* sees the classroom from the teacher's desk, *The Schoolchildren* views the scene through the children's eyes" was *The Christian Science Monitor*'s comment on the hardcover publication of Mary Frances Greene and Orletta Ryan's account (Signet, 75¢). It's a terrible tale these two young women tell of their Harlem classes, and the voices that are heard—

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tape-recorded for precision accuracy—are tough, raucous, and relentless.

Natural World

Big news for avid birdwatchers or even the sometime peeper is the first complete reprinting in nearly 100 years of John James Audubon's *The Birds of America*. These seven colorfully jacketed volumes (Dover, $2.50 each) parade the life habits of grebes and jays, waxwings and gulls. Audubon, of course, was the peerless pioneer who systematically set out to record the ornithology of North America; this edition contains all 500 plates from the original 1840-44 octavo subscription printing. And even for those who don't know a purple gallinule and never hope to see one, Audubon's observations on frontier life preserve a sense of a lost American past.

Robert Murphy's *The Golden Eagle* (Avon, 60¢) is an odd kind of book, a "nature novel" in which the heroine is Kina, a brave and solitary creature whose entire brief lifetime is spent struggling for survival against man's encroachment. Niko Tinbergen's *The Herring Gull's World* (Anchor, $1.75), a study of the social behavior of birds, mirrors in its fascinating array of love-hate affairs, an image of the human world.

Ballantine's debut with a new series of books published in conjunction with the Sierra Club deserves a triple-A. From the subtle detail of gossamer cobwebs on moist morning grass to a Renoir-like meadow, "*In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World*" ($3.95) glows with the brilliant color photographs of Eliot Porter, juxtaposed with Thoreau prose.

Sally Carrighar, like the late Rachel Carson, is one of those naturalists who are able to communicate considerable knowledge with charm and simplicity. *Moonlight at Midday* (Pyramid, 75¢) recalls the months she spent among Eskimos in Alaska, where both village and wildlife are explored with equal understanding. Tribal life in another faraway place is recounted in *Seven Days in Lomaland* (Pyramid, 75¢), by Esther Warner, who, with an anthropologist's clear, uncondescending eye, reflects upon the primitive ways of a Liberian people.

And just for delight, Sterling North's *Racoons Are the Brightest People* (Avon, 60¢) lightheartedly ponders some of the forest's most engaging fellows.

Fiction

Sometimes a novel that has been ignored on release rides to popularity on the crest of subsequent publicity from a movie release. The highly praised British film *Accident*, starring Dirk Bogarde in Harold Pinter's screenplay, was prompted by Nicholas Mosley's low-keyed and perceptive novel of the same name (Signet, 75¢) about an Oxford professor who is nearly done in by a seductive student. Patrick Ryan's satiric *How I Won the War* (Ballantine, 75¢) provides a perfect cinematic foil for the zany direction of Richard Lester and the talents of Beatle John Lennon, who even cut his hair to play the part of World War II's least competent soldier, a Sergeant Ernest Goodbody with "two left hands and a mini-brain." A little humor might have brightened the film version of *I, a Woman* (Dell, 75¢), a dark Nordic ramble from Siv Holm's book about mildly differentiated sexual adventures.

Assassination and a Sinatra figure in the motion pictures made from two first-rate, newly published suspense stories. The screen treatment of Francis Clifford's chilly *The Naked Runner* (Signet, 60¢) features Frank Sinatra as the square-cut citizen who is masterminded into a highly manipulated instrument of murder. Mia Farrow and Laurence Harvey lead the chase in the movie drawn from Derek Marlowe's taut thriller, *A Dandy in Aspic* (Dell, 75¢), about a double-agent on the run from London to Berlin.

Also new and noteworthy: *The Complete Short Stories of W. Somerset Maugham* (Washington Square Press, 4 vols., 75¢ each), ninety-one tales, written over more than three decades and, just to jog the memory, including "Lord Mountdrago," "The Alien Corn," "The Book-Bag." A bonanza. John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy* (Crest, $1.25) is weighty (766 pages), mystic, allegorical and, according to SR's Granville Hicks, "funny, bawdy, exciting." Hero Giles was compared by other critics to both Mephistopheles and Batman. Back to the more halcyon nineteenth century and George Eliot's last novel, *Daniel Deronda* (Penguin, $1.95), which is often pallid, even sentimental in its glimpses into English Jewry but redeemed by its heroine, the remarkable Gwendolen Harleth. A good companion is Barbara Hardy's *The Novels of George Eliot* (Oxford/Galaxy, $1.75), which coolly appraises the stature and genius of that Victorian original.

Music

All the maestro's exuberance comes across in Leonard Bernstein's *The Joy of Music* (Signet, 95¢). Whether he's chatting about "What Makes Opera Grand?" or expounding the intricacies of electronic music, Bernstein is a lively guide. Here too, along with essays on Bach, John Cage, Broadway shows, are seven scripts of Bernstein's Omnibus TV shows.

As a boy Bernard Shaw wanted to be an opera singer; instead he became music critic for the London *World*, where in the 1890s he extolled Italian opera, applauded the virtues of Wagner, and upheld the merits of Mozart ("He taught me how to say profound things and at the same time remain flippant and lively."). *How to Become a Musical Critic* (Hill & Wang, $2.45), edited by Dan H. Lawrence, displays in the criticism that rapid action GBS prose.

Most of the people who like jazz are caught up in its mystique, captivated by the men who make the music. For them *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*, edited by Nat Hentoff and Nat Shapiro (Dover, $2), is a gold mine. Here is the story of jazz recalled by Bix Beiderbecke and Bessie Smith, Coleman Hawkins ("What is jazz? The rhythm, the feeling"), and Duke Ellington, who writes, "The memory of things gone is important to a jazz musician. I remember I once wrote a sixty-four-bar piece about a memory of when I was a little boy in bed and heard a man whistling on the street outside, his footsteps echoing away."

One of the scarcities in soft-cover publishing is art books both properly priced and clearly reproduced. Pelican Books has made a decisive contribution in the excellent Style and Civilization series, written expressly for paperback. Avoiding the history-of-art approach, the first three—John Boardman's *Pre-Classical: From Crete to Archaic Greece*, George Henderson's *Gothic*, and John Shearman's *Mannerism* ($2.95 each)—focus sharply upon the particular period's individual complexities. The illustrations are ample and faithfully rendered.

Figure of a woman, c. 3000 B.C.—from "Pre-Classical."

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The Swazis Prepare for the "Inde-pen-dance"

SWAZILAND, smallest country in southern Africa—a landlocked, 6,700-square-mile territory, with its Janus-like, two-headed profile facing the Republic of South Africa on the west and Portuguese East Africa on the east—will be the last of the three British protectorates in Africa to achieve independence. The other two, Botswana (formerly Bechuanaland) and Lesotho (formerly Basutoland), became independent last year. Swaziland's deadline is no later than 1969, but *inde-pen-dance,* the newest word in the Swazi language, is expected to take place much sooner.

Swaziland has traveled a long and tortuous road. A mixture of the numerous clans who settled south of the Great Usutu River several centuries ago, the Swazis have been united as a distinct tribe since the early nineteenth century. But their fortunes have been diverse, in no small measure due to the diversity of tribal leaders, particularly the Paramount Chief—the *Ngwenyama,* or Lion, as he is called.

There was the proud, resolute Mswazi, who promoted the amalgamation of the clans and who left his name as a legacy to his nation. There was the shrewd, diplomatic Sobhuza I, who, having lost out to a neighboring king in a sanguinary difference of opinion over possession of lands, settled the feud and regained the lands by marrying his enemy's daughter. And there was the impolitic, perplexed Mbandzeni, who entangled his country's affairs by granting concessions to foreigners for practically everything of value in the land of the Swazis.

The effects of Mbandzeni's giveaway era a century ago are still very much in evidence today. Although at first the Boer and British white settlers had been welcomed as allies by the Swazis in their chronic hostilities with the bellicose Zulus, later the Boers and Britons aggressively intrigued to acquire rights to Swazi land, minerals, administrative posts, revenue collection, and even refreshment rights on an unbuilt railway. In the end, all of the Swazi lands and mineral rights, to the last spadeful, were signed away. Today more than half the land area still remains in foreign hands, much of it precious arable tracts being used by absentee landlords in South Africa for the winter grazing of their sheep. In an extraordinary national effort to redeem their land, however, the Swazi people since 1946 have been contributing voluntarily to a fund called *Lifa* to buy back land placed on the market by non-Swazi owners.

It is a breathtakingly lovely land. Traveling through the green-carpeted hills near the capital, Mbabane, one is enthralled by craggy blue mountain peaks on the horizon, the undulating emerald hills, seamed and severed by river valleys and ravines. On the hillsides, Swazi farmers in traditional wrap-around clothing, some wearing baboon skins, till the soil in wavy furrows descending like staircases down the slopes. On the highway, past the bright red- and blue-roofed houses of the Ngwenya iron-miners, kilt-clad youngsters hawk crude wooden handicrafts to passing motorists. If their hand-carved giraffes or zebras are refused, the sad-faced children beg, ". . . five cents, please, to buy school books."

PARALLEL to the road runs the shiny new Swaziland Railway, first surveyed in 1865, and at long last constructed 100 years later. Mainly used for hauling iron ore out to the Indian Ocean port of Lourenço Marques in Mozambique, the line will soon have spurs operating to coal mines and cotton ginneries. This vital cross-country transport link has given one of the most important boosts to the country's economic growth.

Mbabane more resembles an English village than the capital of a land of 300,000 people. Picturesquely nestled in a valley beneath the backdrop of the Mdimba mountain range, the town has an abundance of churches, a diminutive Main Street, and a population of 9,000. Scattered around the town "center," side by side with government administration offices, are a few shops, general supply stores, two or three restaurants, a prison, and the Consulate of the United States, one of the few countries with diplomatic representation here. A public information display on the sidewalk hailing "Cotton as a Major Crop" carries strongly patriotic overtones. More concrete preparations for future independence are in evidence also. A Staff Training Institute to prepare civil servants and administrators has been opened, and the capital boasts a gleaming new post office. But postal authorities in Swaziland have a peculiar problem: The country must become better known in the world, since a sizable quantity of incoming mail gets misdirected to Switzerland.

About midway between Mbabane and the "Second City" of Manzini lies the royal village of Lozita, residence of the *Ngwenyama,* Sobhuza II. The sixty-seven-year-old ruler, who also holds the title of Commander of the British Empire, has been the Paramount Chief since 1921. A popular sovereign with a dignified and democratic manner, Sobhuza II appears equally distinguished whether elegantly dressed in a tailcoat and top hat for an official function, or in full native regalia, carrying *assegai* and shield, accepting a gift from a tribesman. As the *Ngwenyama,* he is advised on tribal matters by lesser chiefs and VIPs in a Privy Council, and by his mother, the *Ndlovukazi,* who holds an exalted position within the royal household. And finally—and democratically enough—he may be consulted by any adult Swazi male.

Probably the world's longest-reigning monarch (forty-six years), Sobhuza II has now been officially designated "King of Swaziland" and recognized as head of state by the interim constitution which goes into effect shortly. Under a Swazi-British agreement, Swaziland will be a "protected state," having a ministerial form of government modeled after the British system, with a prime minister, cabinet, and bicameral parliament. During this transition period, and afterward in an independent Swaziland, the *Ngwenyama* as king will exert an authority similar to that of British monarchs.

All roads lead to Manzini, the commercial, agricultural, and industrial center of Swaziland. Manzini has a population of only 8,000, but, unlike Mbabane, appears to have twice that number at first glance. Swazis who come here to shop, to work, to visit from all regions of the country appear in many variations of native dress, ornamented with beads, feathers, and earrings, each one carrying something: a dozing, papoosed child, a head-borne cooking pot, a squawking chicken, or the ubiquitous carved knobstick. The throngs stroll by—Swazi women in wrap-around styles with "magni" skirts that reach for the ankles (miniskirts are worn only by teen-agers who have grown too fast); Swazi males strutting in their printed cotton wrap-around skirts; infants and small children frisking about most often in no skirts at all. Along the highway leading to the city is Swaziland's newest showplace—the first casino in southern Africa. With a splendid sixty-room hotel attached, and adorned with a color-splashed garden of orchids, azaleas, and bougainvillea, it is a powerful attrac-

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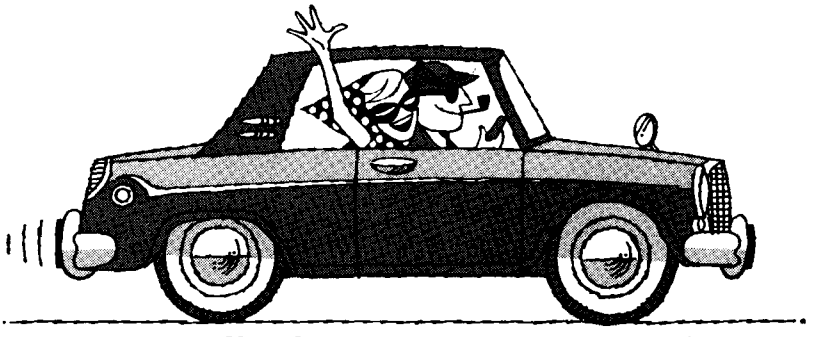

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tion for weekending South Africans. The spa's owners, a group of Italians and South Africans, are already building an additional sixty chalets.

When contrasted to its total disinheritance of the last century and the uncertainty and neglect of its more recent past, Swaziland today is a thriving country. The optimistic voices in the land boast of the sprawling plantations that spread over 86,000 acres; the treasure of timber amassed at Usutu in the world's largest man-made forest; the $12,000,000 high-grade Ngwenya iron ore contract with Japan; the Havelock asbestos mine from which $7,000,000 worth of the valuable mineral a year is hauled twelve miles through the sky on the world's longest cableway; the gold, tin, and coal deposits that rest in the earth's vault as collateral for future prosperity.

In a more restrained tone, however, other voices in the land are earnestly concerned by the problems of paternal management in the "Industrial North" and soil erosion in the "Agricultural South." The big industries and mines, heavily dependent on Swazi labor, are moving too slowly, they say, in teaching Swazis skills for greater participation in these enterprises. The continued importation of skilled workers, they add, postpones ever further a Swazi economic declaration of independence. The problem of erosion, sober-minded citizens point out, has reached serious proportions, with all available arable land so intensively cultivated. The pressure of people, crops, and livestock, particularly the overgrazing by cattle, has proved too great on the limited land. Somewhere between the cheerful and the rueful observers of the economic scene stands the fact that Swaziland has experienced a healthy upsurge away from the old dependency on minerals as a single class of export. Sugar is the main export commodity now, but farm products, wood pulp, asbestos, cotton, rice, iron, and fruits all play an important part in keeping the economy on a sounder footing.

The uphill road to freedom, like the downhill path to another destination, though paved with the best of intentions—as the Swazis have learned—can yet be clogged with difficult problems. The framing of an acceptable constitution, ownership and control of mineral wealth, the administrative makeup of a multiracial state, and governmental policy vis-à-vis South Africa are some of the hazards already plaguing the unborn nation. The interim constitution, in preparing the ground for self-government, has made parliamentary elections necessary this year. The Imbokodvo National Movement, the political party to which the majority of Swazis adhere, has won its fight for "one man—one vote" under the new constitution. The United Swazi Association, claiming to speak for 90 per cent of the country's 10,000 white citizens, lost out in its attempt to secure a number of "reserved white seats" in the parliament.

The British Government's White Paper on the new constitution, which detailed the rejection of the idea of separate white representation, reported that the Constitutional Committee maintained a staunch faith that the whites could expect adequate representation in the Swazi parliament "because of their wide interests in the territory and their particular experience and important role in its economic life." The *Ngwenyama* has gone on record many times saying, "All are Swazis in Swaziland," and the British have unequivocally committed themselves to the concept of a multiracial state. Some of the diehards of the United Swazi group remain distrustful, however, haunted by the fear that the Imbokodvo Movement will become infiltrated after independence by the influence of a militant Pan-Africanism.

With a new chapter about to be written in Swaziland's relationship to its strong, affluent, and white supremacist neighbor, the Republic of South Africa, the two countries are taking new, hard looks at each other. In South Africa, for the past 100 years, no one really took Swaziland seriously except to view it as a link to the ports on the Indian Ocean. And, in fact, Swaziland always has been heavily dependent on South Africa geographically and economically. Indeed, South African government leaders in recent years have requested, cajoled, and demanded that the administration of Swaziland be turned over to them; but, by gradually winning more self-government rights from Britain, the Swazis have pursued their trek up the high road to ultimate independence. There is talk in South Africa today that the Pretoria government would be interested in making "ethnically compatible" land deals, which by purchase or exchange would readjust the frontiers between the two countries. Swaziland is wary of such suggestions, however, since it is assumed that South Africa would want to be a kind of Big Brother in guiding the economic and political development of the new nation.

Across the recently tightened border, Big Brother is watching now. Passports and work passes are checked, and the movements of 10,000 Swazis who work in South African gold mines are controlled. There are rumors that the customs agreement between the two countries will be reviewed soon—rumors circulated perhaps to remind the Swazis how vulnerable they are to South African economic pressure.

Well aware of the world's attention sharply focused on southern Africa, where unresolved problems of self-determination and race relations are flaring in Rhodesia, South Africa, South-West Africa, Angola, and Mozambique, the smallest of these lands in the tense region modestly prepares for its "Day of the *Inde-pen-dance*." Swaziland, or Ngwane, as it will probably be called, is scarcely intent on preaching any sermons to its richer and more powerful neighbors, but it most likely will emerge as the cornerstone for a democratic, nonracialist community of nations which will ultimately come into being in the lower half of the African continent.

—Leonard Norman.

Leonard Norman is a free-lance writer. This is the last of a series of articles on Africa.

"We'll have to figure out something else. He's beginning to complain about my weight."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 4g, 3f, 9i, 8a, 7b, 10d, 6e, 5c, 1j, 2h.

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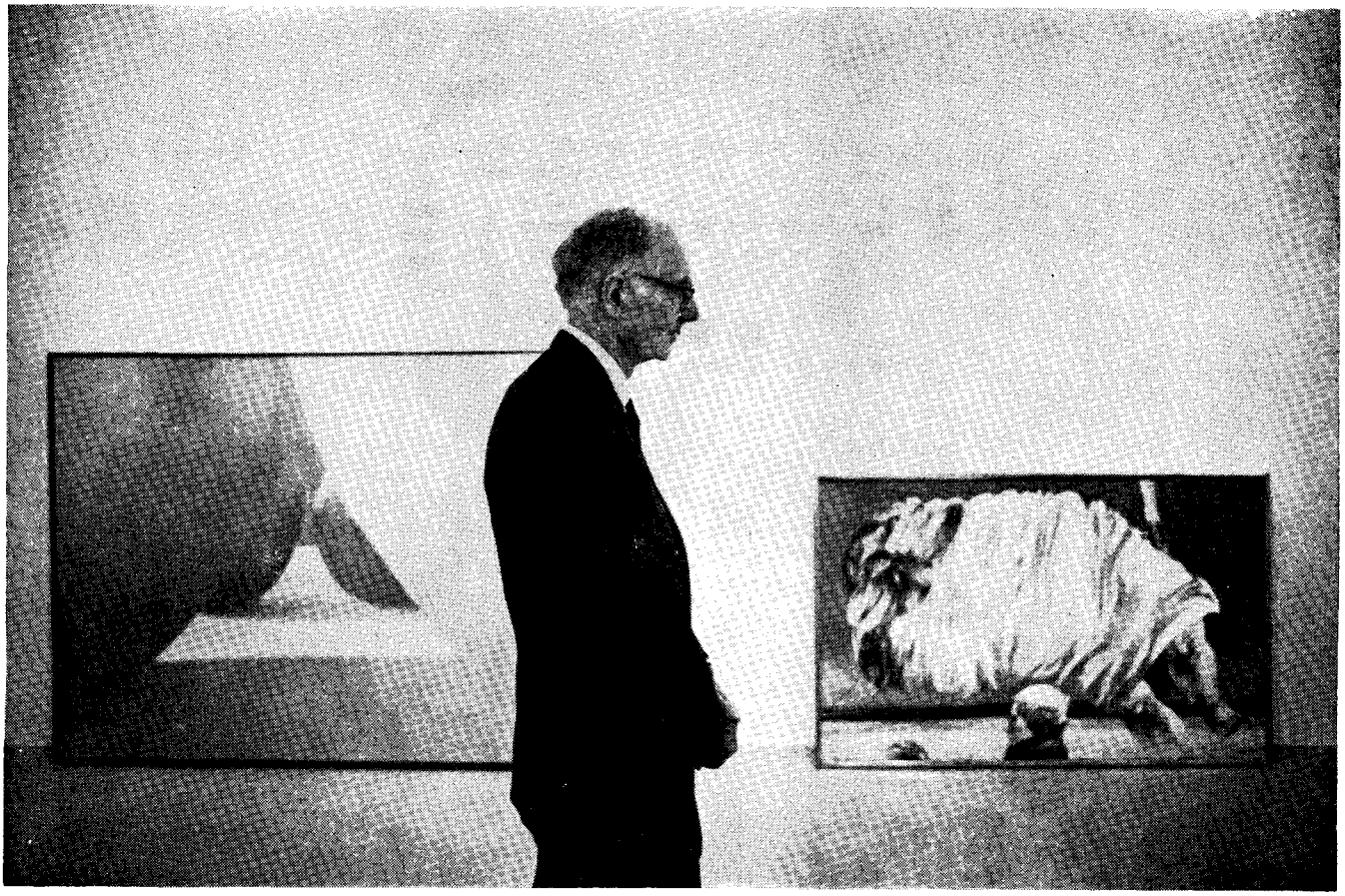

The Museum of Modern Art's Alfred Barr—"Surely no one in the present century has so acutely changed our attitudes toward the art of our times."

THE FINE ARTS

Alfred Barr: Modern Art's Durable Crusader

MORE YEARS ago than I like to remember, when I was a student at Vassar College, a remarkable, somewhat emaciated young man appeared on campus to instruct us in rudimentary art history. He was a fervent teacher who turned what I had selected as a snap fill-in course into a three-dimensional—and, for me, unforgettable—experience. It was not just orthodox art history—it was art's vital relation to the life of its time that he stressed. Later, when I was a curator at the Art Institute of Chicago and he was top man at New York's Museum of Modern Art, I worked again with him on joint exhibition projects, and, as at Vassar, I never failed to learn from Alfred Barr.

Only recently, in anticipation of a trip to the Soviet Union, I gathered together available reading matter on Russian art, past and present. Not too much of importance had appeared in English, which made all the more memorable certain excellent articles on nineteenth-century Russian painting by the same Mr. Barr, a name we have come to associate with the immediate present and not with the fine points of earlier Slavic art. Yet very few Americans can challenge his understanding of this somewhat remote field. Even the sternest Soviet art experts grudgingly respect his knowledge of their own nineteenth century, a period extravagantly admired by them and too little known by most of us in the Western World. I have even heard that once, when visiting the U.S.S.R., Mr. Barr was invited to lecture on this very subject to a Soviet audience.

Unlike many modern art specialists, he presumably finds it helpful to explore the past before appraising the present. And, indeed, how can one hope to evaluate even so obvious a movement as Socialist Realism without studying its sources, ambiguous as they may be? After all, the history of art is sometimes less dull than it is dubbed by those contemporary critics who tend to think that all art worth discussing started with Cézanne, and that all historians are incurably blinded by dates and data.

Over the years I have never failed to marvel when eminent print curators extol Mr. Barr's proficiency in their difficult field, notably where old masters are concerned; when bridge enthusiasts tell me he is a whiz at their game; when accomplished musicians admire his understanding of their profession; and when ornithologists salute his informed bird-watching skills. What makes all this the more impressive, of course, is Alfred Barr's encyclopedic grounding in his own field of modern art plus his unique contribution to its acceptance, enjoyment, and understanding—not alone throughout America, but all over Europe, parts of Latin America, and Asia. Surely no one in the present century has so acutely changed our attitudes toward the art of our times, toward museums and their practices, toward art publications (an area

The cover: *Three Musicians*, Pablo Picasso, 1921, Museum of Modern Art (Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund). One of Picasso's pivotal paintings, it is characteristic of the outstanding works acquired by the Museum of Modern Art under Alfred Barr's leadership.

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much enriched by Mr. Barr's own perceptive writings), and, above all, toward the meaning of the word "art." He was, I believe, the first to envision it as a far more inclusive term than merely a label for painting, sculpture, and graphics. It was largely he who incorporated architecture, industrial design, photography, and the film into the daily life of our museums.

Mr. Barr does not spout the usual art clichés, nor does he make oracular statements that lend themselves to instant publicity. Instead he examines each work probingly, piercingly in terms of itself. Though sometimes accused of taste-making, he is too interested in meanings to accept so shallow a role. With missionary zeal he has conscientiously tried to explain the art of our times by weaving it into the context of all art. If occasionally he hoped to cubbyhole present trends a bit too neatly before they had jelled, more often he astutely predicted the future with clairvoyant sensibility. What better proof than the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art, unquestionably the best survey of its kind in the world. Mr. Barr is also responsible for several of that museum's most useful innovations and services, many of which are now standard practice throughout America and Europe. Every modern gallery models itself to some extent on this pioneer New York prototype. Even the Metropolitan is beginning to borrow certain of Mr. Barr's techniques, while too often forgetting the source of its recently overpublicized efforts—an interesting full-circle phenomenon, since it was the Metropolitan's stubborn conservatism that originally spawned the Museum of Modern Art.

And now, alas, Mr. Barr is retiring after thirty-nine productive years, first as director and subsequently as director of collections at the museum. Wisely, the trustees have decided that no one can take his place, so the Modern is currently in the process of an administrative reorganization. One wonders where sniping critics, disgruntled artists, and occasional envious colleagues will direct their potshots now that Alfred Barr is no longer there to act as a favorite target. One also wonders when the American art world will be graced again with so erudite, thoughtful, and creative a champion.

Because Mr. Barr has been written about voluminously, both pro and con, we decided it would be interesting to hear what he has to say about himself and about the museum he, more than anyone else, helped to establish. So we posed to him a number of questions, to which he responded with characteristic candor, modesty, and courtesy. Here are our questions and his answers:

Q. *What do you feel are the most important contributions the Museum of Modern Art has made since it was founded nearly forty years ago?*

A: 1) Establishment in 1929 of a new museum in New York, a very great city which had an active art community but lacked a museum devoted enough and strong enough to take responsibility for an area avoided by the Metropolitan Museum, namely the recent past (which, of course, includes the present).

2) The Museum's serious concern for certain highly important arts of our time generally ignored by art museums —namely the film, photography, architecture and city planning, design in industrial design, consumer goods, typography, and graphic arts.

3) Encouragement of universities to accept the modern arts as a proper field for scholarly study and publication.

4) The Museum's collections.

5) The exhibition program both within the walls of the Museum and, perhaps more important, the distribution of exhibitions throughout the country and abroad on a scale not previously attempted.

6) Seven exhibitions (and publications) from 1933 to 1954 of primitive and pre-Columbian art, which in that period rarely appeared in art museums or in the history of art curricula of universities but which were—and are—almost as deeply involved in the taste and esthetics of our century as are abstract art and surrealism.

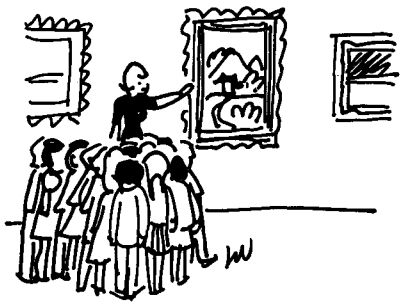
7) The most beautiful garden on Manhattan.

Q. *Are there projects you envisioned for the Museum that still wait to be done?*

A. The projects I "envisioned" in 1929, and many others *I did not foresee*, such as circulating exhibitions here and abroad, a great library, a publishing house—all these and others thrive or are about to.

The Museum chronically needs more space for exhibiting its collections in all departments, especially in prints and drawings, photography, architecture and design, and painting of the past decade. In a few years there will be more gallery space.

The Museum is developing its educational and scholarly facilities, particularly the library and archives; making accessible all the works of art in the collection which cannot be shown in the galleries; planning complete catalogues of the collections with the intention to keep them up to date; establishing greater rapport with schools and universities; studying the problematical methods of how best to help the public understand art.



Q. *Where should the Museum of Modern Art head from here? Where does its future lie?*

A. I think the near future of the Museum of Modern Art lies in solving the problems which it faces and in developing the programs which it already has under way; but I assume—indeed, I hope—that there will be new problems and programs which none of us has foreseen.

Q. *Does the present existence of numerous modern museums in New York change the role of the Museum of Modern Art?*

A. I do not think the lively presence of other New York museums concerned with modern art need change the role of the Museum of Modern Art. The four or five other institutions in Manhattan are scarcely enough to meet the public's demand and the encouragement of artists. Weekend crowds are often too big for the comfort of people and the safety of the works of art.

The Museum of Modern Art does compete with other museums in temporary loan shows; it competes much less in showing continuously *visible* collections of foreign and American painting and sculpture; and scarcely at all does it compete in showing selections from its collections of prints, drawings, photography, architecture and design, and the recurrent programs from the film collection. (Other enterprises such as the very active international program are, of course, not visible to the New York public.)

Q. *Because modern art has become fashionable, is there less need to promote it as vigorously as heretofore?*

A. Yes, there is less need to promote modern art than there was three decades ago. But even then, I did not think of the Museum as *promoting* twentieth-century painting any more than the Metropolitan Museum *promoted* quatrocento painting.

Q. *What part of your work at the Museum have you most enjoyed?*

A. Seeing dreams come true.

Q. *What part have you least enjoyed?*

A. Fund-raising, interruptions, allo-

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cating too sparse gallery space, rejecting unwanted gifts and, worst of all, in recent years seeing so few exhibitions outside the Museum.

Q. *What has been your guiding acquisition policy?*

A. 1) Securing the best works by the best artists.
2) Collecting their work in breadth and depth and in all relevant media.
3) Collecting good work by secondary artists.
4) Taking chances with the work of young artists.
5) Searching for good work throughout the world.
6) Other things being equal, selecting paintings with vertical formats rather than horizontal—the vertical takes less wall space.

Q. *Where exhibitions and acquisitions are concerned, should a museum stress what its staff considers best or merely what is going on?*

A. The staff should try hard to discern the best of what is going on and act without partisanship.

Q. *Do you know of any modern collection that from an overall point of view can compare qualitatively and quantitatively with the Museum of Modern Art's?*

A. No.

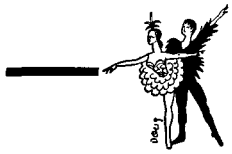
Q. *After your many years at the Museum what do you consider the authentic role of the modern art critic?*

A. I'm not sure how to answer "authentic role." Obviously, critics have different functions, such as reporting and criticizing, and in different degrees. I believe that fundamentally the critic of contemporary art ought to like "what is going on" more than he dislikes it. If he does not like it, he should retire. Art thrives on enthusiasm.

Q. *What are your personal plans for the future? Will you be writing extensively and, if so, in what specific areas?*

A. Finish scandalously delayed prefaces and appendices for a new edition of the catalogue *Painting and Sculpture in the Museum Collections;* with James Thrall Soby, initiate a series of short monographs on works in the collection of special interest and importance, the series to be published in honor of Mrs. Simon Guggenheim; write confidential notes on works in the collection of painting and sculpture for the use of future curators in case they should be interested; revise for republication monographs on Picasso and Matisse.

—KATHARINE KUH.

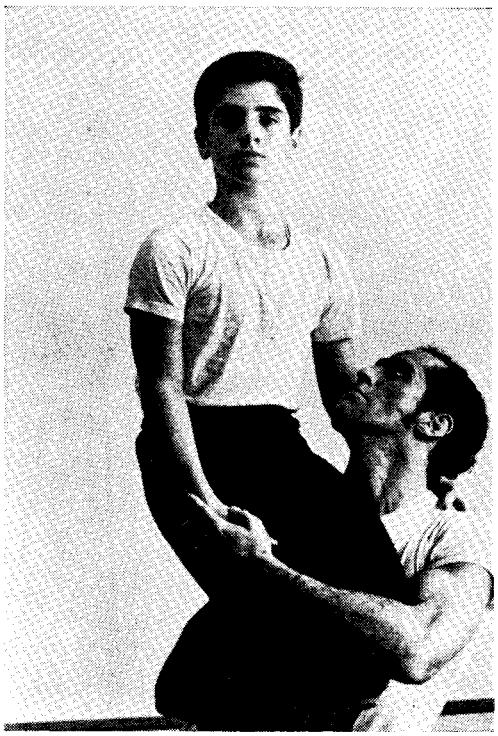


Ballet Menus

THE RECIPE called for a vat of treacle liberally spiked with cascades of salty tears, and I found it most unappetizing. The concoction to which I refer was (and I am hoping it will be "was" and not "is" henceforth) a new ballet called *Elegy,* which was served up during the second week of the City Center Joffrey Ballet's four-week engagement at the New York City Center. Choreographic credit—or perhaps "discredit" would be more appropriate—must be tagged, unfortunately, on the company's principal choreographer, Gerald Arpino.

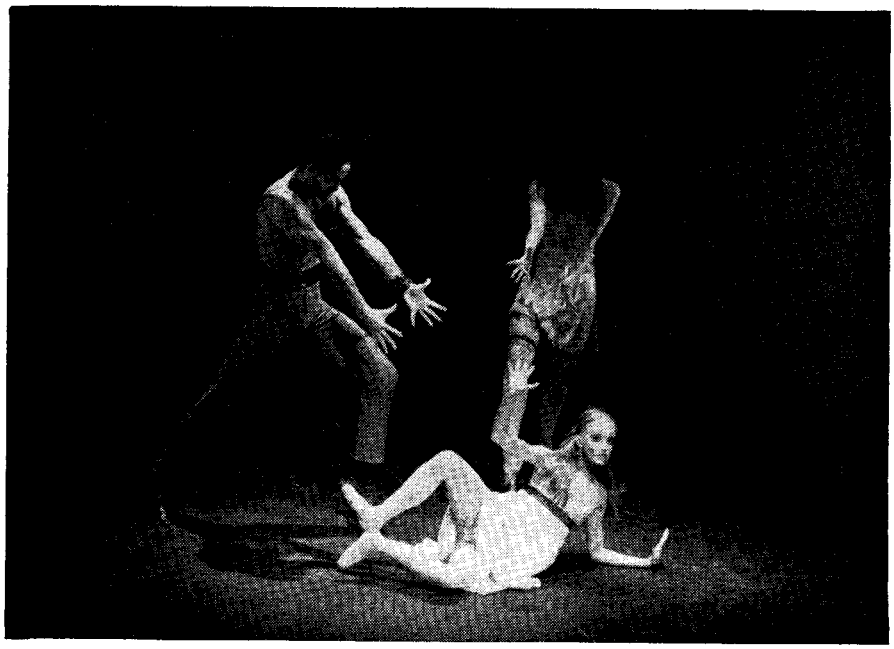
For the past few years, Arpino has been looked upon by almost everyone in the world of dance as the *wunderkind* of American ballet choreography. Indeed, he has turned out some knockout theater pieces, ranging from the purely classical through the dramatic-romantic to the near-psychotic avant-garde. Among these are his early (and brilliant) *Ropes;* that terrifying journey into the inner world of a girl beset by nightmares, *Incubus; Nightwings,* a visit to a dingy hotel room occupied by a lonely tormented man and his fantasies; the lyrical and spirited *Viva Vivaldi!*; and the rousing all-male testament to athletic prowess and heroic spirit, *Olympics.*

Arpino is prolific and versatile, so he must be permitted by our old law of averages to have an occasional passing failure. In the first two weeks of the season now ending, he had two. The first was a second go at Vivaldi, this time *Cello Concerto,* but it wasn't a second *Viva Vivaldi!*—not by a long shot. It contained some of Arpino's charming groupings, tableaux which spilled from



—*Fred Fehl.*

Peter Kahrmann and Maximiliano Zomosa in *Elegy*—the best elements in the ballet.



—*Fred Fehl.*

***Incubus,* with Lisa Bradley as the heroine—"the inner world of a girl beset by nightmares."**

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a tight center to full-stage action, rather like the surprising, yet carefully calculated geometries of a kaleidoscope.

But aside from these pretty pictures and the technically polished, dynamically intense dancing of Jon Cristofori, *Cello Concerto* belonged pretty much in the yawn department. Yet if you have two unhappy choices, yawning is certainly preferable to gagging, and gagging was the only possible kinesthetic, and probably neuromuscular, reaction to *Elegy*. For *Elegy*, Arpino has used a Civil War theme (actually it could be any war at any time) in which a Confederate soldier is about to be executed by Union troops. Unfortunately, he is granted a reprieve—in fantasy, of course—and relives moments with his wife, his daughter, and his son.

THE movements and gestures used by Arpino to depict domestic felicity are incredibly banal and, what is worse, almost totally lacking in choreographic craftsmanship. A gush of sentiment, no matter how sincere, doesn't make a ballet. It takes craftsmanship and taste—such as Agnes de Mille displayed in her great Civil War ballet in *Bloomer Girl*—to reject the maudlin and to bare the core of personal tragedy.

The performers in *Elegy* did their best. Maximiliano Zomosa brought virility and conviction to a cardboard part; Noel Mason, the wife, strove valiantly to make you think she was being a very sad and beautiful Olivia de Havilland; Charthel Arthur was ever so pretty to look at as the carefree daughter; and a child dancer, Peter Kahrmann, as the soldier's young son, was the best element in the ballet, although not even he could cope with the sonny-shakes-hands-with-daddy-in-man-to-man-fashion in a scene which would have embarrassed Edgar Guest. The score, by a contemporary Polish composer, Andrzej Panufnik, deserved a better fate, as did Ming Cho Lee's imaginative décor and Edith Lutyens Bel Geddes's very attractive costumes for the swirling-skirted ladies of the ballet.

So, then, there were two new disappointing ballets by Arpino, but for the rest, the first two weeks of the engagement brought much pleasure and a goodly amount of absolutely first-class dancing by a company of youthful artists with winning personalities and an exuberance of spirit that lifts the heart of the onlooker. Some of the smash-hit variety of Arpino ballets I have noted were on view, such as *Olympics*, in which the audience finds itself to be the cheering section, or *Incubus*, in which lovely Lisa Bradley makes you know the ineffable poignancy of a child's search for something tangible in a world of illusion.

And who could fail to respond to the

—*Fred Fehl.*

Jon Cristofori and Erika Goodman in *Cello Concerto.*

delicious ensorcellment maneuvered by Barbara Remington as she struts across the front of the stage in Ruthanna Boris's *Cakewalk* (with its irresistible score by Hershy Kay from tunes of Louis Moreau Gottschalk) and turns on a smile which is something of a cross between the Mona Lisa and an elegant courtesan. Audiences also had the joy of seeing Robert Blankshine, who's obviously an elf on leave of absence from the world of sprites, kick the back of his head while doing altitudinous leaps, or Luis Fuente injecting the rhythms of Spain into his otherwise classical *pas*, or Paul Sutherland demonstrating what a true *danseur noble* (and that needs no translation) really is. Indeed, Sutherland, in company with Miss Bradley, Miss Mason, and Susan Magno in Robert Joffrey's evocation of the Romantic Age of Ballet, *Pas de Deesses*, presented us with the adorably idiotic artifices of performing behavior which only stars can produce. A century-old lithograph inspired this enchanting dance, which is supported by an equally engaging base of John Field's music (he wrote the first Nocturne ever, and, although he did not know it, a fetching ballet score which should be recorded in an illustrated ballet album).

THERE were other repertory high spots during this period, among them the great Jooss Ballet classic of an earlier day, *The Green Table; Nightwings*, featuring the remarkably versatile Miss Bradley and her gifted husband, Michael Uthoff (whose father and mother were Jooss dancers); some other attractive repertory favorites; and two new productions of long-proven dance works. These last two were George Balanchine's *Pas de Dix* (derived from the old Russian *Raymonda* to music of Glazounov) and Anna Sokolow's *Rooms* (with a score composed and conducted by Kenyon Hopkins).

Miss Sokolow is the only truly dependable choreographer in the world today. You can be assured, after seeing any of her dance works, that you'll want to go home and kill yourself. This does not mean that she's not a good choreographer; it simply means that she takes a very dim view of mankind and that she regards whatever feeble hopes man has as absolutely hopeless. *Rooms* is in this category. It is depressing, ugly, disturbing, suicidal; but it is brilliantly conceived and executed. It makes *Death of a Salesman* seem like *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, but if you can bear Miss Sokolow's doom-journey, the experience is a stirring one.

Pas de Dix? The Joffrey dancers can't do it justice. At least not yet. Sutherland does, as you would expect, for he is superb in every step, stance, and gesture; but the others are weak. The *pas de quatre* for the gentlemen is appallingly gauche, really inept—only the American Ballet Theatre does Balanchine's steps (stemming from Petipa) with accuracy and bravura. But for the rest of this zingy young company's dancing in its admirable repertory, one can truthfully say, "Zowie!" —WALTER TERRY.

Under What Spreading Chestnut Tree

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

more fascinated than afraid,
more emotional than brash
I used to go, mouse in love's
clothing, to sit in the smithy's shop
and gaze upon the place
his belly hung its naked grape
over his leather apron
worn smooth as woman's skin

to feel him lay his words
upon me like a hand,
hairy and foul.
writing, I suppose,
what would be literature today

but when he finally did seduce me,
as men, who would make men of boys
seduce their tenderness away,
and rubbed me down with wagon grease
one rainy afternoon, in front
of all the men the weather
had brought in to laugh

I came away in tears and anger
forever wary of gatherings of thoughtless
men
whose disobedient flesh
hung on their bodies like a sin

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Shankar and His Magic Sitar

PHILHARMONIC HALL in Lincoln Center has so long been rated a cold, dead, awesome place for the recitalist that it would hardly seem possible for it to be made warm, animated, and friendly merely by a play of personality. But when the personality is one with so much to play with, and about, as Ravi Shankar, truisms must give way to truth.

As one who sat long and rewardingly at the feet—also the limbs and torso—of his famous brother Uday, it was absorbing to see the resemblances as well as the differences in the art they practice. As a dancer trained in Western techniques, Uday Shankar was aristocratic, elegant, and yet possessed of an inward fire that burst into a blaze whenever it was appropriate. As a performer on the sitar who has had a profitable encounter with Western musical thought, Ravi Shankar is also aristocratic, elegant, and possessed of inward fire. Out of whatever combination of elements, he has learned to make the sitar—whether strummed, plucked, or made to ring with the response of its sympathetic strings—an instrument of personality as well as power. He has found in it a voice for the mercurial, the humorous, the languid, enticing, or breathlessly impulsive, as his mood decrees. In prospect it seemed that one might miss the absence of a visual counterpart to its sound. But he quickly made clear that there are fewer physical barriers to the flights of fancy possible for ten fingers than there are for the movements of two feet.

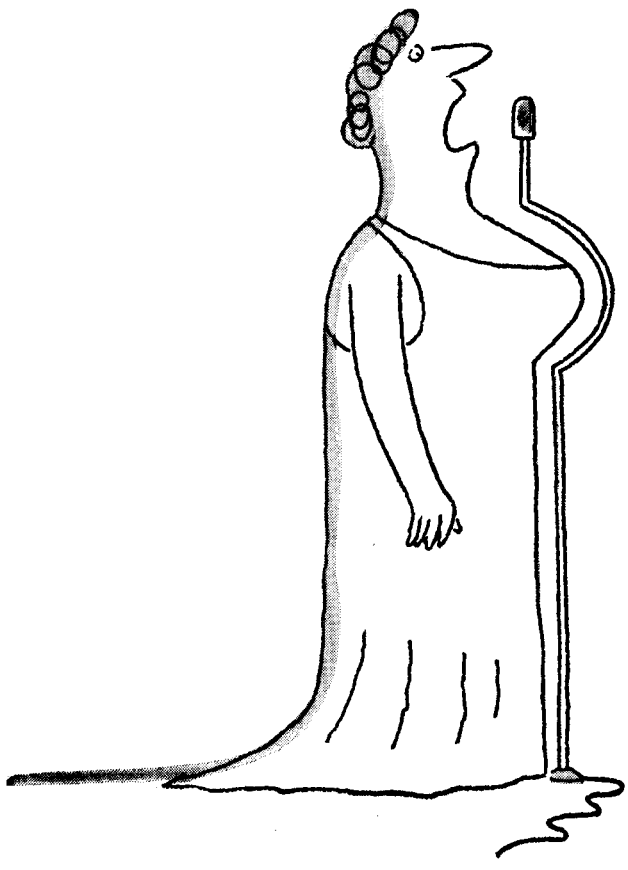
Undeterred by the kind of knowledge that might make for caution, I can only report the impression that Ravi Shankar has carried the art of the sitar to regions of expressiveness unapproached by the predecessors known in these parts. This may have to do, in part, with the development of an instrument which has greater tonal depth, more clarity of sound, a broader range of resonance than those heard in the Thirties and Forties from the players associated with his dancing brother. Certainly the use of two sizable speakers helped to equalize the imbalance of tonal weight versus the large hall. But, as even the grandest piano would give back more to Horowitz than to almost anybody else, so the most responsive sitar would hardly yield as much to another performer as it does to Ravi Shankar.

Allowing for all the differences of means and method, what carried him to heights of compulsion (sufficient to absorb an audience in the half-hour length of the raga *Maru Bihag*) were the virtues that distinguish the great interpreter of any school from the average or even the superior one. Among them are a richer sense of color and variety, a stronger awareness of dynamic contrast, a livelier instinct for the tactical foray as well as the strategic retreat. These are even more critical elements in the music of the East, which is, after all, to a large, if mathematically indeterminate extent, an art of improvisation. But, as in the last analysis, even a Schnabel played himself as much as he played Beethoven, so a performer of a sitar plays himself. There is, simply, more of Ravi Shankar to play than there is of those who have come and gone here over the years.

LIKE sundry others of his Eastern subcontinent we have grown to know in these recent decades of rapid interchange—whether politician, dancer, or conductor—Ravi Shankar has a highly developed sense of theater, an intuition for the kind of ritual that makes believers of skeptics. First the attractive Kamala Chakravarti, who plays the tamboura (a kind of perpetual drone to the evolutions of the solo instrument), made her entrance, bearing with her the sticks of incense which engage the nostrils even before the ear is enticed. She was, in turn, joined by the fabulous Alla Rakha, whose tabla-playing beggars the common conception of what can be evoked from a pair of smallish drums struck, tapped, or fondled by the bare hands. Finally, and in due course, the central figure of the trinity, Shankar himself, made his appearance. But, even so, no music. There followed, rather, a lengthy, almost agonizingly intent period of tuning that conditioned the audience to maximum attention for the slightest inflection in the sound patterns that were finally heard.

It would be misleading to imply that this audience required such conditioning. In size and enthusiasm, it was reassuring evidence that the enterprise of Ravi Shankar's management in presenting him three times this week and three times again in December was not misguided. In age and appearance, it presented a cross section of persons of both sexes, mostly young, mostly mod—but not extravagantly so—who were, in all probability, unaware that there had ever been another Shankar than Ravi. But it was quite content to honor, at maximum, the one it had come not merely to hear, but to revere.

Doubtless it had been preconditioned—whether through records, radio, or pri-



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or live experience—to an appreciation of what it was going to hear. But the order of reponse prompts some speculation as to why this kind of music now enjoys an appreciation unknown in the Forties. Has the music itself added some elements of Western influence that make it easier to comprehend, or is it simply a case of Western ears being more responsive to its tonal temporizings, its quavers and clashes of fractional intervals? My guess—and it has no scientific basis whatsoever—is that the ears of the younger generation have been so assaulted with so much sound that is more bizarre, less disciplined, and infinitely inferior in artistry to Shankar's, that it is merely exercising a legitimate, and highly discriminating, option.

THE New York City Opera began its new season in the New York State Theater with a sequence of performances that included two works of Mozart: the Beni Montressor production of *The Magic Flute*, and a less elaborate but no less workable version of *The Marriage of Figaro*, designed by Ed Wittstein. The former was much as it had been last season, and thus called for no new evaluation; the latter had a scattering of new performers to make it something different than it was when last heard and seen.

Of principal influence was the conductor, Charles Wilson. New to opera audiences in New York though not to consequential music-making otherwise (he is an assistant to Erich Leinsdorf in Boston), Wilson showed a lively sense of the theatrical as well as the musical requirements to make *Figaro* worthy of an evening's attention. That is to say, he was not disposed to make it either an exercise in musical scholarship or a series of comic contretemps. Each element was assigned a suitable share of importance, with a properly Mozartian outcome as directed for the stage by Christopes West.

In addition to such tested performers of New York City Opera as Norman Treigle (Figaro), Frances Bible (Cherubino), and David Clatworthy (Almaviva), the cast included Anne Elgar as Susanna and Maralin Niska in her debut with the company as the Countess. Miss Elgar is a properly youthful, vibrantly musical, and wholly promising interpreter of this part. Her peril is the absorption of all the mannerisms known to all the Susannas of the past, thereby converting the character into a stereotype rather than a person. The solution, perhaps, would be for her to do everything differently from everybody else, and thus arrive at something of her own. The quality of Miss Niska's effort gives rise to hope she may be heard soon again in something else.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Check List of New Books

Continued from page 22

Miscellany

ALL ABOUT WINE. By Blake Ozias. Crowell. $3.50.

DESIGN FOR DEATH. By Barbara Jones. Bobbs Merrill. $10.

DIARY OF FLORENCE IN FLOOD. By Kathrine Kressmann Taylor. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

HOW TO BE AFFLUENT. By George Mikes. Heineman. $4.95.

INDIA, INDIA. By Lisa Hobbs. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

KITES: An Historical Survey. By Clive Hart. Praeger. $12.50.

MYTHS OF THE SPACE AGE. By Daniel Cohen. Dodd, Mead. $5.95.

THE PREVALENCE OF NONSENSE. By Ashley Montagu and Edward Darling. Harper & Row. $6.50.

PURITY OF DICTION IN ENGLISH VERSE. By Donald Davie. Schocken. $5.

THE STORIES OF THE GREEKS: *Men and Gods*; *Greeks and Trojans*; *The Vengeance of the Gods*. By Rex Warner. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $8.50 until Dec. 31; $10 thereafter.

YOU AND YOUR STOCKBROKER. By Robert J. Schwartz. Macmillan. $4.95.

Music, Theater

THE GREAT CONDUCTORS. By Harold C. Schonberg. Simon & Schuster. $7.50.

THE MAKING OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By Howard Taubman. Coward-McCann. $10. (Revised edition.)

THEATRE EXPERIMENT. Edited by Michael Benedikt. Doubleday. $6.95.

Natural History

ANIMALS IN OUR WORLD. By Jacques Lecomte. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.25.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF SURVIVAL. By William L. Van Allen. Barnes. $8.50.

THE PEREGRINE. By J. A. Baker. Harper & Row. $4.95.

Personal History

ADVANTAGE ASHE. By Arthur Ashe, Jr. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

BORN TO RAISE HELL: The Untold Story of Richard Speck. By Jack Altman and Marvin Ziporyn, M.D. Grove. $5.95.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA. By Sir Charles Petrie. Norton. $6.95.

THE HIGH HARD ONE. By Kirby Higbe. Viking. $4.95.

A MATHEMATICIAN'S APOLOGY. By G. H. Hardy. Cambridge Univ. Press. $2.95.

MAX SCHELER, 1874-1928: An Intellectual Portrait. By John Raphael Staude. Free Press. $6.95.

ONE MAN'S EDUCATION. By Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis. Knopf. $10.

PULITZER. By W. A. Swanberg. Scribners. $8.95.

THE PULP JUNGLE. By Frank Gruber. Sherbourne. $3.95.

THE RESCUER. By Peter Maas. Harper & Row. $5.95.

SVETLANA: The Story of Stalin's Daughter. By Martin Ebon. New American Library. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, 95¢.

THROUGH THE MINEFIELD: An Autobiography. By Constantine FitzGibbon. Norton. $5.95.

TO LEAVE BEFORE DAWN. By Julian Green. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

WE NEHRUS. By Krishna Nehru Hutheesing with Alden Hatch. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

Poetry

THE FEAST. By Bink Noll. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

FOLLOW UP. By Arthur Lerner. Swordsman. $3.50.

THE HARD HOURS. By Anthony Hecht. Atheneum. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.45.

LANCED IN LIGHT. By Larry Rubin. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

THE LICE. By W. S. Merwin. Atheneum. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT: A New Verse Translation. By Marie Borroff. Norton. $4.50.

Psychology

THE MADNESS IN SPORTS: Psychosocial Observations on Sports. By Arnold R. Beisser, M.D. Appleton. $4.95.

YOUR FEAR OF LOVE. By Marshall Bryant Hodge. Doubleday. $4.95.

YOUR GROWING CHILD AND SEX. A Parent's Guide to the Sexual Development, Education, Attitudes and Behavior of the Child from Infancy Through Adolescence. By Helene S. Arnstein. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CHINESE MIND: Essentials of Chinese Philosophy and Culture. Edited by Charles A. Moore. East-West Center. $9.50.

THE EMPTY PULPIT: A Study in Preaching as Communication. By Clyde Reid. Harper & Row. $3.50.

THE GOD I WANT. Edited by James Mitchell. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

PHILOSOPHICAL FAITH AND REVELATION. By Karl Jaspers. Harper & Row. $15.

Science, Technology

DESIGNING THE FUTURE: The Role of Technological Forecasting. By Robert W. Prehoda. Chilton. $8.50.

ELECTRONIC JOURNALISM. By William A. Wood. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

MYSTERIES OF THE UNIVERSE. By William R. Corliss. Crowell. $5.95.

TWINS AND SUPERTWINS. By Amram Scheinfeld. Lippincott. $6.95.

Travel

BETWEEN MAULE AND AMAZON. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.

MONGOLIA: In Search of Marco Polo and Other Adventures. By Silvio Micheli. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

THE PERU TRAVELER: A Concise History and Guide. By Selden Rodman. Meredith. $6.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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Nazi Defeat on Volga

Continued from page 43

God and country, nor even men under stress, but puppets in a mechanical game, case histories in the pathology of war. The fact that the Germans went by Central European time, hours apart from the Moscow time of the Russians, assumes a deeper meaning in the self-destroying economy of the battle. The clock and the thermometer matter more than time or the sense of touch: "The consumption of food of a temperature of less than 10° Centigrade above freezing is to be avoided." The conclusions that count are drawn by the internist, not the historian: "Instead of red and yellow bone marrow, a transparent, quaking, jelly-like substance, liver congested, heart small and brown. . . ."

The scientific detachment with which life and death at Stalingrad are recorded contrasts starkly with the reactions of the clergy and the instructions in the *Soldier's Manual for Winter Warfare* ("Troops must be given hot food and hot drinks more often in winter than in summer."). The sermons, whether invented by Kluge or actually delivered at the time, reveal the sterility of religious solace better than a satire could do. Everything from the hair that does not fall without God's will to a letter written by Bismarck to his wife is invoked to bolster the morale of the civilians at home. Nothing, Kluge makes plain, grows stale as quickly as pious sentiments in the service of war.

Kluge's own language is cold and clipped, and as precise as an IBM card. Hard-edged to the core, *The Battle* is the functional analysis of a fight that took place more than two decades ago. But Kluge has not merely dissected a historical event. By stripping Stalingrad of all emotions that winners and losers have come to attach to it, he has laid bare the ultimate absurdity of that and every other battle. He has created a document that compels our attention without tugging at our heartstrings. Like a Brecht play, *The Battle* is an exercise in the kind of alienation that drives home its point most forcefully.

THE English version by Leila Vennewitz is generally excellent and does justice even to the idiom of ministerial directives and Prussian officers' jargon. Some sections of the German original, either because of their technical nature or their experimental quality, have been left out, others reshuffled. These changes, while not without harm to the artistic integrity of the novel, were no doubt made with the reader in mind. But should not this consideration extend to telling him that he is reading a slightly abridged book, or whether the changes were approved by the author?

Confluence of Pain

An Antique Man, *by Merrill Joan Gerber (Houghton Mifflin. 278 pp. $4.95), observes the reactions of relatives to the slow death of a gentle man. Seymour Epstein's latest novel, "Caught in That Music," will be published this fall.*

By SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

TO PUT the subject as pitilessly as the author does, this novel is about death: the death of one man, a man neither ordinary nor extraordinary; lucky, perhaps, in his capacity to give love and receive it, unlucky in that he fell victim to a disease that was sure to take his life, and to take it in a way that would wring agonies from those who loved him.

In this respect, Merrill Joan Gerber is as relentless in observing the symptoms of the spirit as a doctor must be in observing the symptoms of the body. The same disease attacks each person a little differently, and then proceeds in its destructive course at a varying rate. So, too, the reaction to the knowledge of death is unique in each person who must live with that knowledge. But, in charting the course of fear and grief as accurately as she does, Miss Gerber underlines all the diversities and gives them the common denominator of art.

The story of *An Antique Man* is narrated by Janet, the older daughter of Abram Goldman, a junk dealer whose euphemistic style of life changes whatever he touches from what it was to something a little better. Therefore "junk" becomes "antique." Abram is seen by Janet as a gentle man who never failed to make the important distinction between mere "things" and the invaluable possessions of the heart. Janet herself is married, has two children of her own, and represents that exquisite posture of involvement as it stands midway between the daily demands of responsibility and the abandonments of sorrow.

When the family learns that Abram has leukemia, it is Janet who must comfort her mother, be brave for her father, attend to the needs of her own family, serve as mediator between her parents and her younger sister who has taken up

the hippie life as a defense against loneliness, and find time for her own heartsickness when she can. Perhaps it is this situation the author needed to produce such excruciating effects as this:

> An idea occurred to me; I needed to find a tool, some kind of tweezer it seemed, I must need, with which I could rescue my father out of his rotting body. It seemed so easy a solution; he was fine inside that network of ruined blood, if I could only extricate him somehow, he could go around, so to speak, in his soul.

The limitation of *An Antique Man* is that it deals with no more than it does. Janet particularly, through whose intelligence and character we come to know these circumstances, is reduced by the pressure and chill of her sorrow to the condensation of a woman. She is pure grief and a living text of her father's disease, and, while this is rendered by the author with nerve-flaying insight, it does leave out other elements in Janet's life which would surely run through the weeks and months of her ordeal. It is not that one wants more information about Janet out of mere curiosity, but rather for the sake of feeling the life that has flowed into this confluence of pain, and will flow out again.

Perhaps if the author had not made the sensibilities of her main character so vividly alive, we wouldn't be asking for more. But the fine truth about Merrill Joan Gerber's first novel is its vivid, at times almost unbearable life, and her accomplishment is not to be minimized by this or that shortcoming.

Bird Hunt

By Norman Jackson

TO the severe frost that stiffens,
He bends low:
Afraid to break cover
And hold the air under him in flight,
His shape changed to a ground creature.

He knows this season,
The click of guns, obedient dogs
Barking into anything important.
To be small and keep quiet about it
Is the unreasonable thing.

Ignorance defeats him,
Exchanging shape for shade,
The cold air picks him out,
And just being still
Becomes the bad thing.

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Indonesia

Continued from page 45

pendent state, and ran it with undeniable style. Every episode was full of excitement: Sukarno's rise to power, his near-worship by the ignorant masses, his spell-binding and inflammatory speeches—scene topping scene until the abortive coup by the Indonesian generals, the slaughter of the Communists, and, finally, the imprisonment of Sukarno, old and fat and ailing, in the summer palace that had once rung with the sound of the gamelin, whispered with the patter of bare feet on marble floors, and (or so they said) echoed with laughter every night until very, very late.

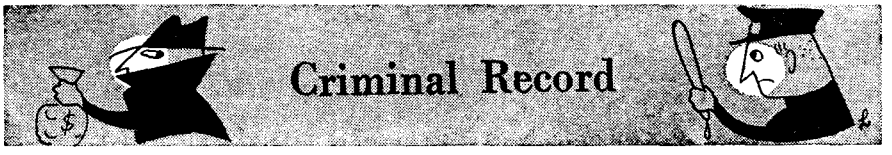
In *Indonesian Upheaval* (McKay, $5.95) John Hughes has produced a journalist's account of the generals' coup and the murders that followed. Although some of the narrative has appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor*—Hughes was awarded a Pulitzer Prize for his reports on Indonesia to that paper—a good deal of it is new, and the whole has been reorganized into book form. Much that is admirable about American journalism is apparent in Hughes's work: it is detailed, precise, and clear. It follows that the book is a useful and readable study.

At the same time, many of the defects of American journalism also show. Here and there touches of color are added that only subtract from the verisimilitude of the narrative. How did the author know, we wonder, that at a particular moment Sukarno was shrugging into his jacket? The effort to be colorful sometimes leads Hughes to use just about every adjectival enhancement and metaphoric platitude on the list: the moon was "peaceful, pale and full"; problems are "awesome"; campaigns are "nipped off" before they "blossom."

PERHAPS a more important deficiency shows itself in the last few chapters, when the author tries to evaluate everything that has happened and to look into the future, but is so careful in his judgments and so hedged in his predictions that he says nothing at all.

Still, the book makes a sound contribution to our knowledge of Indonesia. Nowhere else have the events of the latest in a series of Indonesian revolutions been chronicled so carefully. Hughes himself was close to these events: he was there when Sukarno made his first public appearance after the coup, and he visited the last hiding place of Aidit, the leader of the Indonesian Community Party. All this he gives us firsthand, and it is a help in trying to understand the meaning of developments in that confused country.

—WALTER GUZZARDI.



The Spy Who Never Was Caught. *By Ronald Seth. Hawthorn.* $4.95. His name was Julius Silber; he was German-born, and in his youth emigrated to South Africa. When the Boer War erupted in 1899 he became an interpreter and a British mail censor. Thereafter he spent several years in the U.S., and when the First World War broke out in 1914 he crossed to England by way of Canada and became a British mail censor once more, using this perfect cover to establish a highly effective espionage center (German, that is) from purely patriotic motives. There are no cloaks, no daggers in this fascinating true recital, but there is all the excitement one could ask in the chronicle of a man who was brushed by the wings of death every time he slit open a letter.

Famous Detectives: True Stories of Great Crime Detection. *By Eugene B. Block. Doubleday.* $4.95. The exploits of thirteen great public and private eyes (nine U.S., two English, one French, one Japanese; period covered is 1855-1954) are here presented in impressive array. The formula is excellent and is effectively applied: the career of each subject is summarized in considerable detail (did you know, for example, that the Director of the FBI used to sing in a Presbyterian church choir?), and the profile is followed by a close examination of one or more cases which he was instrumental in solving.

Third Girl. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. Hercule Poirot, world's greatest detective (he says so himself, and he ought to know), has trouble locating a murder that will give him a problem, but he finally makes it both ways. Welcome back!

They Came from the Sky. *By E. H. Cookridge. Crowell.* $6.95. This authentic account of the prowess and achievements of three British officers (two schoolteachers and an architect in the outside world) who parachuted into France during the German occupation is a hair-raiser of the first order. They were the survivors out of a group of more than 100. The head of their section appends a warm tribute and quotes General Eisenhower's estimate that the work of the resistance shortened the war by nine months.

The Trouble with Series Three. *By Michael Kenyon. Morrow.* $4.50. English swine nutritionist, on loan to Illinois State College, is baffled by behavior of one of his porcine charges and also by the American language; the party gets real rough, with FBI, CIA, and local cops piling in. If you miss this one you have only yourself to blame.

Deadly Honeymoon. *By Laurence Block. Macmillan.* $4.50. Twice-violated bride and her husband (they're upstate New Yorkers) explore Pennsylvania areas and much of NYC in risky search for rape-and-murder pair. Taut and exciting.

No Bones About It. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $3.95. "Pennies from heaven?" Not so—it's pounds from heaven for the Bedfordshire Brogans, and where did dear old granddad get it all? This often uproarious story has its tragic side, but take it as it comes and you'll find it grand entertainment.

A Very Quiet Place. *By Andrew Garve. Harper & Row.* $4.50. London photographer (f.), aroused by pre-dawn racket, sees gem heist in progress; grabs camera, gets pix of driver, and becomes a marked woman; the rest of this tense tale recounts plot to get her and plot to save her. Vintage Garve.

A Man in the Middle. *By M. E. Chaber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.95. Milo March, ace insurance shamus, his martini intake unimpaired, shuttles from Hong Kong to L.A. to S.F. to Vegas on mingled missions, legal and illegal, and has a high old time. So will you.

The Co-ordinator. *By Andrew York. Lippincott.* $4.50. Part One here is titled "The Bait," Part Two "The Trap," and all the reader has to do is to decide which is which as the reek of cordite pollutes the air from the Isle of Wight to Copenhagen and across the Kattegat to Stockholm. Good eating, drinking, spying.

Little Dragon from Peking. *By James Eastwood. Coward-McCann.* $4.50. Anna Zordan, half-Yank half-Magyar Western espionage op, tangles with Red China-neo-Nazi alliance in Near East and Mid-Europe and encounters more perils than Pauline ever did; all sorts and conditions of sex met up with; some sprightly comedy, but there are serious overtones.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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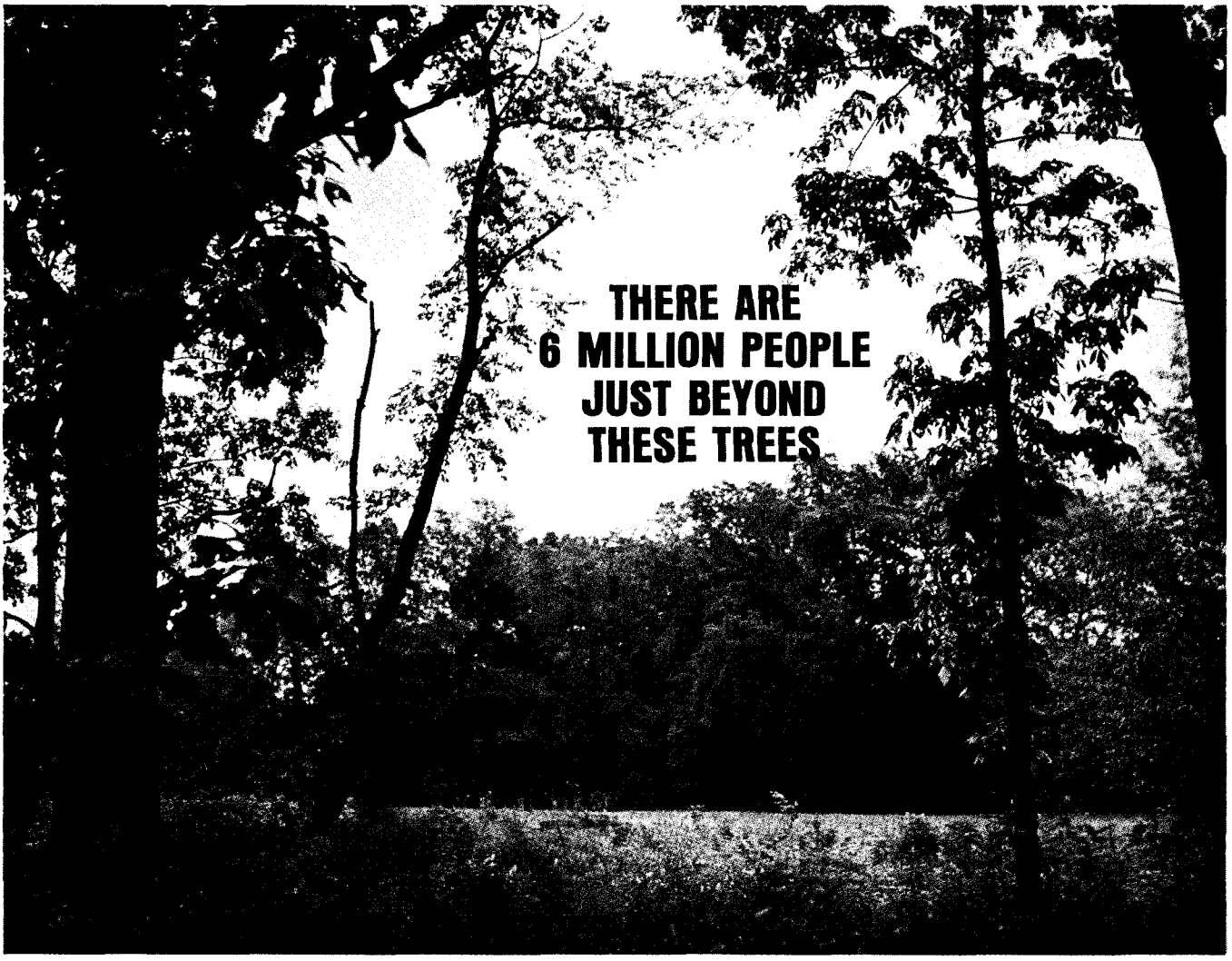
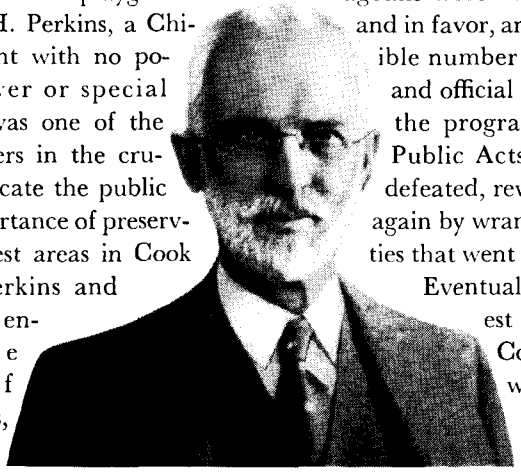


"No small-hearted city... could have established it or made the sacrifices necessary to maintain it." That's what Frank Lloyd Wright said about the vast and wonderful system of forest preserves now bordering the city of Chicago.

Sacrifices there certainly were, particularly during the frustrating years of struggle by public-spirited citizens to gain official approval for acquiring land for parks and playgrounds.

Dwight H. Perkins, a Chicago resident with no political power or special influence, was one of the prime movers in the crusade to educate the public on the importance of preserving the forest areas in Cook County. Perkins and his friends enlisted the support of newspapers, talked to officials and leading business men, printed and distributed thousands of leaflets, even conducted walking tours of the woodlands outside the city to give more people a first-hand knowledge of the natural beauty that could be preserved for themselves and future generations.


DWIGHT H. PERKINS

Although many Chicagoans were impressed and in favor, an incredible number of legal and official roadblocks thwarted the program time and again. Public Acts were passed, then defeated, rewritten and defeated again by wrangles over technicalities that went on for 20 years.

Eventually, however, the Forest Preserve District of Cook County, Illinois was firmly established. As a result, today Chicago has more wild land within easy reach of its citizens than any other large city in the U.S.—a priceless gift that frees the city dweller from his straightjacket of cement to breathe deeper and restore his spirit in the woodlands at the end of the street.

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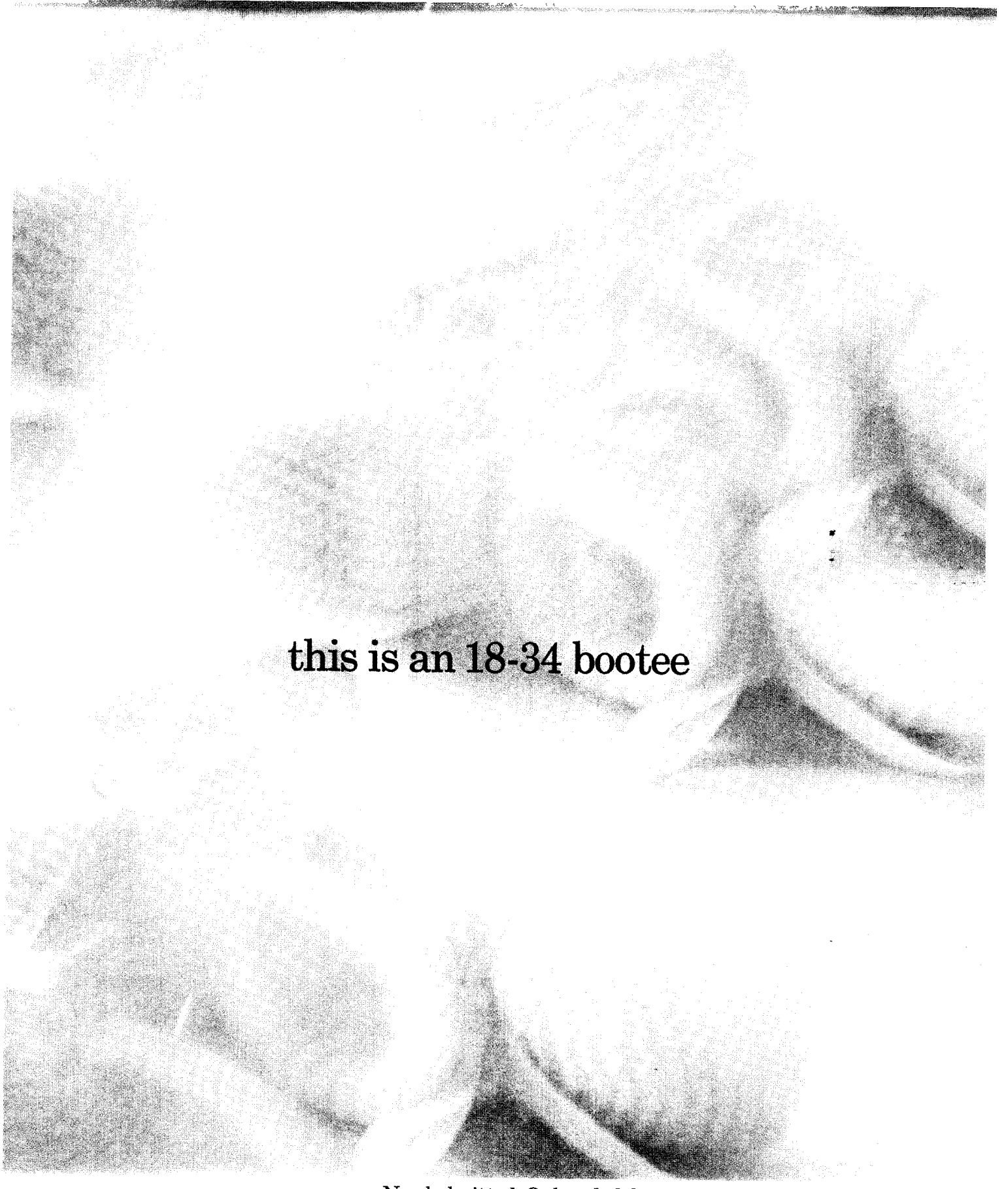

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The Mahabharata

Continued from page 24

Like the *Iliad* and most other epic poetry, the *Mahabharata* describes a far earlier period and, unlike Homer, the original compilers seriously altered and updated the original primitive material. Thus, the conflict of the two families of cousins was probably the story of the war over newly burned-off land of two small tribal groups: one, the Kauravas, early barbaric villagers; the other, the Pandavas, a pastoral and forest people like the present Bhils, Todas, Santals, and Oraon. They were not cousins; they were probably not even of the same race. Much has been made of the polyandrous relationship of the heroine, Draupadi, the wife of all the Pandava brothers, as a memory of Stone Age matriarchy. Overlying this original stratum are many others.

Next earliest was a Bronze Age civilization of battling warrior herdsmen and town dwellers who drove chariots like the heroes of the first Irish epic. In the Iron Age the ferment in North India in the sixth century B.C. was due to a revolt of the warrior class against the religion of the priests—the Brahmins—who had come to dominate the society, and whose excessive ritualism was uneconomic.

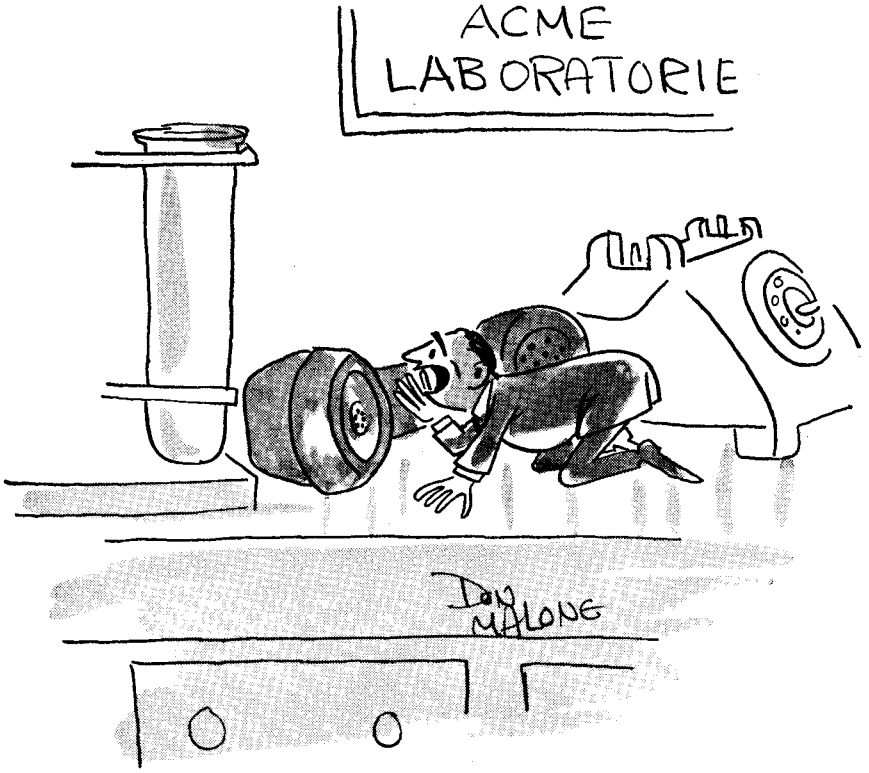
Buddhism, Jainism, and other movements of the time were comparable to the West's Reformation and were led by members of the warrior class, the Kshatriyas, of which Buddha was a member. Buddhist ideas, not only of religion but of social relations, survive everywhere, interwoven throughout the text of the *Mahabharata.* Centuries later, with the decline of Buddhism, the Brahmins were able to accomplish a counter-Reformation and establish modern Hinduism, a religious syncretism with little continuity with the ancient Vedic past. This Hinduizing movement is responsible for the present overall character of the *Mahabharata,* and for the exaggeration and proliferation that make it so difficult for Westerners to accept.

Still later revisions of the *Mahabharata* turned the entire epic into a celebration of the incarnate god Vishnu—Krishna (the combination of warrior, trickster, and medicine man of a forest tribe), today the most popular of all Indian deities. Inserted in the epic is the *Bhaghavad-Gita,* Krishna's religious teaching of the Pandava hero Arjuna on the brink of the monstrous battle which gives the rule of North India to the Pandavas. The *Gita,* however, is a separate "classic," existing in its own right. Millions of highly civilized nations, including Greeks and Chinese, take part in what originally was a fight between a few hundred barbaric tribesmen and a band of savages. Everything that could be poured into the narrative down the ages has been—no other book has so many subsidiary stories, anecdotes, and subplots. In addition, there are long passages on everything from medicine to domestic economy. Somewhere along the line someone got the idea that the epic could be expanded with technical advice on warfare and politics—so the *Mahabharata* was also reworked as an extensive treatise of advice to princes, with examples.

The reworking of the poem with every cultural change, and the Indian conservatism which cannot bear to throw anything out, result at last in the erosion of personality and human interest in the characters and their relations. The vast mass of contradictory moral ideas cancel one another out and leave only a lowest common denominator of motivation, an undramatic expediency and impassivity in the face of determinism. If all actions are separate but equal there can be no drama. Homer has the sharp dialectic conflict of Greek logic or Euclid. India has a kind of logic, but it is founded on the denial of the principle of identity. It is neither deductive nor inductive but all-enveloping—like the *Mahabharata.*

For a person with Western standards there is only one way to read the *Mahabharata*—a complete suspension of not just disbelief, but of all critical faculties. There are modern prose versions, tremendously abridged, which are easy reading. Chakravarthi B. Narasimhan's is the most recent, but it reduces the jungle of the original to a small, cultivated field. Perhaps the best idea is to read such an abridgment for the "story" and then sample a complete version at leisure, for the *Mahabharata* is as inexhaustible and as exhausting as India itself.

India had no written history until Muslim times, but the *Mahabharata* is a kind of written archeology and the reader can dig down, like Schliemann through the nine towns of Troy, encapsulated like a golden onion—down from the latest, nineteenth-century additions to Stone Age India—and find at last, in the entire stratified epic, something very like the Indian present.



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—Peter Moore.

"Why should we not combine many things in one work of art?"

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CONVERSATION WITH STOCKHAUSEN

By J. MARKS

IT IS A CIRCULAR room perched atop a hill in Sausalito, California. From the sunshine-reflecting windows one can see San Francisco Bay, the dazzling white city piled upon four hills, and a cluster of verdant islands scattered amidst the calm water. Sailboat wings catch the sunlight now and again, or a whitecap emerges from the placid bay. Karlheinz Stockhausen is standing by the window. In his circular room is a circular table heaped with graphs and diagrams, stop watch, pens, and numerous sheets covered with meticulously written mathematical signs and calculations. There is no piano in the room; nothing to intimate that it is a composer's workshop.

"Essentially I am interested in pluralism," Stockhausen mused without looking at me. "In a multiple world of sound, with individual sounds and time relations, conflict must be solved in such a way that a condition is reached in which only something homogeneous and immutable is perceived. Do you see what I mean?" He turned now to look at me with a severe expression. I was reluctant to admit that I did not understand him, but my expression gave me away. "You see," he continued, "for years we have been trying to create art all in one idiom, one style at one time. If you didn't abide by this axiom people would say 'Ah, the métier is not consistent!' But why? Why should we not combine many things in one work of art?"

"In other words," I said somewhat sheepishly, "in a work of yours like *Momente* you endeavor to mix stylistic qualities, one after the other?"

"No, not entirely. You are right, but you are also wrong. One after another, yes; but why not also at the same time? Why not a music which at one instance has operative potential on several levels?"

"Do you think," I asked, "that your interest in pluralism is somewhat responsible for the fact that you have been called a musical clown by some of your less admiring critics?"

"A CLOWN? Well, as I have said before, I must sometimes put up with being labeled a sensationalist, a composer out to create a shock, even a cabaret clown, before understanding of the purely musical range of problems of tone-color composition sets in. The extramusical activities which I sometimes draw upon have nothing to do with external purposes. They develop out of purely musical criteria, as part of that organic process which differentiates music from mathematics. I am a product of many influences; naturally I draw upon them freely and sometimes unconsciously. My music makes sense to me. I can't ever

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understand why it poses problems for others."

"You have frequently mentioned Anton Webern during our conversations. Do you feel a special indebtedness to his music?"

"Ah, that is a very important subject: Webern, yes! You see, he condensed all music into what we call the needle's eye. Now, if you see what I mean, it has passed through the eye and is expanding in terms which are consistent with that condensation. Oh yes, all music must start with Webern; there is no other choice!"

"And Stravinsky?"

"Well, he is a very great man, of course, but he has not done very much in recent years."

"And American composers? Do you feel America has created any great composers?"

"Not really. John Cage is a very inventive gentleman with great bravery. But I'm not sure what it adds up to."

"How about Charles Ives?"

"Well, you have just rediscovered him. For me he has been a great curiosity since I was a child. But as for a mainstream, no; like Kafka, he seems to be his own beginning, middle, and end."

"In the field of European music you are frequently linked with two of your close friends, Pierre Boulez and Luciano Berio."

"That is correct. After the war, Pierre and I were working on very much the same problems. But soon we went off in our own directions."

"And Berio?"

"Luciano is Italian. Pierre Boulez is French and I am German. Though I dislike making that distinction it is unavoidable. For me form is everything. New form, of course, but form nonetheless! Perhaps Berio is more concerned with the emotional side of music. I'm not entirely certain. Boulez has something I don't have. He can rework the same piece for five years, always improving upon his own ideas, always changing a note, a measure. . . . From the needle's eye we have moved eons apart."

"Perhaps we can talk for a moment about *Momente*. That work has just recently been released in the United States [Nonesuch Records, H-71157; H-1157] and has caused a greater controversy here than it did in Europe when it was premiered in 1962. You have mentioned to me that most of the text of that work is drawn from letters written by you and by friends. I also understand that the formal scheme of *Momente*—I mean the 1965 performance diagram—draws its symbols from the names of people close to you: the K in the diagram refers to Karlheinz, and so forth. Why do you withhold this information from the public?"

"What difference does it make? It does absolutely nothing to illuminate the music; and the music is the only thing I am concerned with."

"*Momente* is a very dramatic work. In view of your reputation as a modern, do you object to my reference to the Romantic character of *Momente*?"

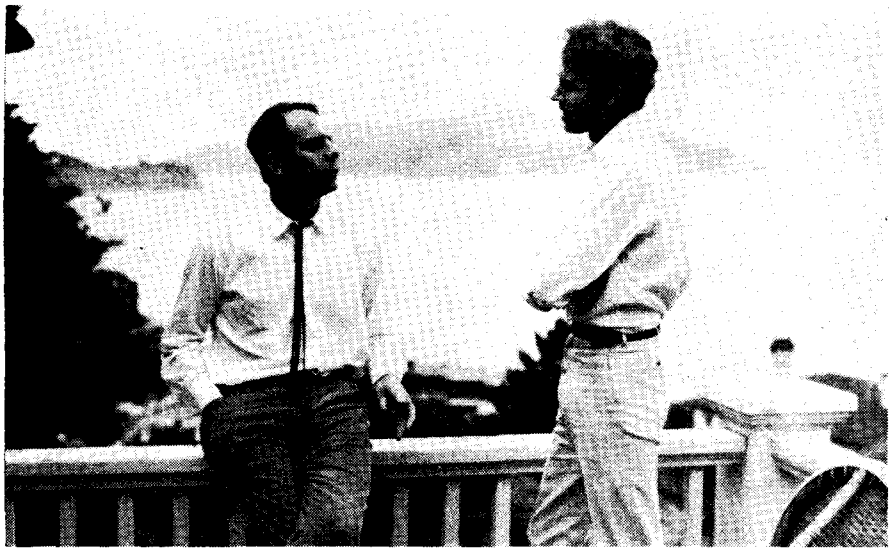
"No, no. Of course not, but that is only part of it. It is also classical and impressionistic and expressionistic—all of these things, sometimes all at one time."

"Can such music possess point of view?"

"Since all art is the product of evaluation, all art automatically expresses point of view. You said that yourself not more than two days ago."

"What would you say is the major extramusical idea behind *Momente*?"

"Look," Stockhausen exclaimed, leaning far out the window so that his hair caught in the breeze, "that sailboat just capsized! You see, you never know what is going to happen next!"



—Photo by Alan Albert.

The author (right) with Karlheinz Stockhausen at Sausalito.

The release in America of the Wergo recording of *Momente* marks the first of several Stockhausen works to be widely distributed by major recording companies. The fact that critics suspect that Stockhausen might be putting us on or might be perpetuating an intellectual gag is reasonable only because so little music by Stockhausen has been made available in the United States since Columbia Records first introduced his music on an early LP. The Stockhausen métier is not obscure; a survey of his works on Time Records and, particularly, a careful listening to his *Kontra-Punkte* for ten instruments, which recently sneaked out on a Victrola economy release (VICS 1239; VIC 1239) under the title *The New Music*, will reassure anyone that Stockhausen is, indeed, a major innovator in mid-twentieth-century music.

HIS roots in the concepts of Anton Webern are embarrassingly clear in his early works, like the *Kontra-Punkte*, which Stockhausen dislikes because it is so many steps behind his current efforts. His engrossing explorations in musical pluralism (a concept which lifts the confines of musical raw material), his disciplined development of a controlled kind of improvisation (which considers chance and musicians' creative potential without negating the composer's ultimate authority and deliberation), and his methodical capacity for strictly organizing into tangible artistic forms materials previously ignored by music or used playfully by less able composers—these qualities are just the beginning of the characteristics which mark Stockhausen's music with unquestionable importance. The forthcoming release in the United States of his complete works for solo piano (on Columbia), his *Kontakte* for tape, piano, and percussion, and his electronic composition, *Telemusik*, will provide us with a perspective hitherto lacking in our study of his work.

I had attended a performance of *Kontakte* at the San Francisco Museum of Art. That's how Stockhausen and I met. *Kontakte* is an amazing piece of music. It is composed for magnetic tape (the tape version without instruments was originally released in this country on Time Records), piano, and percussion. Now, after having studied the score for a few months, I am more intrigued than ever by *Kontakte*.

From that humble beginning at the museum, a project consisting of twelve works has evolved. At first Stockhausen and I simply talked about *Kontakte*, which I wanted to use as the basis for a dance composition. Before giving me permission to choreograph the piece, Stockhausen wanted to see my choreography. So one afternoon I set up a movie projector and dug out a couple of kinescopes of works I had created for the

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Westinghouse Broadcasting Company in San Francisco. Mary Bauermeister, the painter, Luciano Berio, the Italian composer, and Stockhausen arrived, and I projected the films for them. As a result, we are presenting Berio's *Visage* as part of our project, and Stockhausen and I decided to collaborate on a new piece which is tentatively called "X" (the title will come later).

"FOR YEARS Pierre Boulez and I have talked about a kind of musical performance in which action is an indigenous component," Stockhausen said. "We always talked about actors—Pierre and I—because musicians were not capable of the kind of action we wanted. But we never thought of dancers for some reason. Isn't that strange?" he mused, giving in to that boyish grin which frequently darts between his lips. Then, as abruptly, an expression of formality, almost an expression of disdain, came over his face.

It was the end of an eight hour session in which Stockhausen and I discussed a major collaboration. The hours had overtaken us suddenly. "My God, it's already 3 in the morning," I said.

"Well, it doesn't matter." His concentration, which had been unfaltering for the entire period, evaporated. He began to vanish—I don't know how or why. It was always like that: We would talk breathlessly and with great enthusiasm and then, quite abruptly, Stockhausen would seem to drift away into his own thoughts. That miraculous collaborative unity which had guided all of our thoughts and plans ended. I could not seem to make contact with him. Now he was separate. I had the feeling that were he to address me he would say, "Mr. Marks. . . ."

Stockhausen walked to the window; I walked to the table and glanced at the complex score of *Refrain* without really seeing it. After conversing for eight hours without pause, we had nothing to say to each other.

That night in Sausalito was one of many meetings during which Stockhausen and I had been working on a new theater piece. "How about calling it *Memesis*?" I suggested.

"No," Stockhausen muttered, "that sounds antique. This is something revolutionary. This project must have a new kind of name—something almost religious without being religious—if you know what I mean." Fortunately, I knew exactly what he meant. From the beginning of our collaborative work he and I had always known exactly what each of us meant. That was the miracle of our work. Stockhausen, after studying the ceiling for a few moments, said, "For ten years they have been calling my work 'points' and 'moments' and all kinds of things which suggest the science of immediacy. I think that's old fashioned now. Now we need something new. A really new kind of name!"

We decided to let the matter rest. More important than the name for the three programs of contemporary music and dance was the fact that we had finally decided upon a specific repertory. With this information, I could now advise our London manager that the three programs would be completed and ready for an extensive tour of European music festivals in the summer of 1968. "You take care of the details," Stockhausen always says to me. "I can't stand details." That was a perplexing comment from a man whom I had seen working on the most complex, detailed charts and novel forms of musical notions, hour after hour and day after day. "All right," I said, "but I'll have to have some information from you from time to time. We have an offer for two weeks in Amsterdam; can you be there?"

"Amsterdam . . . oh, I have too much work. I have to work. I can't go running all over the world. I have to finish that commission for the New York Philharmonic, and I have to. . . ." Then he broke off and laughed, but no sooner had I joined his merriment than he switched back to that ponderous intellectual expression and cut me off without a word.

Knowing Karlheinz Stockhausen as a partner, I find it amusing to read the many articles which are published about him. Theodore Strongin, in *The New York Times* last April 23, commented: "Stockhausen gives a long mathematical analysis of the piece [*Momente*] on the record jacket. . . . The difficulty comes in translating the analysis of the ululations, howls, and tapping to the music itself. After a few hours of trying (without a score), the thought drifts across one's mind that the analytical language could just possibly be a hideous joke on the composer's part."

Eric Salzman, in a review of *Momente* in *HiFi/Stereo Review* in August, states: "Music to be amused, outraged, and turned-on by. . . . Is it a gag? I don't think so. Quite the contrary. This is all dead serious to the composer (if anything, almost too much so), and we ought, I think, to take it dead seriously. What emerges will outrage many, turn others on, and maybe only amuse the rest. These reactions are all partly legitimate and partly irrelevant. Stockhausen is, in fact, a kind of cockeyed idealist who believes that anything is possible, and that the act of turning the whole world into Karlheinz Stockhausen is itself an artistic and spiritual experience."

"X" is a choreographer's dream. It is a theaterpiece in which the dancers' movements create sounds which are picked up by contact microphones. These sounds are then filtered and electronically altered at each performance so that the music for the dance is created by the dancers themselves. Stockhausen and I have spent many hours preparing this new work, which was commissioned from Stockhausen by the Bremen Radio in Germany (oddly enough, the premiere performance will be a *radio* presentation—a strange situation for a dance company to find itself). A central problem was finding a unifying element for the dance and music in "X." We talked about the possibilities of using a flashing metronome which would direct the tempi of the dancers on stage, but that proved unsatisfactory—the dancers would have to watch it constantly and would be limited in their movements. We talked about having the dancers "conducted" just as musicians are conducted, but that also destroyed the free movement of the dance. Finally we hit upon the idea of creating a basic electronic tape which would provide the major musical cues.

The dance will be performed in an environment of selective "junk" capable of specific kinds of sounds: egg shells, foil, piano strings strung between 2 x 4s, rubber tubing, etc. The dancers will move across surfaces which create sound; they will use their arms and legs like bows to produce sound on the piano strings and on other materials. The action of the dance will be determined by the musical necessities of the score. Stockhausen and I hope, with "X," to create a work in which *dance is made audible.*

At our last conference in San Francisco we forgot all about our project and, instead, discussed what kind of costume Stockhausen would wear to his farewell party. "Now we have discussed everything," he said to me. "Now you must go off in your corner with your dancers and try to forget everything we have said. Otherwise, you won't be able to create anything worthwhile. I will do the same at my desk with my music paper. If our discussions have meant anything, it will stick; otherwise it is not worth thinking about."

For six months Stockhausen and I have been linked only by blue and white stationery which infrequently passes over the Atlantic. In mid-March we will rejoin our troupes in Cologne, where we will spend six final weeks rehearsing, changing, perfecting, and, no doubt, arguing more than a little.

The last I saw of Karlheinz Stockhausen was at a wild costume party on a houseboat in Sausalito, where his friends and students had gathered to wish him farewell. He was in a gray kimono, looking very austere and very stoical, even in the midst of a howling rock 'n' roll session. He smiled at me when I was saying my good-byes. "What do you think of that music?" he asked. "It really blows my mind!" he exclaimed in his all-too-perfect English.

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The Garland Phenomenon

—*Photo by Charles Stewart.*
Judy Garland—"she still gets across."

THE JUDY GARLAND phenomenon was born and initially nourished in *The Wizard of Oz,* an MGM musical fantasy released in 1939. As Dorothy, the wide-eyed innocent, Miss Garland touched audiences deeply. She was good and believing, wholesome and vulnerable, determined and cheerful—a fulfillment of the Girl Scout oath.

Once the studio realized the impact the girl had made, the die was cast. Her image became fixed. Until the conclusion of her MGM affiliation in 1950, she played paragons of virtue. Graciously childlike, always seeking to please, she smiled bravely in the face of adversity, cried glycerin tears, or bubbled over with candy-cane happiness. Lavish, beautifully mounted musicals were her medium. Through a series of them, all structured to make audiences forget daily cares and sing and pretend along with the cast, Miss Garland sang vibrantly or with built-in sadness. She was a plastic figure who could sing about *real* emotions.

Only in *The Clock,* in which she played opposite Robert Walker and didn't sing, was there a sense of reality. Portraying a girl in love with a soldier in the midst of war, Miss Garland came through as flesh and blood, as she used some of her previously untapped talents as an actress in the portrayal of a *person* in a *life* situation. It was not until *A Star is Born,* in 1954, that she again was seen in full dimension.

Older Garland fans have fed on the image created for them on celluloid. Even after the singer-actress had grown into an attractive adult, they continued to think of her as an appealing youngster. Within the figure of a woman was Dorothy, reaching out to them. Their parental concern increased with the years, particularly in times of stress, difficulty, and private disaster for their star.

The devotion of these Garland fans is not entirely a matter of nostalgia or fascination with the roller-coaster aspect of her life. The Garland talent for communication enters into it. Her hungry, enormous eyes, winning voice, and ability to make her point both as a singer and actress are undeniable. One recalls that regardless of a Garland picture's distinction or lack of it, she demanded and held an audience's attention.

Young people, who did not grow up with the MGM Garland, also have an uncommon rapport with her. Their basis for it seems far healthier and in tune with the truths of life. They find in her live and recorded performances an honesty, a sense of fallibility, humanity, and loss very much at odds with her "Goody Two-Shoes" film image. They accept the lady for what she really is—*a person,* with her own unique set of problems. They sense her need for communion and a stabilizing hand, and a dialogue has been established.

Judy Garland is one thing to the older generation, another to the young. To both she represents an extension of themselves. In the United States or abroad, her fans present a united front. A Garland theater or concert engagement brings them out in force. For the "objective" observer, their ritual devotion is almost embarrassing in its intensity. They throw flowers, clap enthusiastically—seemingly on cue—laugh loudly, cry boldly, try to touch her.

The love is mutual. Garland *needs* them. She makes declarations of affection to her audience at crucial times during every performance. She draws people to her, gripping them tightly, as a frightened little girl would her mother's skirt in a tense situation. By the close of a Garland evening, feeling has built to crescendo force. In the final confrontation between Garland and audience, the dam bursts and a surge of affection engulfs the artist.

That Judy Garland is an entertainer has become secondary to the "event." Because of the fanatical response to a Garland performance, one can easily be swept along by the momentum basic to the situation. It is a temptation to ignore the performance and become immersed in the atmosphere. You must remove yourself from the center of the storm to sort things out. A recording allows this isolation.

This past August, Miss Garland, again on the comeback trail, played an enormously successful month's engagement with her two children at the Palace Theater on Broadway. A "live" ABC recording was one of the by-products of the stand. Titled *Judy Garland at Home at the Palace—Opening Night (ABCS-620),* it contains many of her big songs vividly arranged and well-played by a large orchestra directed by Bobby Cole. Most important, it reveals Garland as she is today.

Immediately apparent is one fact: the Garland voice is unstable. A tightrope walker in the voice's lower register, she must tread lightly in this area for fear of falling out of tune. Often her famed vibrato moves out of control. Where once there was smoothness, now there is strain. Fortunately, her middle-register work is a bit more stable and the big, belting notes are met head on and realized.

Garland has turned into an off-again, on-again singer who uses every device at her command to give a song interpretative strength. More often than not, she makes it. But some of her efforts in the album, particularly Schwartz and Dietz's "That's Entertainment," are shattering failures. These are the realities, above and beyond the clamor of testimony to her continuing popularity.

As you repeatedly listen to this album, however, a strange thing happens: the ragged voice and forgotten lyrics become progressively less important. For all the technical insufficiencies of the performances, she still gets across. Like an aging fast-ball pitcher, Judy Garland makes her experience and know-how pay. One has only to turn to her affecting reading of Cole Porter's comment on the chance aspect of life and love, "I Loved Him, But He Didn't Love Me," to realize her strength.

Hard, cold evaluation of a fading voice is easy. To go below the top layer of a performance is another matter. The sharpness and excitement of youth may be gone from Miss Garland's efforts, but the intrinsic spark remains. If you involve yourself with her for a little while, you *really* hear her and discover the artistic justification for the continuing phenomenon. —BURT KORALL.

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A New Handel "Hercules"

HANDEL and his librettist of 1744, the Reverend Thomas Broughton, might better have given the title *Dejanira* to the musical drama that was called *Hercules* when it was sung for the first time at the King's Theatre, London, on January 5, 1745. For the hero's jealous, destructive wife is the dominating central character of the drama; Hercules appears only twice, only once to more than passing effect. And *Hercules* is, in everything but official classification, an opera.

Based upon a stage play (Sophocles's *The Women of Trachis*), as altered with suggestions borrowed from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, it is theatrical in the best sense in almost every feature. In fact, it strongly suggests an ancestral relationship to Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*. *Hercules* is falsified when it is approached as anything but what Handel very carefully called it: "a new Musical Drama." Winton Dean, who knows more about Handel's oratorios and operas than any other man alive, rightly wrote: "*Semele* and *Hercules* are the greatest full-length musical dramas in the English language."

The new RCA Victor recording (stereo, LSC 6181; mono, LM 6181; $17.39) of *Hercules* is substantially complete, and no sensible complaint can be made against the deletion of a very few dull numbers, particularly near the end. Its excellence is so general as to make its few large flaws infuriating. Brian Priestman conducts superbly. In addition to the Vienna Radio Orchestra and Vienna Academy Chorus, with Martin Isepp as the blessedly audible harpsichordist, Mr. Priestman has these leading soloists: Louis Quilico (Hercules), Maureen Forrester (Dejanira). Teresa Stich-Randall (Iole), Alexander Young (Hyllus), and Norma Lerer (Lichas). In every scholarly detail that could add to both stylistic authenticity and allure (including the ornamentation) it is exemplary. No dampening churchiness enters in; characters and their stresses and emotions are excitingly illuminated by proper performance of the music. And what good Baroque theater *Hercules* would be if staged with proper taste! As Mr. Dean wrote, "This great dramatic masterpiece should be in the repertory of half the opera houses of Europe"—and, one wants to add, in at least one of them in New York, which has seen a fine production of Handel's *Julius Caesar* by the New York City Opera Company.

Legitimate stars of this performance are Priestman, Miss Forrester, and Miss Stich-Randall. I do not recall many passages of Handelian singing as exactly right as Miss Forrester's presentations of Dejanira's "Resign thy club and lion's spoils" and her mad scene, "See the dreadful sisters rise!" Particularly in the latter ("The whole range of dramatic music contains no more terrifying picture of mental derangement," to quote Mr. Dean again), she is magnificent. Miss Stich-Randall, whose voice sounds less electronic than it often did earlier, gives equal conviction to the more placid Princess Iole. Mr. Young, assigned the thinly developed role of Hyllus, is his constantly admirable self. Had the other soloists been on their level, or even near it, this *Hercules* might have been one of the great recordings.

Unhappily, three of the other soloists —Mr. Quilico, Miss Lerer, and Baruch Grabowski in the minor role of the Priest of Jupiter—either do not sing English clearly or sing it with a disaffecting accent. Indeed, Miss Lerer sounds like a German who learned English only recently (were she and Mr. Grabowski recruited in Vienna because this "recording of The Handel Society of New York" was taped in that city?). Most damagingly, the very first lines heard belong to Miss Lerer as Lichas, and what she contributes in unidiomatic English enunciation and pronunciation and accent casts a pall over what follows.

Nonetheless, this recording is in many ways treasurable. It includes, superbly performed, two of Handel's greatest arias—Iole's "My father" and Dejanira's "See the dreadful sisters"—and one of his tremendous choruses, "Jealousy, infernal pest!" If only the recording authority had been unwilling to settle for some passages of remarkable English sung in a way unworthy of their remarkable setting by Handel, one would rank this *Hercules* with Oiseau-Lyre's *Semele* and *Sosarme*, among the finest available demonstrations of Handel's greatness as a musical dramatist. The prevailingly admirable brochure supplied with the records is handsomely illustrated and contains both an excellent brief essay on *Hercules* by Winton Dean and the text as sung. Unhappily, it does not specify the version sung or the instrumental forces employed—data that are always important and, in the case of a large Handel work, absolutely essential.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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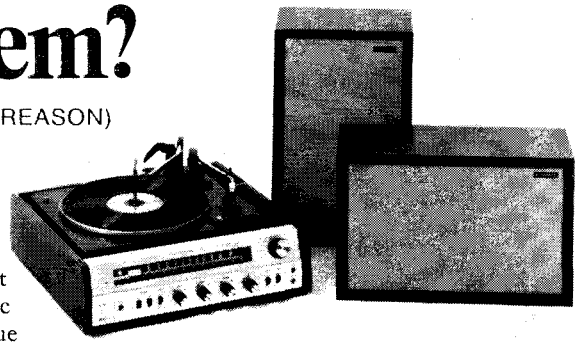

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Recordings in Review

Alicia de Larrocha—"among the elect of the instrument."

The Art of Granados

GRANADOS: *Goyescas (Parts I and II), Escenas Romanticas, and El Pelele. Alicia de Larrocha, piano.* Epic stereo, B2C 165; mono, L2C 6065; $11.59.

ADMIRERS of the music of Enrique Granados have not one but two things to be grateful for in 1967. One is the opportunity to honor the 100th anniversary of his birth (July 27, 1867) and the abundance of beautiful music he wrote before becoming a wasteful victim of World War I at less than fifty (the ship on which he was traveling from England to France was torpedoed). The other is the perpetuation of his art through so capable a representative as Mme. de Larrocha.

It is among the basic facts of de Larrocha's career that she received her indoctrination in Granados from the legendary Frank Marshall, a close associate of the master himself. But that alone would hardly distinguish her from many others who studied with Marshall. It is to de Larrocha's credit that she has added to her specialized feeling for Spanish music the general abilities as a pianist to make whatever she plays a joy to hear. In the ten years since she first recorded much the same repertory (for Decca), de Larrocha has added to her other musical qualities the range of colors and sonorities to give her an enviable place among the elect of the instrument.

The best evidence of this is to be found not in the *Goyescas*, beautifully as they are played, but rather in the *Escenas Romanticas* ("Romantic Scenes") which affiliate Granados with such composers for the instrument as Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt. They remain inimitably his own but also show, in their avoidance of specifically Spanish rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic formulations, that his culture was broadly based, anything but nationalistically restricted. De Larrocha's response is similarly inclusive, suggesting that she, too, has a range of sympathies broader than that so far recognized in her role as a "specialist." Not only the reproduced sound of the piano but also the way in which it has been framed in the background space are beautifully complementary to her interpretative objectives.

Ferras and Nigg

CONSTANT, MARIUS: *Preludes for Orchestra. Charles Bruck conducting the Orchestre Philharmonique de l'O.R.T. F.* NIGG, SERGE: *Concerto. Christian Ferras, violin, with Bruck conducting.* Heliodor, stereo, HS 25058; mono, H 25058; $2.49.

THE ORDER of arrangement above conforms to the listing on the record sleeve, and its assignment of A and B sides. How these values are arrived at is sometimes mysterious to understand. So far as I can determine, Constant has no more claim to the listener's anticipation than Nigg. Add Ferras to Nigg, and the contrary would seem to be the case, sound unheard.

The two works, when heard, bear out such an ordering of priorities. Serge Nigg is a composer of Parisian birth, now in his mid-forties, whose career has pursued an increasingly familiar pattern. That, to give it a musical conformation, might be described as ABA, in which A is a general conditioning, B is a deviation to the serial method of Schoenberg (as administered by René Leibowitz), and A is a return to less restricted ways of expression.

The present work does not tell the full story of Nigg, for it dates from 1957. It thus leaves unaccounted a variety of works (itemized in the annotation on the record sleeve) he has produced in the last decade. But it does arouse a desire to hear more of his output. That is not only because it shows complete assurance in its free way of handling musical materials, but even more because of the character and quality of the ideas themselves. They are prevailingly lyric

Christian Ferras—"ideally suited to . . . [him]."

and expansive, extroverted and expressive, ideally suited to the particular kind of violinistic resources possessed by Ferras (to whom the work is dedicated). It would seem to be another instance of a growing tendency among composers not otherwise affiliated by nationality or style to find a useful weapon in the serial side of Schoenberg's double-edged sword while rejecting the twelve-tone method itself. Ferras endows the surface as well as the substance of the work with beauty of sound and warmth of emotion.

The Preludes of Constant (dedicated to Leonard Bernstein, who gave the first performance with the French Radio Orchestra in 1958) are tonal abstractions. The numerical total of twenty-four may suggest some relationship to the cycle of major and minor keys, both of which are equally absent; or perhaps to twice the dodecaphonic row, which is also nonapplicable. Rather, the "Twenty-Four" is arrived at by three series of eight segments: the first titled "The Elements," the second "The Mutations," and the third "The Compounds." Lacking either a score or sufficient opportunity now for repeated hearings, judgment on the validity of the scheme would have to be deferred. What I hear is orchestrally artful but lacking in musical distinction or individuality of outline.

Boulez on Eloy, Pousseur (Also Schoenberg)

SCHOENBERG: *Verklärte Nacht.* ELOY: *Equivalences.* POUSSEUR: *Madrigal III. Pierre Boulez conducting the Domaine Musical Ensemble.* Everest stereo, 3170; mono, 6170, $4.98.

POSSIBLY without intending it that way, Pierre Boulez has evolved a

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reputation as a conductor which transcends the consideration of whose work he is conducting. If this sounds suspiciously akin to the kind of reputation that belongs, for example, to Herbert von Karajan, so be it. The difference between Boulez's kind of virtuosity and von Karajan's is simple: Boulez's effect, whether concerned with such composers as Stravinsky, Handel, or in this instance, Schoenberg, Eloy, and Pousseur, casts illumination on the music rather than on himself.

In stylistic terms, the gap between the works on this record is as wide as those on some separate recordings with which Boulez has been previously identified: Stravinsky's *Le Sacre*, say, and the *Water Music* of Handel. It is rather surprising, in view of the broad span of symphonies previously credited to him, to find that Boulez is better disposed this time to the works of today (Eloy and Pousseur) than to the one of the day before yesterday (Schoenberg).

This has nothing to do with musical intent, which is applied with as much concentration and purpose to one as to the other. The ear of Boulez is as penetrating to musical essence as that of any conductor now active, and of a comprehension shared by very few. It is, however, surprising to discover (from the annotation) that *Verklärte Nacht* is performed in the original version for "string sextet." This hardly calls for the participation of a conductor at all, and the order of sonorities that emerge strike me as rather inflated. This could be the result of electronic enhancement (echo chambers, etc.), but Boulez must bear responsibility for the overstress on the emotionalism in the music as well as earning credit for the clarity and precision of the playing. My impression is that the idiom is not really very close to him; hence, a tendency to overstress in order not to understate.

In the *Equivalences* of Jean-Claude Eloy (born at Rouen in 1938) and the *Madrigal III* of Henri Pousseur (a native of Malmedy, Belgium, now approaching forty), Boulez is dealing primarily with problems of clarity and precision, to the exclusion of anything conventionally conceived of as "emotionalism." The results in both instances are of a quality that composers may dream about but rarely enjoy. In both cases the sound values relate more to the example of Webern than to any other predecessor. In neither case do I hear the kind of esthetic discipline described in the annotations of Eloy. The fault, I would conclude, is either with the composers or with me, but not with Boulez. Eloy's work is scored for six percussionists, three groups of winds, and piano-celesta with harp; Pousseur's for clarinet, violin, cello, two percussion instruments, and piano.

—IRVING KOLODIN

A New Flight for "La Rondine"

PUCCINI: *La Rondine. Anna Moffo, Daniele Barioni, Mario Sereni, Graziella Sciutti, and Piero De Palma; with Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus.* RCA Victor stereo, LSC 7048; mono, LM 7048; $11.59.

AMONG the memorabilia of Puccini's career preserved in his long-time residence at Torre del Lago (which is now maintained as a museum) is an inscribed photo of Franz Lehár which occupies a place of honor on the piano rack. Why Puccini treasured it is rather more understandable after rehearing *La Rondine* after a passage of years. It is a work undertaken at the instigation of two impresarios in Vienna during the time when Lehár reigned supreme there; and it represents Puccini's effort to match the achievement of one he held in high regard.

Why *Rondine* never quite achieved the stage success Puccini craved for it (if only to show that his judgment in investing a sizable period of time in its composition was not faulty) is not too difficult to assess from this new, carefully made version. It is not that Puccini failed himself by imitating Lehár; it is, rather, that he could not get away from imitating himself. The charm of "Doretta's Song" and the lovely duet between Lisette and Prunière (both in Act I), the kind of melody which he invented for Magda and Ruggero's "È il mio sogno che s'avvera" in Act II, and the long love scene in Act III qualify for the accolade of *Zückerl* ("sweetmeat") which Lehár applied to his own best inspirations. They are so good, so apt for the purpose with which Puccini began that one can only regret that, rather than showing us tears through laughter, as an operetta should, *La Rondine* eventually becomes all tears. This comes about when Magda, former mistress of Rambaldo, gives up her true love, Ruggero, because his parents expect him to choose a wife who is "*buona, mite, pura*"—or, as William Weaver's admirable translation has it, "good, meek, pure." This is a test that many others in addition to Magda would fail, though she is closer, perhaps, to not qualifying on all three counts than most girls Ruggero might have chosen.

In pointing the way toward the eventual downbeat ending, however, Puccini not only demonstrates a preference to be found also in *Manon Lescaut, Bohème, Butterfly,* and *Tosca,* but one which caused him to revert again and again to the ways of doing things (in some instances, the same rhythmic patterns) that had served him so well previously. Thus, as a totality for the theater, *La Rondine* has some built-in cross purposes which have restricted its performances in theaters the world over where Puccini is, otherwise, a best seller. (The Metropolitan, for example, has not ventured it since the mid-Thirties.)

As the only preceding version is the monaural one with Eva de Luca and Giacinto Prandelli (originally on the Entree label and now listed in Schwann as Harmony H2L 502), it was an applaudable undertaking for RCA Victor to give *La Rondine* all the benefits of contemporary sound to see if "The Swallow"

(*Continued on page* 73)

Puccini in his studio at Torre del Lago.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Rudolf Serkin, piano; with George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 6967; mono, ML 6367; $5.79.	Collaborations of Serkin and Szell have always resulted in something special, phonographically, and this one the more so for being their first recording together of the Brahms B-flat. Their identity of viewpoint is no accident, for both studied with the same piano teacher in Vienna, Richard Robert. To be sure, that is no guarantee of what might happen years later, but it is clear from the start that Szell and Serkin hear ear to ear on this work. That takes in all its varied values, orchestral as well as pianistic, structural as well as emotional. It is a performance on big lines, hard-hitting when vigor is in order, but no less relaxed and confiding when such values are in order. Serkin does not have the glib kind of technique that enables some to skim through difficulties, but the rewards to the listener are all the greater for being hard won. The player of the solo cello in the Andante deserves a credit which he does not receive. Excellent reproduction.
Handel-Beecham: *Love in Bath.* Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic; with Ilse Hollweg, soprano. Seraphim stereo, S 60039; mono, 60039; $2.49.	Some may say that the order of the credits above is inverse to the balance in the partnership, that there is more Beecham than Handel. The basics are Handel's, however, no matter the extent to which they are "realized" by Beecham. Actually, that extends to even more than his orchestration, for it is difficult to imagine another conductor making as much of the printed material as the late Sir Thomas did with his own orchestra. The record shows the Royal Philharmonic at its peak of quality, with a distinctive string sound, a malleable brass and reed group, and well-disciplined percussion. They "go along" with him in all his frisky phrasings, as if the unexpected were lurking around every page turn (which, often enough, it was). The Angel sound stands up well in its new "budget" form.
Mozart: Divertimento No. 15 in B flat (K. 287); Sinfonia (Divertimento) in D (K. 136). Yehudi Menuhin, violin; with the Bath Festival Orchestra. Angel stereo, S 36429; mono, 36429; $5.79.	It is surprising to find a musician whose identity with the violin concerti of Mozart dates back so long identified with these rather lumpy, more often than not heavy-handed, performances of his intimate literature. For my taste, the group utilized is too large (especially for the K. 287). Perhaps it could be handled successfully by a conductor with more resource than Menuhin has so far attained in this phase of music. There are, of course, recurrent instances of the vitality and affection that Menuhin brings to whatever he performs, but sometimes the vitality is misplaced, the affection overstated. On the whole, the performance of the early K. 136 is more listenable than its disc-mate, for it is a simpler, less sophisticated piece and thus does not challenge Menuhin's stylistic sense for Mozart to the extent that the great B-flat Divertimento does. The recorded sound is consistently good.
Prokofiev: *Alexander Nevsky.* Yevgeny Svetlanov conducting the U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra, the RSFSR Chorus, and Larissa Avdeyeva. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40010, $5.79; mono, R 40010, $4.79.	The use of a Russian text unquestionably adds something of authenticity to this performance, which puts it in the category of the Schippers version (on Columbia) and the Ancerl (on Artia) as well as being technically ahead of the Samosud (Monitor), which also is performed in Russian by Russians. Avdeyeva's voice is hardly in the class of Chookasian's, the soloist with Schippers, but she sings her lament ("The Field of the Dead") eloquently. Taking all values together—choral and instrumental as well as technical—this version holds its own with any now available. Musically, it is a mixture of good and not so good Prokofiev, the latter also taking in some of the chanted matter of Latin texts which is more striking than durable. At bottom, Prokofiev is more communicative when expressing his own sentiments rather than those of the state.
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 1. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 6986; mono, ML 6386; $5.79.	The First Symphony (which was reconstructed from the orchestral parts found in the Leningrad Conservatory in 1945) shares many shortcomings of the popular Second Symphony—abrupt transitions, more than welcome repetitions of some ideas, an inability of Rachmaninoff to state tersely, or even succinctly, what is on his mind. What it does not share is the melodic abundance, the gush of sentiment welling up into emotion which gives the Second Symphony its hold on the affections of many music lovers. It thus falls into the mid-category of works which point a way rather than arrive at a destination. At the same time, it is sufficiently representative of the composer (at twenty-four) to merit a better fate than the destruction of the manuscript (to which Rachmaninoff sentenced it some years later). Ormandy gives it everything within his command and that of the superb orchestra: but it remains a work of flaws and detours rather than a solidly rewarding experience. Excellent reproduction.
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 10. U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Yevgeny Svetlanov. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40025, $5.79; mono, R 40025, $4.79.	If it is possible for a work to remain unclarified a dozen years after its completion and first performances, then Shostakovich's Tenth is that work. The lack of clarity has nothing to do with musical content, style, or substance, all of which are readily understandable; nor does it have to do with its formal divisions. It is, rather, the juxtaposition of movements which do not—to my way of thinking, in any case—hang together as a sequence. The opening movement, portentous and serious, is followed by a fast one in Shostakovich's most vulgar, commonplace vein; the reflections which open the fourth are succeeded by another instance of trivia whipped to an unfine froth. According to the unsigned annotation, "Soviet critics, for the most part, agree that the Tenth is clearly an expression of tragic character with no quiet passages. . . ." The performance directed by Svetlanov is crisply efficient; the recording is excellent.
Sibelius: Concerto. Prokofiev: Concerto No. 2 in G minor. Itzhak Perlman, violin; with the Boston Symphony conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2962; mono, LM 2962; $5.79.	It would be difficult to measure the marginal differences between Itzhak Perlman's tone, technic, or facility and those of other excellent violinists of his generation. There is no difficulty at all, however, in identifying the quality that makes him outstanding. That is the conviction he conveys with every note, the absorption with and absolute belief in what he is doing. It is the kind of intense identification with the instrument that made Elman, Huberman, and other bygone violinists symbols of a genre, rather than merely outstanding individual performers. In the repertory with which he is concerned here, Perlman is at his best in the Sibelius. He plays the Prokofiev idiomatically and well, but the long lines and flowing phrases of the Sibelius permit him to show a sound both vibrant and pure. Leinsdorf and the orchestra are partners as well as participants in the results. —Irving Kolodin.

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BIG BANDS AND MILES

I DON'T think the big bands are coming back. Their work was largely done by the early 1940s. By then, they had spread the word and popularized a musical idiom pretty thoroughly, and there was little left for them to do but repeat themselves. Those that survive either had something special to say in the first place, and still do (Ellington); or they have something to add in the second place (Basie, Herman, Hampton); or they repeat themselves so well that it would probably be difficult to do without them (Goodman).

But to say that the big bands aren't coming back is not to say that there isn't room for more big bands than we've got, and the past couple of years have seen the formation of a number of large jazz ensembles which have been getting along reasonably well and may well find permanent success, or at least be able to stick it out.

One of the most successful is led by drummer Buddy Rich, and its second LP, called *Big Swing Face* (Pacific Jazz stereo, ST-20117; mono, PJ-10117), has appeared. Rich's ensemble is young, spirited, and by now highly polished. He has good players, obviously, but his soloists by and large offer the clichés of a few years back. The arrangements are professional but they tend to be somewhat formless, and they are also given to the clichés of a few years back. The band attempts to come to terms with a few rock 'n' roll devices; the idea is all right in itself but some of the figures, like those on "The Beat Goes On" or "Wack Wack" or "Norwegian Wood," get pretty monotonous when they are ground out for four minutes by an ensemble of sixteen pieces.

Always and everywhere, there is the presence of Buddy Rich. Rich is one of the most technically well-equipped drummers in jazz. His style has expanded over the years, but of course he still "thinks" rhythmically in the manner of the late 1930s. Rich also has an enthusiastic capacity to play *with* an ensemble that is a wonder to hear, and that capacity is much in evidence on the best score on the LP, Pete Meyer's arrangement of "Love for Sale."

It is my own feeling, however, that Buddy Rich has a sizable incapacity to *let* the music happen—that he is always trying to make something happen—and sometimes he seems unaware that something already is happening. On the one hand, he is like a would-be Edward G. Robinson coercively trying to boss the mob. On the other, he is like an anxious dowager who is giving a successful party but doesn't know it, and who moves restlessly about with a fixed smile, chattering away, breaking up perfectly agreeable conversations to introduce guests to other guests they really don't need to meet, and interrupting raconteurs with a forced laugh before they have got to the point.

The young trumpeter Don Ellis is the leader of a large jazz ensemble which has received much favorable press, particularly since its appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1966. Frankly, I had grave misgivings about a band which proclaims itself in the avant-garde, which features such gimmicks as electronically augmented instruments, which has three bass players and five drummers, and which was given to time-signatures like 7/4, or 7/8 plus 9/8, or, as the heady title of the ensemble's new LP has it, *Live in three and two-thirds over four Time* (Pacific Jazz stereo, ST-20123; mono, PJ-10123). I was expecting a kind of pretentious, Kentonesque posturing on the one hand, and Brubeckian stiltedness on the other. But this ensemble performs with a relaxed and frequently winning sense of fun and an unpretentious feeling of adventure as well. The arrangements had a gratifying overall sense of form. And the young soloists are very good. True, some of the tricky rhythms are carried by the percussion while the soloists skate gracefully over them using a more conventional jazz accentuation. And also true, Ellis, an excellent brass player, is basically a Gillespie-inspired musician, which is to say that his accents fall pretty much in the manner of the mid-1940s. So I do not think the music is quite so avant-garde as it may seem.

Johnny Come Lately (RCA Victor, LPV-541, mono only) is a collection of sixteen titles from 1942-45 by the master, Duke Ellington. There are some relatively ephemeral vocals and novelties included, like "Hayfoot, Strawfoot," or "A Slip of the Lip Can Sink a Ship." But there is also, for example, "Sherman Shuffle"—a very good Ellington instrumental—and there is an arrangement of "Caravan" which in my opinion quite surpasses the original reading of that piece.

The album is not intended as a memorial to composer-arranger Billy Strayhorn, having been put together before Strayhorn's recent death, but in a perhaps significant way it might serve as one. Strayhorn came to Ellington as a writer of quasi-sophisticated songs, pieces like "Something to Live For," "Lush Life," and "I Don't Mind," which is included here. Ellington encouraged him to write instrumental works like the fine title-piece, "Johnny Come Lately." In such pieces Strayhorn discovered a strength which, I am sure, will long outlast the adolescent ballads.

—*Columbia Records.*

Miles Davis—"an exceptional recital."

FINALLY, let me give a somewhat belated notice to the Miles Davis LP, *Miles Smiles* (Columbia stereo, CS 9401; mono, CL 2601). The album is directly in the tradition of the "experimental" Davis recordings, the tradition established by *Kind of Blue* (stereo, CS 8163; mono, CL 1355) in 1959—an album whose implications jazz musicians are still exploring—and continued by *E.S.P.* (stereo, CS 9150; mono, CL 2350) of 1965—an album which seemed to me much less successful. *Miles Smiles* is an exceptional recital, Davis's best album in some time, and clear evidence of his continuing dedication as an improvising musician. I was particularly taken by Davis's solo on his own ballad, "Circle," and by the way he re-employs some of his favorite phrases on the Jimmy Heath piece "Gingerbread Boy." Davis's saxophonist Wayne Shorter, both a writer and player, contributes some of his best work so far. Pianist Herbie Hancock plays with a firm strength I do not hear on the LPs he has been making under his own name. As for bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams, their superb contributions are beyond the words I could muster for so brief an account as this one. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Quintet in F minor, Opus 34. Artur Rubinstein, piano; with the Guarneri Quartet. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2971; mono, LM 2971; $5.79.	It is perhaps the most inclusive compliment to this new partnership that the unaware listener would be hard put to say which is the senior, which the junior element—pianist or string ensemble. Rubinstein (now in his sixth—or is it seventh?—decade of mastery) performs with all freshness and zest, while the recently formed Quartet brings to its sound a seasoned, settled substance rarely heard from so young an ensemble. As for the totality of sound, it is not only the product of an unconventional but effective placement vis-à-vis the microphones, but also of mutual respect of the players for each other and for the music they are performing. It is no news that Rubinstein is a superb ensemble player (the credentials exist in sundry recorded shapes and forms) but it is news that he has found a new group of players with whom he can carry forward an old enthusiasm. If there are any possible reservations about this performance—musical, temperamental, or acoustical—they elude me.
Brahms: Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel; Variations on a Theme of Paganini. Agustin Anievas, piano. Seraphim stereo, S 60049; mono, 60049; $2.49.	In the five years since he won the Mitropoulos Competition in 1962, Anievas has strengthened his technical command and broadened the range of his artistry. Both parts of this Brahms disc have pitiless requirements of musicianship, structural sense, and communicative powers, and Anievas measures impressively to most of them. He clearly has a relaxed and sympathetic relationship toward the lyric content of Brahms, which is by no means common among gifted performers today. Anievas does not have to strive to be "meaningful," nor restrain himself from overstatement: the idiom is suitable to him, and he to it. Here and there he shows an inclination to drive harder in fast passages than is in the best interests of the music, but this sounds more like a by-product of enthusiasm than a show of virtuosity. Altogether, a brilliant introduction for a new recording talent.
Haydn: *Salve Regina* (G minor). Mozart: *Litaniae Lauretanae* (K. 109); Church Sonatas (K. 278 and K. 329). Rolf Reinhardt conducting the Collegium Aureum and Tölzer Children's Choir with Ursula Buckel, soprano; Maureen Lehane, alto; Richard van Vrooman, tenor; and Eduard Wollitz, bass. Victrola stereo, VICS 1270; mono, VIC 1270; $2.50.	Those whose approach to Haydn and Mozart has been the conventional one, through the secular highway, will find in these specimens of their music for church use a new source of interest and enjoyment. The nearly twenty-minute work of Haydn is a gravely beautiful creation of 1771, which might well be by Gluck. The voices are all excellent, and Reinhardt, whose qualities have become well known from his work with the Südwestdeutsche Rundfunk Orchestra and various Stuttgart groups, integrates them admirably. The background of the Einsiedeln monastery in Switzerland (whose library owns two early transcripts of the *Salve Regina*) contributes an open, floating quality to the recorded sound. The *Litaniae* of the fifteen-year-old Mozart is full of felicity, but it is the church sonatas (both in C) that are of even greater interest.
Haydn: "The Sailor's Song." Elisabeth Schumann, soprano. Mendelssohn: "Greeting" (Op. 63, No. 3). Kathleen Ferrier, contralto, and Isobel Baillie, soprano. Bizet: "Chanson d'Avril" (Op. 21, No. 1). Maggie Teyte, soprano. Wolf: "Lebewohl," Karl Erb, tenor; "Storchenbotschaft," Marta Fuchs, soprano. Granados: "El Mirar de la Maja." Victoria de los Angeles, soprano. Liszt: "Oh! quand je dors." Heddle Nash, tenor. Verdi: "Stornello." Gabriella Gatti, soprano. Brahms: "Botschaft" (Op. 47, No. 1). Hans Hotter, baritone. Schumann: "Flutenreicher Ebro" (Op. 138, No. 5). Aksel Schiøtz, tenor. Schubert: "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," Irmgard Seefried, soprano; "Auf der Bruck," Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; "Frühlingsglaube," Kirsten Flagstad, soprano. Mozart: "Abendempfindung" (K. 523). Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano. Mahler: "Um Schlimme Kinder artig zu machen." Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano. All with Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim, mono only, 60044, $2.49.	Allowing for the well known fact that Gerald Moore has characterized himself as "The Unashamed Accompanist" (in a book by the same title), it seems somewhat unseemly for this record to be billed as *The Art of Gerald Moore* . . . to the exclusion of all those S's—Schumann, Seefried, Schiøtz, and Schwarzkopf—not to mention the others involved. It is, after all, their artistry which provides somewhat more than 50 per cent of the reason for listening to these performances. Even allowing for the possibility that Moore was not consulted about this title, the collection lacks the kind of unity which contributes to illumination. Not all the songs are great, not all the singers are in best form, not all the pieces pose problems that distinguish Moore's artistry from the mere ability of others. On the other hand, it is a pleasure to have access again to the duo sung by Ferrier and Baillie; Teyte's performance is a joy; and his own backgrounding in the Brahms and Schubert songs shows the real source of his reputation—the works of the nineteenth-century composers who really created the lieder literature. Having said so much, I can only add that no enthusiast for songs or singing should be without it.
Reger: Suites Nos. 1 and 3 (Op. 25, No. 1). Hindemith: Sonata No. 1. Stravinsky: *Elégie*. Walter Trampler, viola. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2974; mono, LM 2974; $5.79.	It is no surprise to discover that Trampler is a master of his cumbersome instrument, for he has made that command familiar in a series of other recordings, especially with the Budapest Quartet. What is surprising is to discover that his mastery extends to making Reger a composer who can arouse interest in a work for unaccompanied viola. Actually, these are two of the most agreeable works of Reger to make their appearance in some time. It would have been a plus for Trampler to have these works identified as the "A" side rather than the Hindemith-Stravinsky. The latter's *Elégie* (dedicated to the memory of Alphonse Onnou, founder-leader of the Pro Arte Quartet) is an eloquent work, but it is preceded by a lengthy Hindemith sonata which grows more tedious in direct ratio to its length. Trampler performs with insight and fine technical command throughout, but a better choice of repertory is not unimaginable.
Schumann: Symphonic Etudes; *Carnaval*. Gary Graffman, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 6978; mono, ML 6278; $5.79.	Graffman's grasp of the structure and texture of both works is of uncommon authority and penetration. He also has, in abundance, the fleetness of fingers as well as the strength of wrists to take Schumann's technical difficulties in stride. For my taste, his playing of the Etudes is thoroughly convincing, absorbing both in detail and sum, perhaps the finest performance he has yet achieved on a recording. The *Carnaval* is full of propulsion, but it tends to be a little driven and overstated, especially in the faster-moving sections. On balance, however, it is impressive evidence of Graffman's continuing development in expressive power as well as in penetration to the essence of the music to which he is attracted. Some of the "interlining" (emphasis on subordinate voices) is of a subtlety and insight seldom heard today.
Stravinsky: Cantata (on Anonymous Fifteenth- and Sixteenth-Century English Lyrics). Adrienne Albert, mezzo; Alexander Young, tenor; The Gregg Smith Singers; The Columbia Ensemble, with the composer conducting. Mass. As before, minus Young, plus Linda Anderson, soprano. *In Memoriam, Dylan Thomas*. Young, tenor; with Stravinsky conducting. Columbia stereo, MS 6992; mono, ML 6292; $5.79.	The range of interests here is wide, from the eloquent tribute evoked by Dylan Thomas to the less uncommon but still absorbing Mass to the mostly modest interest of the Cantata (a disconnected sequence of settings by anonymous poets which has the unity of continuing the idiom developed by Stravinsky for *The Rake's Progress*). Both the *Memoriam* of 1953-54 and the Mass of 1949, however, have qualities of style, selectivity of materials, and economy of projection which are possible only for a creator of Stravinsky's distinctions. All the performances are excellent, including Young's management of the far from simple vocal line of the *Memoriam*. —I. K.

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"La Rondine"

Continued from page 69

(as Magda calls herself) could be moved to sustained flight. It also made two excellent decisions in electing Anna Moffo for the title role and persuading Graziella Sciutti to take on the part of her servant, Lisette. Vocally, the part is ideal for Miss Moffo, and she has not, to my recollection, performed as well on any recent recording. The probability is that she would also serve the part well on stage, for even without benefit of Magda as a visual presence, Miss Moffo makes a believable composite of her mingled impulses. Indeed, all the women are first class, with Sciutti at her soubrette best as Lisette, and such others as Sylvia Brigham-Dimiziani, Virginia De Notaristefani, and Franca Mattiucci well chosen for the smaller roles.

Casting the male personnel was somewhat more difficult, beginning with the conductor. At the outset, it seems that Francesco Molinari-Pradelli is inclined to treat the whole subject rather too seriously, as though to say, "Puccini is Puccini no matter what." But it cannot be denied that he serves faithfully and productively the outcome as Puccini conceived it. Certainly it is always musically sound, even when it is lacking in lightness. Mario Sereni performs a competent Rambaldo, but Daniele Barioni doesn't have the freedom at the top of his voice for the kind of tenor singing Ruggero is required to do. Often he sounds free and strong in the middle and lower register, but some crucial moments are deficient in the typical top as Puccini conceived it. Certainly if the present version stirs a new interest in *Rondine* for stage purposes, the credit will be Moffo's. The recording (from RCA's Rome studio) is all it should be.

—I.K.

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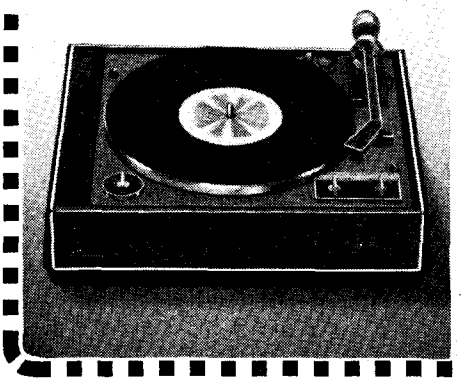

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FAREWELL TO "FEUERFEST"

IN THE COURSE of an otherwise enthusiastic review of Arthur Fiedler's latest record of music by the Strauss family several months ago ["Vintage Strauss," *SR*, Feb. 25], the complaint was made that "'Fireproof' is a pretty goofy rendering of Josef's celebrated *Feuerfest*." Neither I nor anyone else who reads the LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR column has been allowed to forget that remark. In the very next RECORDINGS section, Professor (then Associate Professor) Harry Zohn of Brandeis University insisted that "fireproof" is "exactly what it means," and in ensuing issues there were letters from several readers insisting it means something quite different.

Feuerfest, it must be noted, is a homonym of *feuerfest*. As an adjective (small "f"), it most certainly means "fireproof." As a noun (capital "F"), its meaning could relate to a celebration or festival (cf. *Oktoberfest*), and it might be rendered as "Fire Festival," or even "Fireworks." Because, as the title of a musical composition, the *Feuerfest* in question would have a capital "F" in either case, there was no way of being certain of its meaning, but the "festival" interpretation has prevailed for at least seventy years, with the apparent sanction of the Strauss family itself. My own allegiance to this view was strengthened, even before the first rebuttals to Professor Zohn's letter, by a card from a friend in Germany wishing me a "*recht frohes Osterfest*"—surely not meaning I should be "happily Easterproof"!

After a six-month exchange in the LETTERS columns between Professor Zohn and his dissenters, however, *Feuerfest* had become such a burning issue that the Editor was impelled to state that the professor's third letter [*SR*, Aug. 26] would be "the last word on *Feuerfest*, unless someone produces an urtext containing Strauss's own marginalia on the subject."

As the unwitting but nonetheless guilt-ridden instigator of the whole nasty controversy, I seized upon the suggestion implicit in that remark as a way to resolve the dispute, and I turned to the Johann Strauss Society of Great Britain for help. The society had been remarkably helpful in providing obscure data in the past and has recently sponsored recordings of previously unrecorded Straussiana. Moreover, since its honorary patron, Eduard Strauss, had evidently approved the translation "Fire Brigade Festival Polka" for his own recording of the work (in Vox Box SVBX-5600), I was confident the "festival" context would be upheld.

Robert J. Rogers, the society's secretary, responded with his customary celerity and thoroughness, but his reply indicates that RCA Victor and Professor Zohn (whose institution gave him a vote of confidence by raising him in academic rank during the heat of the dispute) are sustained. The following paragraphs from his letter should be sufficient to end the discussion with some certainty:

> This *Feuerfest* business has been the subject of many a friendly argument, but I think I can give you enough information for you to get *the* last word. . . . Let me say at once that I believe the "Fireproof" version to be incontrovertible, but I won't expect you to swallow that without giving you the evidence.
>
> A Viennese firm of safe manufacturers, F. Wertheim & Company, decided to throw a party during the 1869 Vienna Carnival season to celebrate the completion of its 20,000th safe. This was held at the then fashionable Blumensäle in Vienna, and the firm went the whole hog by engaging the Strauss Orchestra to perform at the ball. It was on this occasion that Josef Strauss introduced his *Feuerfest*. The date [was] 13th March 1869. The music was published by Josef's regular publisher, C. A. Spina, in October of the same year, both for piano solo and for orchestra. The first edition of the piano solo bears the following dedication: "*Feuerfest! Polka française, der Firma F. Wertheim & Co. zur Feier der Vollendung der 20,000 Casse gewidmet, von Josef Strauss.*" This would seem to be the Strauss *Urtext* the Editor . . . requires.
>
> Strangely enough, this very topic is the subject of a note in the current (August) number of [the society's] magazine *Tritsch-Tratsch*. I . . . quote the relevant paragraph, which contains a little more information, and finally clinches the argument, I think:
>
> "A source of problems for translators of Strauss titles into English is Josef's polka *Feuerfest*. 'Fireproof,' 'Firebell,' and 'Fire Brigade Festival' are three versions to be found on record shelves, while "The Fire Festival" was used when Eduard Strauss performed the piece during his London season of 1897. However, the polka's dedication 'to the firm F. Wertheim & Company in celebration of the completion of the 20,000th safe' supports the 'Fireproof' version. That the Wertheim company (still active today, incidentally) believed their products to be proof against more than fire is shown by their offer at the 1867 Paris Exhibition of 100,000 francs to anyone succeeding in picking one of their safes."
>
> It is quite surprising what light is sometimes thrown on otherwise obscure Strauss titles by the dedications. . . . The use of the anvil in *Feuerfest* does not seem at all strange when one knows the history of the piece.
>
> By the way, the source of my date of the first performance of *Feuerfest* is Oscar Faster of Hamburg, one of the foremost Strauss collectors and students of his day, and better known under his anagrammatical pseudonym Oscar Fetras, composer of *Moonlight on the Alster* and many others.

It would appear, then, that the undersigned must prepare to share a feast of crow (*Krähenfest?*) with R. E. Vindrieih, Alfred W. Becker, and the others who wrote *contra* "Fireproof." I feel especially bad about Ava Brownley, who now must surely regret having written "Mr. Freed, as usual, is correct."

—RICHARD FREED.

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Twenty Years of Recordings

YOU ARE to be congratulated on your "Twenty Years of Recordings" section [*SR*, Aug. 26]. It was enjoyable to read the "10 Years of Recordings" review. It shows that *SR* and music are moving with the times. And it is by no means a trivial feat.

J. W. SANTAMO.

Hartford, Conn.

Vivaldi and Muzak

GOOD FOR Goddard Lieberson! A debunking of Vivaldi is long overdue. In his article "What Happened Since LP" [*SR*, Aug. 26], Mr. Lieberson's remark, ". . . to hear one Vivaldi concerto is to hear them all," sums it up neatly.

Vivaldi's music consists substantially of low-vitality sequences, endlessly repeated. To proclaim so publicly, however, entails the danger of being publicly ostracized by the musical power structure. Vivaldi was one of the first Italian Baroque composers to be "rediscovered," and as a result he has ever since had the reputation of being *the* Italian Baroque master. In fact, he is far from that. True, as Lieberson says, much Baroque music is aimless filler, "the Muzak of the time," but, even apart from Bach, there are a number of masters whose music can only delight.

So let us present Vivaldi in his proper context, as a secondary composer of the Italian Baroque. And when we have Baroque, let us have all of Bach, much of Handel, Scarlatti, Corelli, Rameau, Telemann, etc.

ABBIE LIPSCHUTZ.

Houston, Tex.

Culshaw on Flagstad

JOHN CULSHAW'S article on Kirsten Flagstad ["Project of the Decade, Singer of the Century," *SR*, Aug. 26] brought back memories of many wonderful performances that I heard at the Metropolitan in the 1930s—and, with the memories, a few tears that these performances have not been made available.

In 1956, it was too late to record Flagstad's Brünnhilde in stereo. But it would not be too late, in 1968, to release Flagstad's Brünnhilde, Isolde, Kundry, Leonora, etc. They would not be stereo; they wouldn't even be high fidelity; but they would be wonderful performances—by Flagstad and by many other very great singers. The recordings do exist. The legal complications could certainly be overcome.

The profits, of course, would probably be small. Is this not the main obstacle?

LESLIE REGGEL.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

IN THE EXCERPTS of John Culshaw's *Ring Resounding*, a reference to the 1951 tapes of *Das Rheingold* poses an interesting question: Did Flagstad decide to refuse all offers in the late Fifties to record the three Brünnhildes because she realized that there were quite satisfactory tapes of complete live performances of these roles from the 1948-52 period when she was still able to sing the notes above high A?

She sang the complete *Ring* cycle in English translations for two seasons under Karl Rankl at Covent Garden in 1948 and 49. In 1950, she again sang the entire cycle in German under Furtwängler at La Scala. These performances were broadcast. In 1951, she sang the three Brünnhildes at the Metropolitan, and her *Walküre* was a Saturday matinee performance. . . .

The sound of live performances of the postwar era, at least of broadcasts, is frequently very good. I have heard tapes of Acts II and III of the 1949 Metropolitan broadcast of *Tristan und Isolde* with Traubel and Melchior, and Act III of the 1951 Metropolitan *Siegfried* with Traubel, Svanholm, Frantz, and Branzell. The sound on these tapes was equal to that of commercial recordings of that time and the performances were excellent. It is indeed a shame that some of these tapes with such really superlative Wagnerian singers cannot be released through one of the new budget labels.

FREDERICH W. SEINFELT.

Indiana, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *All considerations of reproducing radio broadcasts start with the same*

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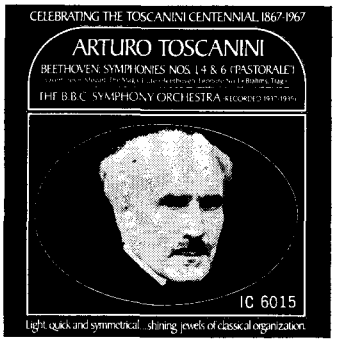
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question: How does one get clearance on rights, not only from individuals, but also from the unions representing orchestral players and choristers? More than a few efforts to convert performances from such sources to home use have run against the same, insurmountable barrier.

A "No" to Stereo

GEORGE MAREK's remark in his article, "Records, Circa 1987" [*SR*, Aug. 26] that the monaural record will obviously be dead in another twenty years (and good riddance, too) is a good example of why some of us oldsters get sour on the Great Sacred Cow of Progress.

I've been a music fan for forty years. I accumulated a sizable library of the sort of music I like. I bought myself what seemed to be a reliable hi-fi player to the tune of a few hundred dollars. Then some supergenius invented stereo.

I didn't join the universal gasps of ecstasy that swept the world. I mean to say, stereo records sound as enjoyable to me as monaural ones, but not a whit more so. I wouldn't give 10 cents for the difference in any or all of the stereo records I ever listened to.

ALFRED B. MASON, M.D.

Crane, Ind.

More on Stevenson

I WAS so happy that Thomas Heinitz mentioned John Ogdon's new recording of my friend Ronald Stevenson's Passacaglia on DSCH in THE OTHER SIDE [Aug. 26] that I can forgive his enthusiasm being less than total. I was privileged to hear the composer's original recording of the work (privately issued at Capetown, South Africa) in his home in Scotland during my visit there in 1965. (Incidentally, although born in England, he is Scottish by ancestry and has identified himself with Scottish music.)

Some readers of *SR* must be aware that Shostakovich's Eighth String Quartet, written about the same time as the Passacaglia, is also based on the notes D-E-flat-C-B (DSCH in German). Not only is the treatment of the motto completely different in the two works, but I have Ronald Stevenson's word for it that neither composer was aware the other was using it at the time; and Stevenson's work was begun December 1960, prior to Shostakovich's!

A delightful person of myriad activities and interests, Stevenson is now completing a book on Ferruccio Busoni.

WALTER S. HARTLEY.

Elkins, W.Va.

"Wild Bill" and His Art

A FEW HUNDRED words lovingly penned by Richard Gehman in a superb encomium to "Wild Bill" (Davison) [*SR*, Aug. 26] are equal to many thousands of frames of motion pictures.

Thinking back over the years to the glimpses we've had of this fantastic cornet man, one finds that the remembered views resemble movie clips—from Nick's and Condon's in the "Village" to special appearances in Boston at unlikely places like the old RKO-Boston Theatre stage, or Brown Hall (almost strictly classical), or a joint (mostly featuring B-girls) on lower Boylston Street. These "movies" have living sound, as they say, and range from World War I to just a couple of years ago.

The great Arthur Fiedler of the Boston Pops was surprised to be recognized by us at that Brown Hall concert. He agreed with us, when we suggested a comparison with his fine first trumpeter at the time, that Davison had no peer in his métier.

STANLEY W. BATES.

Arlington, Mass.

THE SILLY, sentimental piece on Wild Bill Davison was typical of an archaic style of jazz writing. Davison is a good player *in his idiom*, but failure to understand the distinctions of idiom is what leads writers like Richard Gehman to indulge in remarks against important musicians like Miles Davis. The implied invitation to compare the two is unfair to Davison.

BARRY G. PARSONS.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An expression of one man's opinion is not necessarily an "implied invitation" to comparison. Miles Davis has had frequent praise in SR, too.*

MR. GEHMAN'S ARTICLE on Wild Bill Davison hit some nice, sensitive nerve ends of mine. I agree precisely with your opinions about "The Bull," and have so been preaching to unsympathetic audiences for ten or fifteen years now.

Some of my best evenings were spent at Eddie Condon's downtown place when Davison was featured shortly after World War II. (In those days I ate a late ham-and-egg sandwich to reach the minimum charge.)

There is only one sour note in the whole thing: I learned from your article that Davison is sixty years old. This is very discouraging to me, because whenever I have seen him he looked younger than I.

DONALD STORING.

Teterboro, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Possibly the beneficial effect of late-night air.*

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Mr. Gehman chose to base his portrait of trumpeter Davison on an invidious comparison of his hero with some of the most creative and talented trumpet players of the jazz world.

Mr. Davison is an estimable Dixieland musician of the Chicago school. Messrs. Armstrong, Clayton, Gillespie, and Stewart are more than that. As regards Mr. Armstrong, there is no question that he is the major jazz figure of the first third of this century—not because of his commercial successes, but because of his continued creativity as a trumpet player. The style of almost every trumpet player in the jazz language (including Davison) owes a great deal to Armstrong, who also influenced the style of trombone playing, that of pianists and other instrumentalists, as well as the ways of collective improvisation.

Gehman's opinion that Louis is "more vocalist than trumpeter" is astonishing.

PAUL STUDER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Not-So-Phantom "Phantom"

POSSIBLY I can be of some assistance on the subject of *Phantom of the Opera* (the

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Susanna Foster, Nelson Eddy, Claude Rains edition) brought up by George A. Rodetis in LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR [Aug. 26].

This was a production of Universal Studios in Hollywood and was made sometime in the 1940s. At the time this movie was showing as a new release, I was a vocal student in California and became interested in this music for curiosity's sake, as most of it was quite well known to me, but in other forms.

Mr. Rodetis is correct in saying that the first operatic scene was from the opera *Martha*, the "Porter's Song," sung by Nelson Eddy. From then on, the music was all adaptation of other composers' compositions, most notably Chopin and Tchaikovsky, with the exception of the solo sung by Miss Foster, called the "Lullaby of the Bells," written for the production by Edward Wagner. Mr. Wagner arranged the musical score for this production, and used themes by the above-noted composers to compile the musical score. The operatic scene, a duet by Miss Foster and Mr. Eddy, was the "Nocturne in E Flat," (I believe that is the correct key), which originally was a piano solo, by Chopin, and was used in the film in a nonexistent opera called *Amour et Gloire*. The other opera scene, set in a Russian army camp, was taken from music by Tchaikovsky. . . .

I dislike mentioning the next name in the same letter discussing a Hollywood production, but feel I must. The article on Kirsten Flagstad was undoubtedly the most marvelous ever written about this magnificent woman. I don't think the operatic or musical world has ever really known the extent of this courageous woman's suffering toward the end, and the insight shown in her own personal letters printed in your magazine will be cherished by all who knew and loved her, both personally and musically.

EDWARD R. SCHEMBS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Hollywood Opera Repertory

IN REPLY to Mr. Rodetis's queries about *The Phantom of the Opera*, which was a Universal picture of 1943, the operatic sequences were arranged by Edward Ward, with thematic material from the classics. Beside the third act of *Martha*, the film featured *Le Prince de Caucasie* on themes by Tchaikovsky, *Ghislaine D'Armanac* on themes by Chopin, and an original piano concerto by Mr. Ward. Operatic libretti were by George Waggner.

Susanna Foster married baritone Wilbur Evans and retired from films and singing.

As to "Hollywood writing its own operas," here are some original operatic acts composed for films: *Carnaval*, music by Oscar Levant and Charles Maxwell, libretto by William Kernell, from *Charlie Chan at the Opera* (1936); *Isabelle*, music by Gerard Carbonara, libretto by David Ormont, story by Leo Robin and Max Terr; and *Bal Masque*, music by Victor Young and Gerard Carbonara, libretto by Sam Coslow, story by Leo Robin and Max Terr, both from *Fatal Lady* (1936); untitled operatic fragments by Bernard Herrmann for *Citizen Kane* (1941).

Someday the arbiters of taste will get their noses out of the air and introduce more movie material into the concert hall.

GEORGE E. TURNER.

Amarillo, Tex.

Finale by Tchaikovsky

IN REFERENCE to the letter from George Rodetis I can perhaps assist in half of his question about the "opera scenes" performed by Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster in the film *Phantom of the Opera*.

I do not remember the *Amour et Gloire* scene, but I recall most vividly *Le Prince Masque de Caucassus* (sic); in this scene Mr. Eddy sang a most lusty and imaginative solo, chorus, and orchestra version of the finale of the Tchaikovsky Fourth Symphony! I always wondered why.

May I also take this rare opportunity to thank the editors for the superb coverage of music and dance weekly and in the special sections. I particularly enjoyed last week's moving article by John Culshaw on the last efforts to record our beloved Kirsten Flagstad. Thank you!

BYRON BELT.

Mineola, N.Y.

Handbook on Horror

MR. RODETIS can find a lot of information about *The Phantom of the Opera* in the book *Horror*, by Drake Douglas (Macmillan, 1966).

In the chapter devoted to versions of *The Phantom*, including the silent film with Lon Chaney, Mr. Douglas gives some interesting statistics on the Paris Opera House. With five cellars, nine reservoirs, and 2,531 doors, it surely invites elusive eccentrics!

Douglas is not too informative on the operatic aspects of the film. On the night that the Phantom cuts down the chandelier there is a "Russian opera" being performed. "The operatic sequences – featuring primarily music of Chopin and Tchaikovsky– were superbly mounted and beautifully sung. . . . On stage at the moment . . . music was based on a theme from Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony."

It sounds as if Hollywood had indeed written these scenes, as Mr. Rodetis wondered. In the book by Gaston Leroux, *Faust* was the opera performed.

D. M. GUNN.

Oakland, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The question about "Phantom of the Opera" produced the largest budget of answers to any musical inquiry propounded in "Twenty Years of Recordings." Among the forty-odd who conveyed the equivalent of the information published above were:*

EARL ANDERSON, Assistant to the Director, California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, Calif.; JOHN W. BARKER, Assistant Professor of History and Integrated Liberal Studies, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.; W. P. BEARD, Galveston, Tex.; HERMAN BERGER, Philadelphia, Pa.; R. C. BROADSTONE, Jackson Heights, N.Y.; BERNICE BROWN, Washington, D.C.; ARNETT H. BUTLER, Los Angeles, Calif.; DONALD A. CARPENTER, Philadelphia, Pa.; JOSEPH CONTRERAS, San Francisco, Calif.; WILLIAM F. CORCORAN, New London, Conn.; FERNANDO CORDOVA, Hato Rey,

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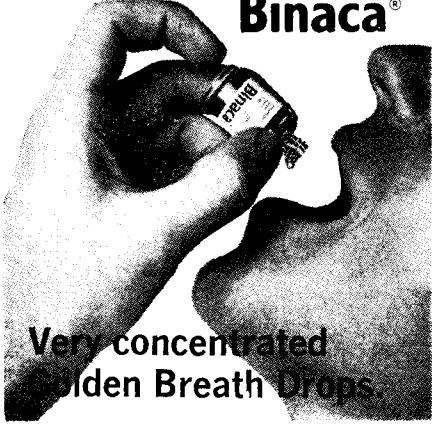

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Conductor at Glyndebourne (II)

The letter headed "Conductor at Glyndebourne" [*SR*, July 29] certainly states a truth in saying that John Pritchard was rehearsing elsewhere on the day that Irving Kolodin came to Glyndebourne, but the note of clarification is not correct.

Mr. Kolodin attended the final dress rehearsal of *La Bohème*, and was invited to do so only because this was the one date in his travel schedule in Europe on which he was able to make a visit to Glyndebourne.

The program book he received was that covering the entire Festival, which gives the names of conductors and the dates on which they are conducting, but makes no reference to rehearsals.

Where the "investigation" referred to was made I do not know, but there was no "handbill," and there are no "preview" performances except for dress rehearsals, to which the critical press is not invited.

In the program book it was clearly stated that the first two performances of *La Bohème* were to be conducted by Myer Fredman, and that Mr. Pritchard was not scheduled to conduct until the third performance, eight days later. Therefore, by normal operatic practice, it might be assumed that Mr. Fredman would be conducting the last rehearsal before his two performances.

Moran Caplat,
General Manager
Glyndebourne Opera
Lewes, Sussex, England

Editor's note: *The brochure was the one containing the schedule of performances for the whole season. In re Bohème, it identified John Pritchard as conductor, and listed the dates on which Mr. Fredman would replace him. The misunderstanding arose because these did not include May 19, the occasion of the incident at issue. Whatever the circumstances, it was regrettable that Mr. Pritchard was described as conducting a performance he did not conduct.*

Answer to Wit Twister, page 6: Cater, react, crate, trace.

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(Continued on page 80)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 79)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1747

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Wanting in firmness.	152 102 120 138 49 19 44
B. Being the latest or last in an indefinitely numerous series.	37 116 9 55 186 159 209 14 223
C. Supreme homage given to God alone. (Roman Catholicism).	145 5 157 18 112 30
D. Push, esp. with the head; batter's swing (or non-swing).	227 162 99 60
E. Member of one of the major service clubs.	50 1 188 199 174 61 15 106
F. Whittier poem in criticism of Daniel Webster (1850).	53 20 7 142 132 115 58
G. What Mae West said "had nothing to do with it"; followed by word Q, an inane expression of surprise.	184 230 91 72 63 84 113 193
H. Grip.	123 51 151 81 141 224 94 181
I. Unusually fine or gratifying (slang).	52 34 179 205 192 229 101 160
J. A triangle-shaped figure or decoration, esp. one formed of three interlaced arcs or loops.	211 38 97 176 133 189 121 221 85
K. Genus of herbs (family *Cruciferae*) having large purple or white racemose flowers.	68 46 77 92 155 190 169 61
L. Son of Victoria and Albert.	175 45 191 187 76 114 219 212 87
M. Where buttery hands are often clasped amorously. (3 wds. not in WNI as a phrase.)	95 134 197 124 40 173 48 74 59 232 217
N. What the mouse finally did; the clock too, probably. (2 wds.)	231 57 156 194 98 111 226

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Equilateral parallelogram; obs.: circle wheel.	56 26 8 119 147
P. State that at one time included Syria, Egypt, Iraq, the Barbary States, the Balkan States, & parts of Hungary & Russia. (2 wds.)	195 96 208 36 47 13 202 220 4 127 153 143 78
Q. See word G.	204 71 201 39 66 172 93 163
R. What L's namesake did. (3 wds., not in WNI as a phrase.)	21 158 171 73 54 79 165 89 154 32 25 137 108 215 131 213 140 180
S. Connecticut city. (2 wds.)	214 27 129 69 207 29 125 136
T. Most cautious or circumspect.	82 166 216 185 178 164 170 117
U. Ant.	130 16 196 10 86
V. Held in unwarranted esteem. (obs.)	62 88 17 28 225 206 167 80
W. Good-Fortune, said Heine, is "Fickle and restless as a ———."	104 42 100 200
X. Cylinder revolving on an axis, used by Tibetan Buddhists. (2 wds.)	90 33 210 203 75 83 65 109 228 218 203
Y. Remote possibility. (2 wds.)	135 177 67 35 182 107 148 149 12 13 2 122 11
Z. Somewhat uncouth expression of skepticism. (3 wds.)	22 198 128 31 161 6 41 183 118
Z¹. Being; thing.	3 43 24 105 11 146
Z². Toughs.	126 159 168 144 23 70 222

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 E	2 Y	3 Z¹		4 P	5 C	6 Z		7 F	8 O	9 B	10 U		11 Z¹	12 Y	13 P
14 B		15 E	16 U	17 V	18 C	19 A	20 F	21 R		22 Z	23 Z²	24 Z¹	25 R		26 O	27 S	28 V	
29 S	30 C	31 Z	32 R		33 X	34 I	35 Y	36 P	37 B	38 J	39 Q	40 M	41 Z		42 W	43 Z¹	44 A	
45 L	46 K	47 P	48 M	49 A	50 E	51 H	52 I	53 F	54 R		55 B	56 O	57 N	58 F	59 M	60 D	61 E	62 V
63 G	64 K		65 X	66 Q	67 Y	68 K		69 S	70 Z²	71 Q		72 G	73 R	74 M	75 X	76 L	77 K	78 P
	79 R	80 V	81 H		82 T	83 X	84 G	85 J	86 U	87 L	88 V	89 R		90 X	91 G	92 K	93 Q	94 H
95 M	96 P	97 J	98 N	99 D		100 W	101 I	102 A	103 X		104 W	105 Z¹	106 E	107 Y		108 R	109 X	110 Y
	111 N	112 C	113 G	114 L	115 F	116 B		117 T	118 Z		119 O	120 A	121 J	122 Y	123 H		124 M	125 S
126 Z²		127 P	128 Z	129 S	130 U	131 R		132 F	133 J	134 M		135 Y	136 S	137 R		138 A	139 Y	140 R
	141 H	142 F	143 P	144 Z²	145 C	146 Z¹		147 O	148 Y		149 Y	150 Z²	151 H	152 A	153 P	154 R	155 K	156 N
157 C		158 R	159 B	160 I	161 Z	162 D	163 Q	164 T		165 R	166 T	167 V		168 Z²	169 K	170 T	171 R	172 Q
173 M		174 E	175 L	176 J	177 Y	178 T	179 I	180 R	181 H		182 Y	183 Z		184 G	185 T	186 B	187 L	188 E
189 J	190 K		191 L	192 I	193 G	194 N	195 P	196 U		197 M	198 Z	199 E	200 W		201 Q	202 P	203 X	
204 Q	205 I	206 V	207 S	208 P		209 B	210 X	211 J	212 L	213 R	214 S		215 R	216 T	217 M		218 X	219 L
220 P	221 J		222 Z²	223 B	224 H	225 V	226 N		227 D	228 X	229 I	230 G	231 N	232 M				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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Photographed in front of the Trinidad-Tobago and Grenada Pavilion.

Expo 67 has one problem it didn't foresee. Nobody wants to go home.

You won't, either. Expo 67 is quite something by day. But after dark it's sheer fantasy. A million lights shimmer along the waterways. A hundred pavilions glow with colour. Fountains become rainbow torrents.

The main pavilions may close, but laughter and music go on in restaurants, bars and outdoor cafes. Music for romance from Mexico, or for beer drinking from Munich. Steel drums from the Caribbean, soulful balalaikas from Moscow.

Why hurry home, when you can linger along the canals in a gondola or a sampan? Or glide on the twisting minirail over the plazas and lagoons of these magical islands.

Later, you'll join the throngs headed for La Ronde, Expo's swinging amusement area. Here there's a pause at midnight for a spectacular firework display, then the merrymaking goes on. And on. With everything from night clubs to an English pub to all the fun of the fair.

Come soon, and enjoy this most imaginative of all world exhibitions — night and day. After all, you can always catch up with your sleep when you get back home.

Accommodations? Call (514) 397-8397.

Expo 67 admission tickets are still on sale at a discount at American Express offices and other outlets everywhere.

MONTRÉAL, CANADA

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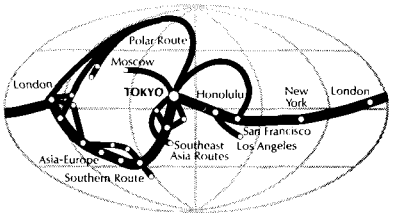

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